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# TIME

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**SPECIAL ISSUE: IMMIGRANTS.** They come from everywhere, for all kinds of reasons, and they are rapidly and permanently changing the face of America. They are altering the nation's racial makeup, its cities, its tastes, its entire perception of itself and its way of life.



# Hispanics: A 36 visible presence

The largest new group, predominantly young yet hardly unified, they are having an impact from the Southwest to the Northeast.



# Asians: An 42 influx of skills

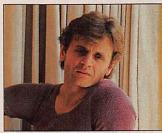
Now the fastest-growing minority, many are excelling in school, achieving on the job and otherwise making it in America.



# Business: 72 Mini-monopolies

Aggressive newcomers are gravitating to familiar fields throughout the economy.

► The nation's illegal workers: boon or bane?



# Culture: A 88 gallery of talent

Reveling in freedom, a dancer, a video artist, a writer and a pianist enrich their newfound homeland with their creative gusto.



Always a port of entry, always slightly hysterical, the city is now more eclectic, more jazzed up and redolent.

## 56 Blacks

With a mixture of animosity and admiration, a long-impoverished minority watches as a new wave leaves them behind.

# 84 Behavior

Conflicts over dating, clothes, food and even names are a perplexing constant in the lives of children of newcomers.

# 50 Policy

Congress prepares to tackle reform once again, but there is no national consensus on whether there is even a problem.

# 60 American Scene

A traumatic ordeal in the days of Ellis Island, immigration today is a sterile affair, almost cut and dried.

# 98 Food

The typical "American" larder expands from sauerkraut and pizza to tacos and tempeh, tofu and pita bread.

# 54 The Border

Large-scale movement across a 1,936-mile line creates a link, rather than a barrier, between the U.S. and Mexico.

# 80 Education

Why have bilingual classes, and how effective are they? The debate rages on among politicians, parents and teachers.

# 100 Essay

The double life of every immigrant, suspended between an old and a new home, an old and a new self.

62 People 76 Law

78 Religion 82 Sexes

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97 Video

4 Milestones 7 Letters 14 Nation 22 World

## Cover:

Illustration by Richard Hess

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# **A Letter from the Publisher**

Since the turn of the decade, TIME has closely followed the newest wave of immigrants to America and the ways in which they are changing our nation. A 1981 cover story described the pervasive Hispanic influence in South Florida, and another in 1983 dealt with the new mix of ethnic groups in Los Angeles. The subject, however, encompasses areas as diverse as education, culture, food, business, religion, indeed every aspect of our lives. The more TIME's editors examined immigration today, the more they concluded that it represented a change of historic dimensions. For this reason, they have chosen to devote virtually an entire issue to the subject. This format has been used only three times in the past decade: to look at the American South in 1976, the Soviet Union in 1980 and Japan in 1983.

This week's issue contains 80 editorial pages, making it the largest in TIME's history. To produce it, the editors drew on the magazine's extensive resources in the U.S., including dozens of correspondents in ten bureaus, plus scores of editors, writers and reporter-researchers on the New York staff. Senior Editor Henry Muller, who oversaw the issue, traveled to California to meet with immigrant leaders, illegal aliens and law-enforcement officials. He joined a nighttime border patrol south of San Diego and crossed into Mexico. Muller

brought a special perspective to the task, for he is himself an immigrant, having come from Switzerland at the age of six. "This project has reminded me of what makes America unique," he says. "No other country has the courage to let its demographic mix change so quickly, and to bet that doing so will continue to enrich it."

Muller is one of more than 60 foreign-born staff members from 29 countries as far-flung as Australia and Bolivia, Germany and Viet Nam. Among the earliest of these new arrivals to America are Assistant Art Director Arturo Cazeneuve, from Argentina, and Layout Chief Burjor Nargolwala, from India. Both became U.S. citizens while serving in the Army during World War II. Time Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Grunwald, who contributed a two-page Essay to the issue, came from Austria in 1940 by way of France, Morocco and Portugal. Assistant Managing Editor John Elson was born in Vancouver. His fa-

\*Front row: Pico Iyer, Ursula de Gallo, Modris Ramans, Antonio Suarez, Helga Halaki, Naushad Mehta, Amelia Rufino. 2nd row: Brigid O'Hara-Forster, Henry Grunwald, Nena Lewis, Cristina García, Silvia Castañeda, Victoria Salès, Karsten Prager, Louisa Wright. 3rd row: Marion Dreyfus, Trang Ba Chuong, Oscar Chiang, Louise Wareham, Bernard Baumohl, Raquel Prieto, Burjor Nargolwala, Cécile Lelièvre. 4th row: David Brand, Nino Telak, Howard Chua-Eoan, Nickolas Kalamaras, Osmar Escalona, Alain Sanders. 5th row: John Elson, Arturo Cazeneuve, Henry Muller, Lily Eszterag, Frederick Ungeheuer, Louella Rufino-Armstrong, Anne Stovell.



Finding refuge and opportunities: TIME's immigrants\*

ther, an American journalist, brought the family from Canada to Washington, D.C., in 1942.

Many others were displaced by World War II. Deputy Chief of Correspondents William Mader left Hungary in 1944. Layout Artist Modris Ramans fled Latvia in 1945, the same year Reporter-Researcher Victoria Salès left the German-occupied city of Danzig, where she was born. Copy Processing's Lily Eszterag and Reporter-Re-searcher Ursula Nadasdy de Gallo fled Hungary after Soviet troops crushed the 1956 revolution. A different upheaval, this one in Cuba, brought Reporter-Researcher Nelida Gonzalez-Alfonso to the U.S. in 1959, followed by Copy Processing's Osmar Escalona and Raquel Prieto and Reporter-Researcher Cristina García in 1961.

Other staff members came because they were seeking wider opportunities. Chinese-born Reporter-Researcher Oscar Chiang left his homeland for Taiwan in 1949, then moved to the U.S. in 1960 to study and later to work. International Editor Karsten Prager and Senior Correspondent Frederick Ungeheuer, both German-born, came as exchange students in the 1950s and decided to return as immigrants. Says Prager: "There's nothing quite so invigorating, so refreshing as the mix of people and cultures that is America." Reporter-Reseacher Bernard Baumohl arrived from

Belgium, via Canada, in 1953.

Artist Nickolas Kalamaras jumped ship as a merchant seaman more than 20 years ago, but regularized his status and became a citizen in 1976. "My papers, covered with bells and stars in honor of the Bicentennial, are a real collector's item," he says proudly. Staff Writer Pico Iyer and Reporter-Researcher Naushad Mehta, both Indian citizens, arrived in the U.S. as graduate students in 1978, Iyer to attend Harvard University and Mehta to study at Syracuse. Photographer Ted Thai, who left Viet Nam in 1973, took the picture on this page.

This special issue also launches a campaign by TIME to help preserve those most remarkable symbols of the country's openness to immigrants, the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. As an official sponsor of the Statue of Liberty–Ellis Island Foundation, the magazine is donating 18 pages of advertising space over the next 16 months to help raise money for the restoration of those landmarks. An invitation to U.S. agencies to create the ads drew 218 responses. The first of the ads, which was prepared by Cunningham & Walsh and shows a human hand helping to hold Liberty's torch, appears on page 13.

John a meyers



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Ecuador	girl 🗆	boy □	either 🗆
Ethiopia	girl 🗆	boy □	either 🗆
The Gambia	girl 🗆	boy 🗆	either 🗆
Guatemala	girl 🗆	boy □	either 🗆
Honduras	girl 🗆	boy 🗆	either 🗆
India	girl 🗆	boy 🗆	either 🗆
Indonesia	girl 🗆	boy 🗆	either 🗆
Kenya	girl 🗆	boy □	either 🗆
Mexico	girl 🗆	boy 🗆	either 🗆
Philippines	girl 🗆	boy □	either 🗆
Thailand	girl 🗆	boy 🗆	either 🗆
Togo	girl 🗆	boy □	either 🗆
Uganda	girl 🗆	boy 🗆	either 🗆
Zambia	girl 🗆	boy 🗆	either 🗆
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# **Milestones**

ENGAGED. Madonna Louise Ciccone, 26, belly-button-baring rock phenomenon (Like a Virgin) and movie actress (Desperately Seeking Susan); and Sean Penn, 24, actor (The Falcon and the Snowman) and her steady of several months. The wedding, scheduled for late summer, will be the first for both.

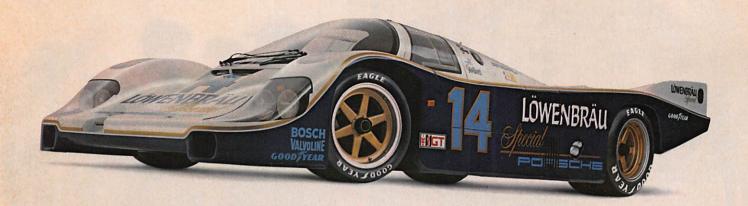
ENGAGED. Liv Ullmann, 46, Norwegian actress of stage and screen (Dangerous Moves), autobiographer (Choices) and emissary for UNICEF; and Donald L. Saunders, 50, Boston real estate broker; at her summer retreat near Sandefiord, on Norway's south coast. It will be the second marriage for Ullmann, who also had a long relationship with Swedish Filmmaker Ingmar Bergman, the father of her daughter Linn, 18.

SEEKING DIVORCE. Muhammad Ali, 43, three-time world heavyweight-boxing champion who retired in 1981; and Veronica Porche Ali, 29, former beauty queen and his third wife; after eight years of marriage, two children; in Los Angeles.

CONVICTED. R. Foster Winans, 36, former Wall Street Journal reporter, on 59 counts of conspiracy, securities fraud, and mail and wire fraud, for using advance knowledge of his paper's stories to make illicit profits in the stock market; in New York City. Winans had passed along information about future stories to former Kidder, Peabody Stockbrokers Peter Brant, who previously pleaded guilty to similar charges, and Kenneth P. Felis, who was found guilty last week on 41 counts. Of the \$675,000 in profits, \$31,000 was funneled to Winans through his longtime roommate, David J. Carpenter, who was convicted on twelve counts.

DIED. Elias Sarkis, 61, mild, publicity-shy President of Lebanon from 1976 to 1982, whose conciliatory style was largely ineffectual in reversing the spreading factional violence, civil war and foreign intervention that shredded the country's fabric; of neuromuscular disease; in Paris. A former governor of the Bank of Lebanon and a Maronite Christian (a requirement for the presidency), Sarkis as President-elect helped get Syrian peacekeeping forces into Lebanon in 1976, then was unable to ease them out. "The Sphinx," as he was called, was also stymied by the Palestinian refugees' disruptive impact on the nation's long-standing but strained Christian-Muslim balance. Drained and ailing, he left office shortly after the Israeli invasion.

DIED. Walter S. McIlhenny, 74, patriarch of a deep-rooted Louisiana clan and chairman of the family-owned McIlhenny Co., sole producers of that throat-searing, sinus-clearing concoction of fermented hot peppers, vinegar and salt invented in 1848 and first marketed in 1868 by his grandfather and named Tabasco; after a stroke; in Lafayette, La.



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His family gathered around him on that chilly November morning to bid him final farewell. Papa put up a brave facade.

He sensed his brother's awkwardness when they embraced. And, most clearly, he felt a pang of sadness as he looked for one last time into Mama's tearful eyes.

Then the approaching train's high-pitched shriek broke the silence. And his family was suddenly left far behind.

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# Letters

# Spies' Nest

To the Editors:

When people like John Walker and his accomplices [NATION, June 17] put 200 million of their fellow citizens' lives on the line, they are not spies but traitors.

Nancy L. Moore Newport, N.C.

With all the rampant personal greed and white-collar crime taking place in high places, our enemies will never have to fire a shot to capture the U.S. The country will be undermined from the top and within for a dollar.

> Rodney Hoglund Milwaukee



If it is greed that causes Americans to betray their nation, then greed can stop the spying. The U.S. should offer a \$50,000 reward to anyone turning in a spy.

Mark Warda Clearwater, Fla.

We should treat Soviet spies the same way they would treat ours. Try them, pronounce them guilty and shoot them.

Margarita Horner West Palm Beach, Fla.

After reading how easily the Soviets manage to steal our defense secrets and purchase our high-tech equipment, I am amazed the U.S. still rivals the Soviet Union as a superpower.

Barry K. Webb Cincinnati

I cannot understand why the Soviets are so opposed to President Reagan's Star Wars program. They will have no trouble buying these "secrets" from any one of the hundreds of traitors who will sell out their country for a few dollars.

Richard Terrell Watertown, N.Y.

It took a lot of courage for Barbara Walker to report the alleged spying activities of her former husband. If, however,

she had done this 15 years ago, she could probably have saved her son and prevented the incalculable harm done to her country during that period.

Wanda F. Huberty Ottumwa, Iowa

As a draft resister and political protester from the '60s, I am appalled by the Walker spy scandal. Fifteen years ago, thousands of young men were undermining the Government by refusing to fight in what we thought was an unjust war in Southeast Asia. We did this because we loved our country and wanted to make a better society of it. How can the Walkers rationalize what they have done?

Bill Taylor South Lake Tahoe, Calif.

An obvious way to reduce spying is to cut down on the number of Soviet diplomats and their staffs in this country. For starters, we should close the San Francisco consulate, where so many officials are thought to be spies.

> Ralph Engle Devon, Pa.

In your story concerning the Walker espionage case, "And Brother Makes Three" [NATION, June 10], I am quoted as saying the Walkers "sold information that is worth to us millions, if not billions, of dollars." My observation to your reporter was that one person with sensitive access can compromise military systems for which the U.S. has spent millions, if not billions, of dollars in research, development and procurement. It is in fact premature at this juncture to attempt to assess in monetary terms or in terms of damage to the national security the consequences of the Walker case. This should become clearer once the FBI and the Navy investigations are completed.

L. Britt Snider, Principal Director Counterintelligence and Security Policy Department of Defense Washington, D.C.

An appropriate comment on the Walker case is C.S. Lewis' "We laugh at honor and are shocked to find traitors in our midst."

David S. DeLoach Nashville

## **Rising Star**

Former U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick [NATION, June 17] so outshines the rest of the political firmament that considering her for anything less than the presidency is an insult. Making her Vice President would be a waste of a national treasure.

Robert A. Rousculp Lynden, Wash.

Kirkpatrick would be an asset to any future presidential nominee. However, it would be a shame to elect her to the vice

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# Letters

presidency, where she would surely disappear. The 1988 Republican candidate should simply announce that if elected, he would appoint Kirkpatrick Secretary of State. She is best qualified for this job.

Henry von Kohorn Jr. Westport, Conn.

## **Moral Outrage**

I am shocked by your brief coverage of the attack on the three Palestinian refugee camps by the Shi'ite Amal militia and Lebanese Army [WORLD, June 10] in which more than 400 people were killed and 2,000 wounded. You reported that Syria gave "at least tacit backing to the Amal offensive." When the Christian Phalangist militia attacked the camps in 1982, there were screaming headlines of the massacre. Why has there been no similar outcry now and no public demand that Syria take moral responsibility for the killings?

Beverly Adler Dallas

# **Divine Silence**

In its recent decision on school prayer [LAW, June 17], the Supreme Court proved that it still serves its primary purpose, to interpret and enforce the Constitution. Parents who want school prayer should enroll their children in private religious schools or teach them to praise God when they wake up each morning.

Sharon Ann Bumgarner Greenville, S.C.

The Supreme Court decision is a strong argument for tuition vouchers. It is difficult to instill a sense of morality in children without God and the Ten Commandments. If public education means godless education, then let the taxpaying parents choose the school.

Claire B. Moynihan West Roxbury, Mass.

Either we can proclaim this a Christian nation, regardless of whose religious sensibilities it offends, or we can respect the Constitution and find a different way to do our Christian witnessing. The Word of God endureth forever, but sometimes I fear for the First Amendment.

Lou Heavilon Valparaiso, Ind.

If a child wants to pray, he can do it on his lunch hour or on a break between classes, or in the library, which is the perfect place for anyone to pray.

Sheri L. Williams Redwood City, Calif.

## Wrong Impression

Your article "One Less for the Road?" [LIVING, May 20] cites me as an example of those drinkers who "remain cheerfully unaffected by the trend to light



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drinking" and who "cling to the old ways." Directly below this reference to me appears a grisly picture of a tragic auto crash, the result of drunk driving. The moral, you conclude, is that "although drinking is definitely down nationwide, many Americans still drink as lustily as ever and alcohol abuse remains a major social problem."

I was not interviewed for this particular story on alcohol abuse and the "new intolerance" it has provoked. I was interviewed for the preceding report, which was a lighthearted pop-sociology opus about current life-styles.

> Gary Kamiya San Francisco

# **Bursting the Art Bubble**

In his penetrating interpretation of our cultural crisis, "Career and Hype Amidst the Image Haze" [ART, June 17], Robert Hughes proves to be the most lucid and eloquent art critic on the American scene. His survey of contemporary art is a logical continuation of TIME's story featuring rock's role model Madonna [SHOW BUSINESS, May 27]. In the same manner that our suburban teenage adolescents spike their hair and festoon themselves with glitzy junk jewelry like Madonna, their grownup equivalents act out myth-hero dreams. America's avantgarde artists and imagemakers are subjecting the visual arts to a fantasy process. Their motto, like that of Madonna's fans, seems to be "I Wanna Be" famous like Picasso, Pollock and Warhol.

Philip Eliasoph Fairfield, Conn.

If that garbage you pictured is considered "art," then truth and beauty are meaningless to today's "artists," and ugliness and deformity are the hallmarks of contemporary painting.

(The Rev.) John C. Borley Sierra Vista, Calif.

I applaud your article on the New York art scene. You spelled out what many of us have been thinking.

Hiram Williams University of Florida Gainesville, Fla.

# **Dylan Strikes a Chord**

With his new album Empire Burlesque, Bob Dylan has once more offered up jewels of the richest poetry to an artistically bankrupt music scene [MUSIC, June 10]. One thing has not changed in the past 20 years: you can still measure the sensitivity of a man by his keenness for Dylan.

Donna Jordan Carlsbad, Calif.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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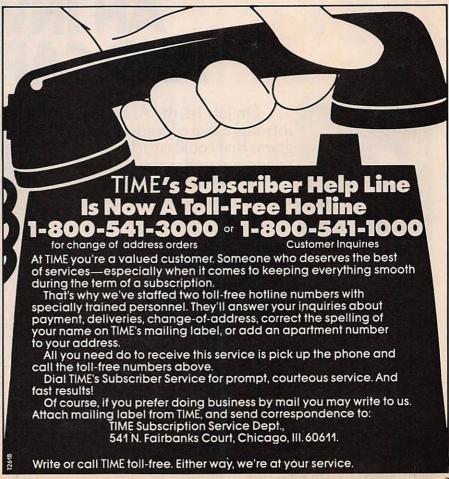
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YEARS

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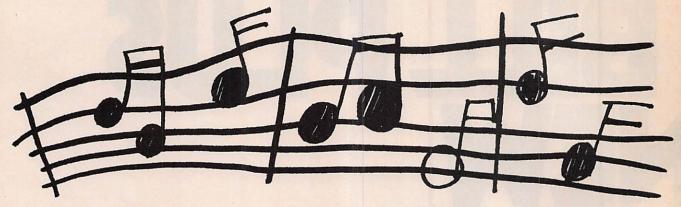
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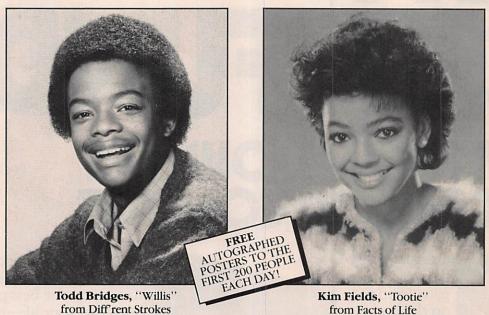
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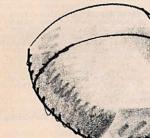
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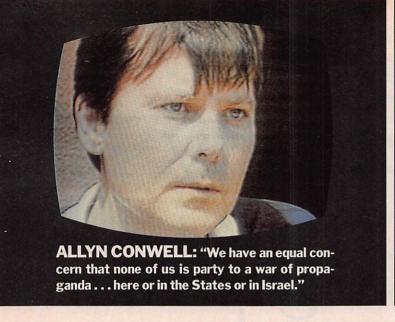
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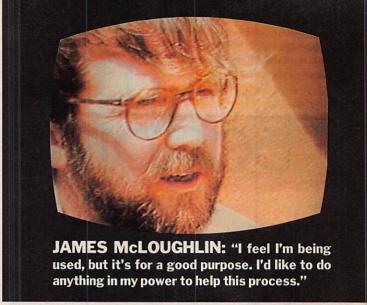
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# **Nation**

**TIME/JULY 8, 1985** 

# At Last, the Agony Is Over

After a weekend of frustration and delay, the hostages are freed



For the 39 American hostages, their anxious relatives in the U.S., and for officials in Washington, Damascus and Jerusalem, the weekend had sent emotions spiraling from

hope to gloom and back again. The captives were on their way to freedom, the White House had announced before dawn on Saturday. But no. They were still in Beirut. The carefully crafted plan for their release had gone awry. Darkness fell in the

war-torn city, and the hostages were once again split into groups and sent back to their beds in the secret hideaways of their Shi'ite Muslim guards from Lebanon's Amal militia. When they awoke on Sunday, they had no way of knowing how much longer their ordeal would last.

But soon they were on their way back to a schoolyard in an Amalcontrolled neighborhood in Beirut. Waiting for them were at least ten Red Cross vehicles that would take them to Damascus, where a U.S. Air Force C-141 StarLifter transport was ready to fly them to West Germany and freedom after 17 days of the televised Terrorist Suspense Spectacular.

At 5:45 p.m. Beirut time, 10:45 a.m. in Washington, the freedom ride finally began along the mountainous 75-mile road to Damascus. Accompanying the hostages were armed escorts from Amal and from another Lebanese faction, the Druze.

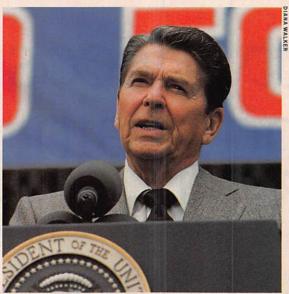
Also in the caravan were representatives of the International Committee of the Red Cross and Syrian army officers and security agents, which helped emphasize the pivotal role Syria had played in arranging the release of the long-waylaid passengers and crew of TWA Flight 847.

"It's great, it's great, we are going home," one of the Americans called out to journalists. The TWA pilot, Captain John Testrake, shook hands with some Lebanese bystanders and then climbed into the

lead Red Cross car. The convoy was headed by a Lebanese Army truck with an antiaircraft gun, and there were others mounted with heavy machine guns. Shortly before beginning their 3½-hour drive to Damascus, the Americans were given flowers, farewell tokens from their captors. Reporters were kept away by militiamen, who fired shots into the air and rolled unprimed grenades toward the startled newsmen.

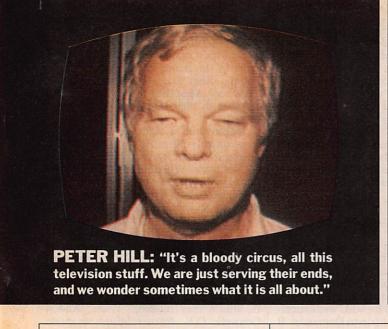
The White House, exercising extreme caution, made no official statement about the hostage release until National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane verified through official sources that the convoy had reached the Syrian border. Then, at 2:05 p.m., White House Spokesman Larry Speakes made a brief statement, including the President's response. "That's very welcome news," said Ronald Reagan. Using pilots' slang for airborne, he added, "Let me know when they are wheels up."

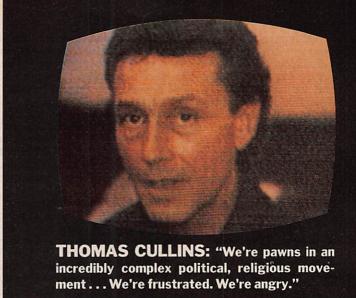
The hostages arrived in the Syrian capital on Sunday evening to face a crowd of reporters and the ubiquitous television crews that had become integral players in the long ordeal. Serving in his role as spokesman for the hostage group once again, Oil Executive Allyn Conwell tactfully thanked Syrian President Hafez Assad, whose portrait hung over the speaker's table, for his negotiating efforts. Said Con-



The President talks tough in Chicago Heights on Friday

A veiled threat: Terrorists "will be held to account."





PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ABC-TV NEWS

well: "For anyone and everyone who has prayed for us, talked for us, waited for us, hoped for us, we thank you from the bottom of our heart." As for the hijackers, he added, "I don't seek any retaliation or revenge. I think all of the men here would like to see justice prevail." All of the hostages who spoke seemed to feel some empathy for the Amal militiamen who had taken over custody of them from the original hijackers. They said they had learned a lot and been well treated in captivity. After 20 minutes, pleading exhaustion, Conwell cut off questioning and the group left for Damascus Airport.

After the hostages had cleared Middle East airspace, Reagan appeared on nationwide television to deliver a brief address that combined relief and anger. "We can be thankful that our faith, courage and firmness have paid off, but this is no moment for celebration," said the President. "The U.S. gives terrorists no rewards and no guarantees. We make no concessions; we make no deals," he went on. "Nations that harbor terrorists under-

mine their own stability and endan-

ger their own people.

"Terrorists, be on notice: we will fight back against you in Lebanon elsewhere," the President warned. "We will fight back against your cowardly attacks on American citizens and property. We call upon the world community to strengthen its cooperation to stamp out this ugly, vicious evil of terrorism." How strongly the President felt was revealed by a remark he made into an open mike before his statement: " After seeing Rambo last night, I know what to do next time it happens.'

From Damascus the hostages were to be flown to Rhein-Main Air Base, near Frankfurt, then taken to a U.S. military hospital at Wiesbaden for medical checkups. This route to freedom was hauntingly familiar. The U.S. embassy personnel who were held captive for 444 days by militants in Iran had followed virtually the same routine in 1981.

Shortly before the hostages started off on their momentous journey home, the Israeli Cabinet was holding its regular Sunday meeting in Jerusalem. It took no action, at least officially, on the continued detention of 745 Lebanese civilians, most of them Shi'ites, whom Israel has held at Atlit prison since its withdrawal from southern Lebanon. The Israelis thus preserved both their own and Washington's stipulation-and virtual fiction-that there could be no direct linkage between the release of the American hostages and the Lebanese prisoners, as the hijackers had demanded.

Nonetheless, the arrangement worked out by the three governments presumably calls for the freeing of the Lebanese, perhaps as early as this week for at least some, and the U.S. had a "tacit understanding" with Israel that this would occur. An Israeli military source told the Associated Press after the Cabinet session that he expected the release of the detainees to begin within several days. At least some hiatus was necessary, he said, to pre-

vent the appearance of a quid pro quo deal. The release schedule also depended on the security situation in southern Lebanon, he added.

he main reason for the nerveracking 24-hour delay in the release of the hostages was a lastminute demand by Nabih Berri, leader of the Amal militia, that Washington give assurances there would be no retaliation by the U.S. or Israel against the Shi'ites after the hostages were set free. Amal spokesmen conveyed their anger at some remarkably ill-timed remarks on Friday by Reagan. In the speech in Chicago Heights, Ill., the President called the captors "murderers and barbarians," adding ominously: "Terrorists, and those who support them, must and will be held to account."

The White House privately set about "clarifying" Reagan's remarks, but by late Saturday night an official statement was deemed necessary. The State Department at 10 p.m. released a Delphic sen-

tence presumably designed to allay the sensitivities of the Shi'ites. It stated, "The U.S. reaffirms its longstanding support for the preservation of Lebanon, its government, its stability and its security and for the mitigation of the suffering of its people." McFarlane, looking tired but sounding optimistic, had driven his own car to the White House at 6:20 a.m. on Sunday, where he confirmed that the statement was "apparently a factor" in the breakthrough. He called it "a fairly artificial requirement that came up at the eleventh hour."

Amal leaders seemed to be satisfied. One militiaman quoted Syrian officials as saying that the U.S. had given an assurance not to retaliate. As Berri explained to reporters on Sunday, "We were ready to take them to Damascus yesterday, but after Reagan threatened us we had to delay their departure. I had to talk to the hijackers and to my people."



Nabih Berri faces the press at his Beirut headquarters

A reaction from Amal: no U.S. retaliation.

On Sunday, however, McFarlane insisted that Reagan's statement was not responsible for the delay. Rather, he said, it was used as "a pretext" by those Shi'ites who had doubts about the arrangement. When Reagan was informed that the plan seemed to be coming unraveled, he told his aides: "Well, these things happen, but we're right in our policies and it will work out." Iran, officials suggested, probably contributed to the weekend delay. Syria, however, helped keep the diplomatic dialogue on track. It was through Syria that the U.S. learned that some declaration about no retaliation was desired. When an adviser telephoned Reagan about the proposed State Department announcement, the President said, "It's a restatement of policy. If it helps, so be it, but we're not changing course."

Another serious obstacle that developed on Saturday morning was that Berri's militia did not have control over four of the captives, who were being held by Shi'ite extremists of Hizballah (Party of God).

After the hostages had been reunited on Sunday, the four confirmed that they had been removed from the aircraft on its second visit to Beirut and were not part of the group that had been taken into custody by the Amal militia. The hostages said

that they had been detained for the first nine days in what they called "a bunker" in the Bekaa Valley. The first time they had seen the other hostages was last Tuesday night when they were brought to Beirut for a visit by Red Cross officials. "We were pretty frightened," admitted Robert Trautmann, Jr., one of the four. "But they didn't maltreat us, and the food was kind of O.K." After nine days they were moved to what Trautmann called "a better place, which had proper toilets."

onfirmation of the rumor that four Americans had been kept apart from the other hostages took place in a dramatic on-camera television scene that was carried to the U.S. by satellite. It happened on Saturday morning in the schoolyard near the Beirut airport, where the hostages and their luggage were assembled for what was expected to be an imminent trip to Damascus. It looked like a rather shaggy adult-education class being called to order, except for the gun-toting Amal guards watching from rooftops. In his now familiar crisp tones, Allyn Conwell called out the names of his 38 fellow American hostages, only 31 of whom answered "here" or "present." Three of those absent were not a cause of alarm. They were the crewmen of the TWA jet, who had been kept in the aircraft most of the time and were known to be in the hands of the Amal militia. But the other four should have been at the school. After the roll call, the hostages sat next to their bags and waited. And waited.

Meanwhile, a vigil had been in progress roughly 50 miles southeast, at the Lebanese-Syrian frontier. U.S. Ambassador to Syria William Eagleton, Syrian Foreign Minister Farouk Shareh and other officials of both nations had gathered at noon on Saturday to greet the hostage convoy. They also waited. And waited.

The hostage roll call and the border vigil by the diplomats were repeated on Sunday. This time all 39 Americans were together. After a quick calculation to make sure no one was missing, Conwell shouted, "Do you all want to go home?" In unison they replied, "Yeah!" Added Conwell: "O.K., fellows. I think we made it." This time the convoy did roll, and the patience of all of the negotiating parties in the strange deal that no one wanted to admit was a deal had finally been rewarded.

In the end, the key to the release seemed to be a most unlikely liberator, Syria's Assad. Though he is an ironfisted dictator and a Soviet ally, Assad has carefully nurtured a reputation as a man who

# **Dinner with the Hostages**

TIME Correspondent John Borrell was finishing his dinner around midnight in the luxurious Summerland hotel just south of Beirut when a large, bedraggled group arrived for a late supper. Borrell did a double take: here were 32 hostages who had been roused from their beds Friday night for what was intended to be a farewell meal. Borrell, the only reporter in the restaurant when the hostages arrived, sent this

hey sat at four tables next to where I was draining the dregs of a coffee cup. Aware that I might be thrown out if the guards decided I was a journalist, I remained silent as the hostages took in their surroundings—a blue pool sparkling with underwater lighting, deck chairs drawn up in reg-

iments and a moon rising over the Mediterranean.

One of the hostages leaned over and whispered, "You speak French?" "No, English," I replied. "What are you doing here?" he whispered, looking around furtively. "You a tourist?" "No. A journalist.'

For several minutes we talked surreptitiously, trying to appear nonchalant whenever one of the guards seemed to be watching. An ABC television crew staying in the hotel was shooed off and told to come back when the food had been served.

Shish kebabs and steaks arrived quickly, along with

watermelon and cans of Pepsi-Cola. "This is not our normal fare," muttered Tom Cullins of Vermont. Said another: "We lived on bread and water our first five days." There was a chorus of dissent. "Come off it," said a hostage, "it was better than that." The main complaint: their captors continually woke them up at ungodly hours to discuss the situation.

"Can you post this letter to my wife?" asked Cullins. He slipped it to me unobserved.

'Reagan was right when he called these guys a bunch of thugs," one hostage whispered. "But he was stupid to say it when he did. Can you believe an American President would say such a thing when American citizens are being held hostage?"

As dinner was served, the TV crew began filming. "It's a bloody circus, all this television stuff," complained Peter Hill from Illinois. "We are just serving their ends, and we wonder sometimes what it is all about." Another hostage

whispered: "Maybe ABC had us hijacked to improve their ratings."

Later the hotel chefs produced a cake with whitechocolate icing. On it in thin dark chocolate lettering: WISHING YOU ALL A HAPPY TRIP HOME.

"Maybe it's a farewell supper—you'll see soon enough," one guard told his prisoners. As the group was departing, the hotel staff handed out orange roses. "I want you guys to know that sometimes in life you have to take time out to smell the roses," said Hostage Jerome Barczak as he sniffed his.



The farewell dinner: "Wishing you all a happy trip home"

can be relied on to deliver on any deal to which he puts his name (see box). It was his involvement and coordination with Washington that produced Sunday's success

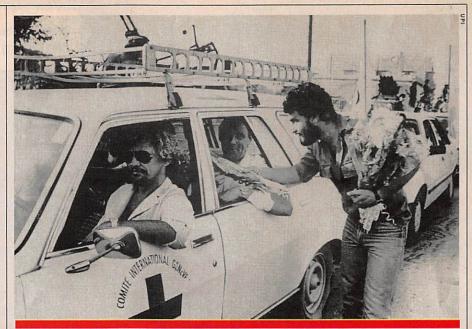
Throughout the week, events had seemed to grow increasingly surreal as the hostages, whose freedom seemed so tantalizingly out of reach, were continually shown on television eating, talking and even driving themselves around Beirut with their captors. For days, Amal guards brought small groups of hostages before television camera crews for interviews that were replayed incessantly in the U.S. Though some of the hostages confessed to depression and anxiety, others, presumably to reassure their watching families, mugged and shouted "Hi, Mom!" as if they had been filmed at a picnic. White House officials protested that television was playing into the captors' hands, primarily by giving them the very world publicity they coveted. "This is bizarre," stormed one Reagan aide. "It can only screw up what we are trying to do.'

There were some indications that the interviews were carefully stage-managed. Jimmy Dell Palmer in captivity was pictured playfully waving a pistol in front of an Amal guard. After he was freed last Wednesday, in advance of his comrades, he said he had argued against being photographed in that pose but yielded to persistent demands from his captors.

Other hostages told TV interviewers that they were being treated well by the Amal militiamen who had taken them away from the original hijackers, and their appearance did not contradict those assertions. Three hostages were interviewed by ABC's Charles Glass at the end of lunch in what looked like a pleasant seaside café near Beirut. Conwell, who lives in Muscat, Oman, went so far as to assert that "many in our group have a profound sympathy for the cause" of their Amal captors, namely freedom for 745 Lebanese held in an Israeli prison.

The resolution of the hostage crisis, however, involved not public interviews in Beirut but a tense backstage diplomatic drama on three continents. On Monday, Berri had seemed intransigent. He dismissed as insignificant Israel's release of 31 Lebanese prisoners early in the week. What about all the Lebanese still held in Atlit? he asked. He threatened to turn the hostages back to the original hijackers. One U.S. official went so far as to predict that "we probably are not going to get all these people back in any event."

By Tuesday morning, Speakes was openly warning of economic and military pressure against Lebanon. He even mentioned two specific options: closing the Beirut airport, presumably by organizing a world boycott of Lebanon's Middle East Airlines, the only line still operating there; and "cutting off goods and services," presumably by naval blockade. According to one White House official, the decision had been made that "it was time to turn up the heat and display some power." At an afternoon meeting between



Amal militiaman hands flowers to hostage preparing to depart for Damascus on Sunday

Reagan and his advisers, Secretary of State George Shultz pleaded for more time to give diplomacy a chance "to bear fruit." Speakes then implied a deadline. The President, he told the press, would apply pressure if diplomacy failed to produce results "in a day or two."

It took only hours. Wednesday morning, Berri summoned reporters and TV crews to the hot, crowded basement under his office in West Beirut to broadcast "my answer to threats from America." First, Berri announced the release of Palmer, 48, a hefty air-conditioning technician from Little Rock, who was seated next to him. Palmer suffers from high blood pressure and a heart condition.

Then came a seemingly offhand bombshell. Said Berri: "We are prepared to hand the kidnaped persons over to a Western embassy, Swiss or French, whichever they [U.S. officials] choose." Alternatively, he said, Amal might "send the airplane with all the hostages to Damascus." Berri attached one giant condition: Syrian President Assad, or whoever else took custody of the Americans, would have to pledge not to set them free until all Lebanese prisoners in Atlit had been released by Israel. In Washington, White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan was awakened at about 3:30 a.m. by a call from the White House Situation Room alerting him to Berri's statement.

Shultz spoke out Wednesday night to add what seemed to be a major American condition to the secret negotiations. In a speech delivered in San Francisco, the Secretary of State said the U.S. would insist that not 39 but 46 American hostages be released "unharmed and unconditionally." In addition to those aboard TWA Flight 847, he was referring to the seven "forgotten hostages" who had been kid-



Original hijackers, hooded to hide identities, announce release of U.S. prisoners

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naped one by one from the streets of Beirut during the previous 16 months. Berri has insisted that he did not have any control over the seven and did not even know where they are being held.

Switzerland convened emergency Cabinet meeting on Thursday and, according to a Foreign Ministry source, "informed Berri that we would be happy to take the American hostages in our Beirut embassy but on our conditions, not his." The Swiss conditions: the hostages would be flown immediately from Beirut to Switzerland, and Bern could then

set them free "at the time of our choosing.

All this left Syria as the most promising intermediary. Even though Syria is far from an ally, Washington was anxious to get the hostages out of Beirut and into Damascus, where the U.S. has a well-staffed embassy that would be dealing with a fullfledged government. (The Lebanese government, in which Berri is Minister of Justice, exists to a great extent only on paper.) Assad had been in contact with both



Their release on hold, the captives play cards in a school near Beirut

Shultz and Reagan and promised to try to play a helpful role. Since his troops occupy strategic portions of Lebanon, he has influence with all factions in that nation's internal wars.

Assad managed to extract an important clarification from each side. No happier than France or Switzerland to act as a warden over U.S. prisoners, he persuaded Berri to stop demanding that the hostages remain in Syria until all of Israel's detainees were released. Conversely, from Washington he won an assurance that those detainees would be granted their freedom. Ironically, in the same Friday speech that evidently angered Berri, Reagan carefully reaffirmed that fact. "Israel had always intended to release them and had made that very clear," said the President.

Israel thus found itself in a most uncomfortable position. The prisoners had been taken out of Lebanon by withdrawing Israeli occupation forces. Long before the TWA hijacking, the U.S. contended that transferring them to Atlit violated the

1949 Geneva Conventions. Israeli officials were keenly and resentfully aware that they were likely to be blamed if any foot dragging about release of the Lebanese prisoners prolonged the captivity of the American hostages, and they were concerned about endangering their allimportant relationship with the U.S. But they had another imperative to consider: Israel cannot afford to look as if it is yielding to Arab terrorism. U.S. officials were nonetheless saying that Israel would be

# The Unlikely Ally

• ne of the first heads of state Ronald Reagan cabled for assistance in the TWA hostage standoff was not a trusted ally of the U.S. but a frequent diplomatic adversary, Syrian President Hafez Assad. As a Soviet-armed Arab state sharing a tense 50-mile border with Israel, Syria rarely, if ever, sees eye to eye with Washington on Middle East policy. But the Administration was betting that in the current crisis U.S. interests converged in many ways with Assad's. By agreeing last week to act as the mediator in the release of 39 U.S. hostages from their Lebanese Shi'ite Muslim captors, Assad proved to be a good gamble. And when Saturday's last-minute delays threw the deal into question, it was the Syrian President to whom Washington turned for fresh assistance.

A cool, cagey leader whose power base is his nation's 362,000-man armed forces, Assad has maintained his tight control through a finely honed sense of pragmatism that pursues whatever is in Syria's, and by extension Assad's, best interests. In the Beirut crisis, as it happens, Syria's interests coincided with America's. Both countries were anxious to end the hostage stalemate under terms that bolstered the position of Nabih Berri, the Amal militia leader who in effect hijacked the Americans from their original hijackers. For Assad, Berri and his Amal movement play a vital role in Assad's long campaign to become power broker and peacemaker among Lebanon's warring factions. While Amal currently commands the allegiance of most of Lebanon's estimated 1.2 million Shi'ites, its leadership has come under intense pressure from far more radical and fundamentalist Shi'ite factions, especially a group called Hizballah (Party of God), which has strong ties to Iran. Although Assad's relations with Iran are friendly, he has no desire to see Lebanon become a Shi'ite theocracy that might eventually oppose his own secular form of rule.

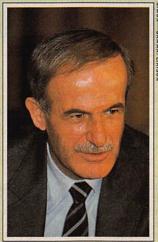
The U.S. has every reason to share Assad's concern over the fundamentalist Shi'ites' growing power. A permanently radicalized Lebanon would doubtless try to sow subversion among moderate Arab states throughout the Persian Gulf, many of them U.S. allies and oil suppliers.

Assad, moreover, may have acted at the urging of the Soviets. During Assad's visit to Moscow two weeks ago, Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev reportedly emphasized to him that the U.S.S.R. disapproves of hijacking and would like to see the Beirut crisis ended. The Soviets, who criticized the U.S. for massing a task force of its Sixth Fleet off Lebanon's shores, might have been concerned that Washington could be provoked into seeking a military solution that would embroil Syria.

Still another motive for Assad's cooperation was his own

future standing in Middle East politics. Partly to make the point to Washington that Damascus is a useful place to do business in the area, Assad has helped out in previous prisoner situations, notably the release of downed U.S. Navy Flyer Robert Goodman in 1984 and possibly the freeing of CNN Beirut Correspondent Jeremy Levin in February. One possible U.S. favor Assad may have in mind in exchange for his latest assistance: a request for U.S. pressure on Israel to abandon its so-called security zone in southern Lebanon.

But perhaps Assad's most serious consideration of all is that for Syria to play a major role in Middle East negotiations and merit respect beyond the region, it needs to shed its image as an outlaw nation. In any case, as one U.S. diplomat put it, in the crisis atmosphere prevailing over the hostages, "Syria had everything to gain."



Assad: cool, cagey

**TIME, JULY 8, 1985** 

# **Nation**

"no problem."

Although it would run into unexpected delays, the arrangement had been settled on by Friday night. Assad by then had emerged as the intermediary who would take custody of the hostages from Berri and quickly set them free. Berri had agreed to hand over the Americans without any prior or even simultaneous release of the prisoners in Atlit. That would save face for the U.S. and Israel; both countries had insisted that any outright swap would constitute a payoff for terrorism. It was assumed that Israel would begin "unilaterally" setting the Atlit prisoners free as soon as the American hostages were at liberty. Such a release had in fact been planned and promised before the hijacking drama began.

Syria's offer to accept the hostages made it clear that their time in Syria would be short. Word that the arrangement was essentially complete was received by the White House about 7 p.m. Friday. Damascus wasted no time in going public with the news. All American television networks were able to get the report on their 7 p.m. newscasts. The announcements, both in Syria and the U.S., added to the pressure during the tense hours of Saturday to assure that the arrangement did not fall through.

hen the hostages finally return to their hometowns for what will be a particularly jubilant Fourth of July week, the celebrations may begin to drown out the pain that they and their nation have suffered during the 17-day ordeal. But even the more-or-less successful resolution of the hijacking (tending to be forgotten was murdered Navy Diver Robert Stethem) seems unlikely to discourage those who would use hostages as pawns in a political power game and terrorism as a form of propaganda theater. On the contrary, the astonishing adroitness that a militant faction in an anarchic country displayed in monopolizing world attention, in effect holding Washington and much of the American public hostage, is an ominous

Once negotiations were under way, officials from Washington to Jerusalem to Beirut were forced into a symbolic dance under the TV lights. The substance of a solution was not all that problematic. It was obvious from the start that it would have to involve the release of both the hostages and Israel's Lebanese prisoners. All parties seemed willing to accept that. Yet enormous efforts had to be made to avoid any public appearance of a swap.

The final arrangement may be justified as the price a caring nation must pay for the lives of a group of its citizens. For the fact that the hostages are returning home unharmed, the nation can and should feel thankful. But for very little else. —By George J. Church. Reported by John Borrell/Beirut and Laurence I. Barrett and Johanna McGeary/Washington

# The Problems with Retaliation

Four ex-CIA chiefs weigh the options for countering terrorism

the TWA hijacking have fed the desire to find some way to do to terrorists what they are doing to American citizens. Why not, in future crises, threaten and perhaps take the lives of hijackers? Might swift retribution deter terrorists, or at least punish them? What about covert counterterror, the capacity to identify and eliminate terrorists, pre-emp-

Frustration and anger over



Navy strike team trains in California

"If there are casualties, so be it."

tively or in retaliation? TIME Washington Bureau Chief Strobe Talbott put these questions to four former directors of the Central Intelligence Agency. All agreed that the U.S. should move vigorously and effectively to oppose terrorism but not adopt assassination as an instrument of policy.

Each of the former CIA chiefs has had other experiences that bear on the current challenge. Richard Helms (Director of Central Intelligence from 1966 to 1973) spent many years in the CIA's clandestine services and was Ambassador to Iran from 1973 to 1976, so he knows about Shi'ite fundamentalism firsthand. James Schle-

singer (DCI from January through June 1973) was Secretary of Defense from 1973 to 1975. William Colby (DCI, 1973 to 1976) ran the highly controversial Phoenix counterinsurgency program in Viet Nam from 1968 to 1971. And at the request of Annapolis Classmate Jimmy Carter, Stansfield Turner (DCI, 1977 to 1981) came to the CIA from a career in the Navy. Their interviews with Talbott follow.

## **RICHARD HELMS**

It is very important to keep these incidents in perspective and not get so incredibly worked up over them. Terrorism, of course, is a serious challenge, and we must do our best to deal with it. But to declare a "war on terrorism" is just to hype the problem, not solve it. The quiet, steady approach is better than bombast.

As for assassination, it's just not on. The people of the U.S. won't stand for it. In fact, there are problems with all levels of violent action. Let's say the Delta Force puts on masks and goes in and blows up an installation around Beirut. We've violated the sovereignty of Lebanon and killed a lot of people in cold blood. Are they terrorists? You'll have a lot of argument about that, just on our side alone.

What if you send in a coup-de-main group of civilians [a hit team]? If it comes out that they were Americans—and it takes no time at all for that kind of thing to unravel in public—you're facing all sorts of allegations.

If, instead, the blow-and-burn stuff is done by surrogates whom you've trained in the black arts and given a suitable cover, there is a whole other set of problems. If you've recruited them from dissidents who have an ideological motivation, they may be very hard to control. You may think you've called the operation off and wake up one morning and find out they've gone and done it anyway.

Let's say we have reason to believe that Khomeini or Gaddafi is behind some terrorist act, so you decide to strike by attacking the Iranian oil fields or a Libyan air force base. In the latter case, you've now got all the Arabs against you. Saudi Arabia, Egypt and the moderates will feel immense pressure to line up with their Arab brethren. We've got to get used to the disagreeable fact that there really is no quick fix for terrorism. What we do need is improved intelligence work against terrorist groups. Penetration can help derail the nasty stuff. When I was in the agency, the CIA penetrated the P.L.O., and we helped head off several terrorist acts, including an assassination attempt against Golda Meir.

We also need improved cooperation among free-world intelligence services. As long as we have a leaky Congress and a leaky oversight process, friendly services are simply not going to share with us.

Another important thing is that we must prove we're serious, that we have the political will to continue the fight against terrorism after this episode is over. One problem is that our moods change all the time. Back in 1975, the CIA was ridiculed and pilloried for allegedly doing things we didn't do, and the things we did do were pretty small beer compared with what's being talked about now."

## JAMES SCHLESINGER

There's now surprising enthusiasm for creating an entity for which our democracy seemed to have no tolerance whatsoever five years ago. You're witnessing a radical alteration of standards. Just a short time ago, we were talking about the CIA as a rogue elephant whose wicked acts had to be reined in. Now some say we

must have a mechanism for inflicting punishment on America's foes.

This is a society that is characterized by a generalized ethical ambivalence about rough-andtumble measures. A lot of people who are now advocating a counterterror capability have in mind our emulating the Israelis. But America is not under enough of a threat for us to do that. We're not a small country with powerful enemies just over the border. So our capacity consistently to carry out pre-emption and retaliation is certainly not assured. Democracies forgo certain options by the nature of their societies and the whole set of ideals they represent.

In any event, assassination is not the right word to describe what is being proposed. What is needed is the ability to bust up terrorist organizations. If someone is killed in the operation, it is not because of his political role; it's because he is a

casualty of the operation. The purpose of the operation should be to destroy the power of a terrorist organization, and if there are casualties, so be it. That's quite different from assassination.

More important than any particular mechanism is for us to establish a pattern of behavior on which other nations will base their expectations. It is important for others to have a high level of expectation that the perpetrators of terrorist acts will be punished. The character of the punishment matters a helluva lot less than the certainty that they will be punished. That means establishing a pattern over a period of years. It means avoiding sending conflicting signals. It means not issuing threats and then backing off. If you make a threat and then don't deliver, that raises morale and whets the appetite on the other side.

## **WILLIAM COLBY**

We are terribly underequipped for rescue missions. It's outrageous that the Israelis and the West Germans can do these things and we can't. We've had a couple of examples of how much we need to improve. Iran

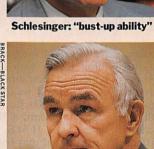
[the Desert One debacle] was one. Grenada was another. The operation there was pretty elephantine.

Part of the problem is that we're bound by our labyrinthine military structure. What you need for rescue missions is to set aside a unit, give it its own command, stop worrying about whether the Army and the Navy and the Air Force are each going to have a piece. You need a dedicated force, not what's left over from all the other units.

Another counterterror function is retaliation. What I'm talking about here is a military attack on a base or a depot. I'm not talking about singling out individuals for elimination. Assassination is beyond what our country can stand. One problem with assassination is that you're playing God: you think that by killing one man you can change the course of events. In addition to the moral arguments, there are



Helms: "no quick fix"



rce" Turner: "nasty rules"



Colby: "a dedicated force"

practical considerations. The efforts to kill Castro were feckless. You end up using tools and people that are unreliable. With assassination you can't win. If the operation works, you will probably get blamed for it; if it doesn't work, you will probably still get blamed for it. And if it works and isn't revealed, it does not do much good as a deterrent.

Whatever actions we take, it is important they not be seen as unreasonable by ordinary world citizens. That is why, where possible, we should follow the laws, and in foreign operations follow the rules of war. It is also important that we control these retaliatory forces ourselves, not rely on proxies that can get out of hand. You certainly do not want to be identified with death squads.

# STANSFIELD TURNER

I have very little sympathy for preemptive assassination. We are a country that embodies a lot of legal principles as well as moral ones, and it's hard to be sure that when you target someone for assassination, you've got the kind of evidence that would hold up in court for a capital crime. President Ford signed an Executive Order forbidding assassination, and that order has been replicated by Presidents Carter and Reagan. I think basically it was a good thing. I remember that when Khomeini came to power, someone suggested to me that we should look at getting rid of him. I told him to get out of my earshot. Creating hit teams would mean changing that order.

It would also mean playing by very nasty rules. What we may think of as justifiable counterterrorism is someone else's terrorism. Much as I don't like Gaddafi, I don't think we should be part of that game.

Also, we don't want to be seen as a wild West country that takes the law into its own hands. Remember that the President has to tell Congress when he undertakes covert action. That means it will leak. Does the U.S. want to stand up before

the world and say, "We're smart enough to know when to kill people"?

Another problem is that we've got to be very careful about the sort of people who do our dirty work for us. What assurance do we have that our proxies won't take out 80 innocent people? When you hire assassins, you're not dealing with the cream of humanity. In addition, I'm not sure that retaliatory assassination, even when it might be justified and much as it helps vent our frustration, really solves the problem of terror. It can make things worse. It can invite brother Shi'ites to engage in more martyrdom.

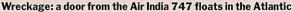
Perhaps some consideration should be given to creating a CIA force. I'm not totally convinced it would be a good idea, but there are situations that require more stealthy, subtle, surreptitious and covert means than the military is capable of. You've got to deceive

people, use a minimum of force and get control of a situation. In the Iran hostage crisis, for example, the military wasn't ready until the end of January—three months [after the hostages were taken]—to go into Iran. The military just isn't attuned to doing that kind of low-level but difficult operation. We don't know how to be truly expeditionary anymore.

At a minimum, I'd urge that there be a CIA appendage to the Delta Force. When I was CIA director, I went down to Fort Bragg to watch the Delta Force prepare to storm hijacked airplanes. "Have you asked us for help?" I asked. They were too proud. They were thinking in terms of moving their people around in tourist clothes on commercial planes. I asked them, "How are you going to get phony passports and disguises? Are you letting your guys let their hair grow so that they'll look like hippies rather than G.I.s?" Would they like us to help them out with our forgery and disguise departments? They said they hadn't thought about that.

# World







Rescue operation: Irish sailors carry crash victims ashore

DISASTERS

# A Case of Global Jitters

# Investigators probe Air India's crash, and airports tighten security

verywhere, nerves were on edge. At London's Heathrow, the world's busiest international airport, armored vehicles and troops carrying automatic weapons stood guard during the stopover of an Air India flight. In Toronto four bomb threats, all crank calls as it turned out, compelled authorities to delay the loading of three flights and to pull a fourth off the runway. In Rome an Austrian Airlines DC-9 en route to Vienna was recalled following an anonymous bomb threat. At Boston's Logan International Airport yet another call about a bomb forced hundreds to vacate a terminal while police and sniffer dogs searched the building.

Though there were no new disasters last week to fuel the global jitters further, the images of recent violence lingered. A hijacking in Athens. An airport bombing in Frankfurt. A luggage explosion in Tokyo. A plane crash off the Irish coast. In the aftermath of so much tragedy, governments struggled to identify the causes and find and punish those responsible, while tightening security on the ground and in the air to prevent recurrences.

▶ In Ireland, investigators from four nations were looking for clues to the midair disintegration of Air India Flight 182, which crashed into the Atlantic Ocean off the Irish coast on June 23 en route from Toronto to Bombay via London, killing all 329 people on board. Amid widespread theorizing that a terrorist bomb aboard the Boeing 747 had caused the accident, investigators were considering other explanations, including the possibility that a spare engine being carried under the

plane's right wing might have had something to do with the crash. Although hopes had been slim that the two flight recorders could be found at an estimated depth of 6,000 ft., at week's end sonar scanners aboard a British seabed operations vessel, H.M.S. *Challenger*, detected a firm signal that Irish authorities identified as the recorders' "homing blip."

In Japan, there were indications that a sophisticated timing device may have tripped the explosion of a bomb in a bag unloaded from Canadian Pacific Flight 003. The blast killed two baggage handlers and injured four others at Tokyo's Narita International Airport just 53 minutes before the Air India plane crashed. Speculation that the two events were connected was fed by the timing, the fact that both flights had originated in Canada and suspicions that Sikh extremists might have engineered the incidents in order to strike out at the Indian government. But at week's end investigators were forced to agree with Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's assessment that there was "no hard and fast evidence" of linkage.

▶ From San Francisco to Cairo, airports tightened security arrangements, stepping up passenger, baggage and cargo inspections. After an initial flurry of reservation cancellations, these precautions seemed to calm travelers' fears. Still, the spate of bomb threats in the U.S. and overseas, all false alarms, forced several airliners to delay takeoffs or make emergency landings. Passengers did not complain. "I'd rather spend two hours in line here than end up in the Atlantic Ocean,"

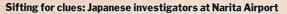
said David Murley of Toronto as he headed for London.

▶ In London and Washington, efforts were made to pre-empt terrorist attacks on the ground. British police launched a massive search after Scotland Yard reported that it had uncovered a plot by the outlawed Irish Republican Army to place bombs at twelve English seaside resorts. Police defused one device in a crowded hotel just 100 yds. from Buckingham Palace in London. Sixteen suspects were detained. At the U.S. State Department, officials announced plans to renovate or relocate almost half of its 262 embassies and consulates, citing vulnerability to espionage and terrorist attack as the reason for the new program, which is expected to cost \$3.5 billion.

t was the fate of Air India Flight 182 that raised the most questions. While theories about the cause of the jet's breakup abounded, investigators from India, the U.S., Canada and Ireland had nothing conclusive to report by week's end about the third-worst airline disaster in history.\* Bits and pieces of the wreckage plucked from the sea were sometimes heartbreaking: a red slipper, a limp rag doll, a waterlogged Teddy bear. Irish and British naval vessels and helicopters fanned out over a 5-sq.-mi. area. They retrieved 131 bodies, and by week's end the bulk of the wreckage had been located.

While proof remained elusive, some officials held to the assumption that the

\*In 1977 KLM and Pan American 747s collided on the ground in Spain's Canary Islands, killing 582; in 1974 the crash of a Turkish DC-10 near Paris left 345 dead.





Stringent security: armored vehicles on guard at Heathrow

jet had been downed by a bomb that was either carried aboard by a suicidal terrorist or planted on the 747 before it took off for London. Another scenario suggested that the extra 9,000-lb. jet engine being carried back to India for repairs might have dislodged, forcing the aircraft down. Such ferrying of an engine, in addition to the 747's four turbo fanjets, is considered routine airline practice, and Boeing officials dismissed the theory as "extremely farfetched." Had the engine caused a problem, they said, the pilot would have had time to make a Mayday call. Instead, the plane plummeted from its cruising altitude of 31,000 ft. in silence, disappearing from radar screens within a split second. Air India officials ruled out metal fatigue as a possible cause. Others, however, were less certain: Just because the plane was seven years old, said Jack Young, a U.S. investigator, "does not preclude the possibility of some structural failure.'

The terror bomb scenario came mainly from Indian officials, who suspected that the incident might have been connected to the baggage explosion in Tokyo. The link, they suggested, might be two Sikh extremists, Ammand Singh, 32, and Lal Singh, 25. The two men are wanted by the FBI in connection with an alleged conspiracy to kill Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi during his visit to the U.S. last month. Ammand Singh, according to Indian officials quoted in the Toronto Globe and Mail, had flown to Toronto before the illfated Air India flight set course for London, while Lal Singh had traveled from Toronto to Vancouver carrying a ticket for Canadian Pacific Flight 003 to Tokyo.

Air India officials in Tokyo confirmed that an "A. Singh" and an "L. Singh" had booked seats on Canadian Pacific Flight 003 as well as on a connecting Air India flight from Tokyo to Bombay. Ultimately, neither man boarded either plane, although L. Singh did check his luggage through in Vancouver. The reservation for the connecting Air India flight

from Tokyo prompted speculation that the bomb that exploded at Narita Airport, possibly in L. Singh's luggage, was meant to go off aboard the Tokyo-Bombay flight, but had detonated prematurely. Reports in the Japanese press that a plastic explosive had caused the Narita blast and that Lal Singh's fingerprints had been found on luggage fragments were not confirmed by Japanese officials.

or was there confirmation that the two Singhs booked on those flights were the Singhs sought by the FBI; all Sikh men use the name Singh. "There is still no definitive evidence linking [the fugitive Singhs] to the bombings," said Joseph Valiquette, an FBI spokesman in New York City. Such reservations were upstaged, however, by reports of a mercenary training camp in Birmingham where, according to the school's director, a man named Lal Singh had taken a course in explosives last November. FBI officials refused to comment on whether the fugitive Lal Singh had attended the school.

As the search for answers continued, tightened security arrangements went into effect at airports around the world. In Athens, the lift-off point for the hijacked TWA Flight 847, reinforced police detachments were stationed at check-in counters, and airport personnel conduct-



Fugitives: Lal Singh and Ammand Singh

ed frequent hand searches of luggage. In West Germany, police used bomb-sniffing dogs to patrol terminals, and some passengers were asked to identify their luggage on the tarmac before it was loaded. In the U.S., the Federal Aviation Administration asked airlines to put into effect special procedures that included holding cargo for 24 hrs. before shipment and discontinuing curbside baggage check-ins on international flights.

Little by little, day by day, the stepped-up vigilance seemed to soothe the anxiety of travelers. Airlines and travel agents reported few canceled reservations in Europe, the Middle East and Asia. In the U.S., where almost 9,000 people abandoned plans to visit Greece in the first few days after the TWA hijacking, cancellations slowed to a trickle, and both Pan Am and TWA resumed service to Athens.

Despite the stronger security measures, however, aviation officials agreed that piecemeal attempts to combat air terrorism would not be sufficient. "The battle requires international solidarity," said Erich Becker, the chairman of Frankfurt Main Airport Inc. Toward that end, the governing council of the 156-member International Civil Aviation Organization convened in Montreal late last week to review airport security. The group will meet again later this month to discuss ways to improve inspection procedures.

However successful those efforts, it seems unlikely that even a worldwide campaign will be able to pre-empt all terror strikes. Recently at Paris' Orly Airport, reputed to be one of the safest in Europe, French Journalist Patrice Vanoni set out to test security arrangements. To the embarrassment of airport officials, he was able to slip a blank-loaded automatic pistol through the controls and onto an airliner. "Any terrorist who stakes out an airport long enough," he concluded, "can outwit the system."

—By Jill Smolowe.

Reported by Mary Cronin/London and K.K. Sharma/New Delhi, with other bureaus

# Immme g

Like those who came before them, the newest Americans bring

merica is a country that endlessly reinvents itself, working the alchemy that turns "them" into "us." That is the American secret: motion, new combinations, absorption. The process is wasteful, dangerous, messy, sometimes tragic. It is also inspiring. The story, in its ideal, is one of earthly redemption.

The idea is reckless, taking in so many strangers, hurling all those contradictory genes and customs and temperaments into the same room. It goes against human nature. Strangers are not supposed to set up civilizations together. A nation must arise out of a tribe, out of affinities of blood. At one time, if some Pacific island tribesmen encountered a man they had not seen before, they simply killed—and sometimes ate—him. Tribal policy. But the U.S., with its great polyglot ingathering, went brilliantly to the other extreme.

The kinetic energy of new combinations is changing the U.S. today as profoundly as it did at the turn of the century, in the sepia-tinted days of Ellis Island. The faces are different now—mostly brown and yellow. Twenty years ago, more than half of all immigrants came from Europe and Canada. Today, most are Mexicans, Filipinos, Vietnamese, Koreans, Indians, Chinese, Dominicans, Jamaicans. They scramble up across the border near San Ysidro, Calif., in the middle of the night. They get off their jets and stream through Customs at Kennedy. They arrive in the trunks of cars or wash up in foundering boats on the Florida Keys.

Native-born Americans are ambivalent about the new arrivals. Ambivalence is what old Americans have always felt toward new Americans. At a remove of several generations from Ellis Island, some sentimentalize the immigrant experience. They project their nostalgia upon today's immigrants and wish them well. But the native-born also feels the alien vibration. Alien is a dank and sinister word—the ominous otherness, not our kind. The alien stands across a gap through which a killer wind can blow. The U.S. is being overrun, says a flickering fear. Racism in new combinations jounces around. Traditional nativist whites find themselves in the same improbable club with native American blacks condemning the brown and yellow foreigners who are taking their jobs away.

The new immigrants are an insistent presence. A sin-



ARRIVING IN NEW YORK, 1905

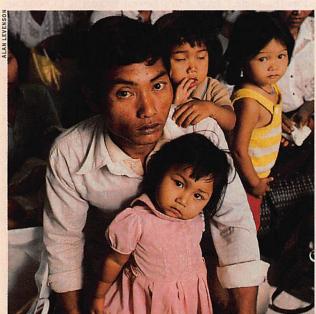
gle cluster of 14 brown brick stores in New York City harbors a Korean beauty parlor, a Chinese hardware store, a South Asian spice shop, a Chinese watch store and a Korean barber. At a high school on Chicago's Far North Side, algebra classes are conducted not only in English but in Spanish, Cantonese, Vietnamese and Assyrian. Along Bolsa Avenue in Santa Ana, Calif., virtually every sign for more than a mile is in Vietnamese: Vietnamese supermarkets, bookstores, pharmacies that deal in rare herbs. Ten years ago, nothing was there but warehouses and strawberry fields.

Americans alternate between hospitality and paranoia about the newcomers, between a promiscuous inclusiveness and a nativist recoil. It was different, they say, when the

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# Famils

# a spirit and an energy that preserve the nation's uniqueness



ARRIVING IN LOS ANGELES, 1985

whole continent lay before us and needed building. The job is done. How many more can we take now? How long before all those foreigners, who have not the Renaissance and the Enlightenment in their hereditary code, who have not democracy and its disciplines (debate, voting), begin to tear out the Republic's circuit boards and leave them rotting in the yard? How long before the Third World overwhelms the First World?

Those who wished to turn back earlier waves of immigration sometimes used the same language, or worse. In 1751 Benjamin Franklin asked, "Why should the Palatine boors be suffered to swarm into our settlements, and, by herding together, establish their language and manners, to the exclusion of ours? Why should Pennsylvania, founded

by the English, become a colony of aliens, who will shortly be so numerous as to Germanize us, instead of our Anglifying them?" Some 80 years later, Boston Mayor Theodore Lyman called the Irish "a race that will never be infused into our own, but on the contrary will always remain distinct and hostile." The Eastern European Jews who fled the pogroms were an embarrassment to the cultivated German Jewish establishment in the U.S. Some of today's immigrations stir hatreds, but if anything, the new Asians at least may be more welcome than most of the Italians in the generation of Lee Iaccoca's father. So many of the Asians come from the middle class, or aspire to the middle class, and are driven by a stern Confucian ethic.

In a sense, America long ago made a shrewd instinctive bargain with the world. It offered a prize—its wealth, its freedom and promise—and then, Darwinian, dared those strong enough and bold enough to make the leap. It was, and is, a hard journey. And, of course, the newcomers were too literal-minded about the prize. The sidewalks were not paved with gold.

It was America, really, that got the prize: the enormous energy unleashed by the immigrant dislocations. Being utterly at risk, moving into a new and dangerous land, makes the immigrant alert and quick to learn. It livens reflexes, pumps adrenaline. The immigrant, uprooted, cannot take traditional sustenance from the permanence of home, of place, from an arrangement that existed before he existed and would persist after he died. Everyone is an immigrant in time, voyaging into the future. The immigrant who travels in both time and geographical space achieves a neat existential alertness. The dimensions of time and space collaborate. America, a place, becomes a time: the future.

There is nothing deadened or smug about immigrants. They work long hours and live for their children. They are, in a sense, more serious about life than the settled can be, for they are in a dangerous passage. It makes them very much alive. It makes the American juices flow. In this special issue, TIME describes the newest Americans and addresses the myriad ways in which they are carrying on an honored tradition: contributing their bloodlines, their spirit and their energy to preserve the nation's vitality and uniqueness.

—By Lance Morrow

TIME, JULY 8, 1985

# The Changing Face of America

"Just look down Broadway. That guy is Indian, next to him is a Greek, next to him is a Thai..."

"These States are the amplest poem, Here is not merely a nation but a teeming Nation of nations."

-Walt Whitman

eina came from El Salvador because of "horrible things." She says simply, "I got scared." When she finally reached Los Angeles and found a job as a housekeeper at \$125 a week, her new em-

ployer pointed to the vacuum cleaner. Vacuum cleaner? Reina, 24, had never seen such a thing before. "She gave me a maid book and a dictionary," says Reina, who now writes down and looks up every new word she hears. "That's how I learn English. I don't have time to go to school, but when I don't speak English, I feel stupid, so I must learn."

Manuel Martins Simões had been a truck driver in Lisbon, but when he got to Newark in 1974, he worked on a construction gang during the week and waited on tables weekends. Eventually, he saved enough money to buy a restaurant. "The

building was really broken down and dirty," Simões says, "but my wife and I rebuilt the whole thing and put in a private dining room and a barbecue in the back." After seven years, he sold the place for a \$185,000 profit and returned to Lisbon to set himself and his brother up in business and live like a lord. But Simões was miserable. "All business in Portugal now is bad," he says, "and the kids are a headache, always wanting to go back to the U.S." Next week the family is emigrating all over again. "The first thing we will do," says Simões, "is become American citizens."

Lam Ton, from Viet Nam, is already a U.S. citizen, and he too did well with a restaurant, the Mekong, at the intersection of Broadway and Argyle Street in Chicago. "When I first moved in here, I swept the sidewalk after we closed," he recalls. "People thought I was strange, but now everyone does the same." Lam Ton's newest project is to build an arch over Argyle Street in honor of the immigrants who live and work there. "I will call it Freedom Gate," he says, "and it will have ocean waves with hands holding a freedom torch on top. It will represent not just the Vietnamese but all the minorities who have come here. Just look down Broad-

way. That guy is Indian, next to him is a Greek, next to him is a Thai, and next to him is a Mexican."

They seem to come from everywhere, for all kinds of reasons, as indeed they always have. "What Alexis de Tocqueville saw in America," John F. Kennedy once wrote, "was a society of immigrants, each of whom had begun life anew, on an equal footing. This was the se-cret of America: a nation of people with the fresh memory of old traditions who dared to explore new frontiers ..." It was in memory of Kennedy's urging that the U.S. in 1965

abandoned the quota system that for nearly half a century had preserved the overwhelmingly European character of the nation. The new law invited the largest wave of immigration since the turn of the century, only this time the newcomers have arrived not from the Old World but from the Third World, especially Asia and Latin America. Of the 544,000 legal immigrants who came in fiscal 1984, the largest numbers were from Mexico (57,000, or more than 10%), followed by the Philippines (42,000) and Viet Nam (37,000). Britain came in ninth, with only 14,000.

This enormous migration is rapidly and permanently changing the face of America. It is altering its racial makeup, its landscapes and cityscapes, its taste in food and

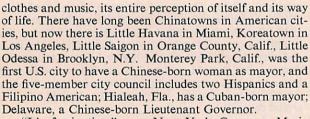


The moment of arrival stirs feelings of hope, anxiety, curiosity, pride. These emotions and many others show in the faces on the following pages. The photos were taken within an hour after the newcomers had landed at New York's Kennedy Airport.



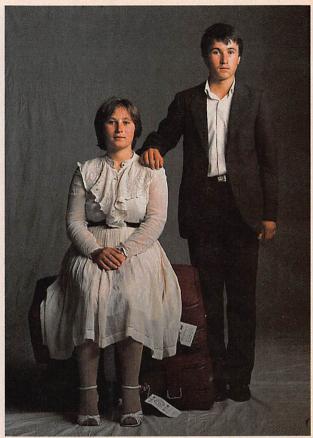
Jasleen Anand, 16, and her brother Ravideep, 13

INDIA



"It's fascinating," says New York Governor Mario Cuomo, the son of Italian immigrants. "For those of us who have been in the city for 50 years, it's wonderful to see the faces on the street now. Our diversity level has gone up." The new immigrants' contribution to America, Cuomo says, is "plus, plus, plus."

In addition to the half-million immigrants who are allowed to come to the U.S. each year, a substantial number arrive illegally. Estimates of the total vary widely. The Immigration and Naturalization Service apprehended 1.3 million illegal immigrants last year (many of them more than once) and guessed that several times that many had slipped through its net. The Census Bureau, however, estimated the total of illegal immigrants in the U.S. at between 3.5 million and 6 million in 1978. A National Academy of Sciences study issued last week denounced the INS statistics as "woefully inadequate" and put the total of illegals at no more than 2 million to 4 million. These include anyone from German students who deliberately overstay their visas to Haitian boat people who scramble ashore in South Florida, but roughly 60% of the illegals are Hispanics, and about two-thirds of these are Mexicans driven by poverty and unemployment across the highly porous 2,000-mile southern frontier.



Elena Anghel, 21, and her brother Constantin, 14

RUMANIA

The newest wave raises many questions: How many immigrants can the country absorb and at what rate? How much unskilled labor does a high-tech society need? Do illegals drain the economy or enrich it? Do newcomers gain their foothold at the expense of the poor and the black? Is it either possible or desirable to assimilate large numbers of immigrants from different races, languages and cultures? Will the advantages of diversity be outweighed by the dangers of separatism and conflict?

hen asked about such issues, Americans sound troubled; their answers are ambiguous and sometimes contradictory. In a TIME poll taken by Yankelovich, Skelly & White Inc.,\* only 27% agreed with the idea that "America should keep its doors open to people who wish to immigrate to the U.S. because that is what our heritage is all about." Two-thirds agreed that "this philosophy is no longer reasonable, and we should strictly limit the number." Some 56% said the number of legal immigrants was too high, and 75% wanted illegal immigrants to be tracked down. On the other hand, 66% approved of taking in people being persecuted in their homelands.

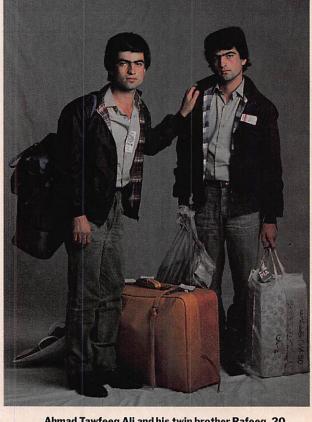
"One of the conditions of being an American," says Arthur Mann, professor of history at the University of Chicago, "is to be aware of the fact that a whole lot of people around you are different, different in their origins, their religions, their life-styles." Yet most Americans do not know exactly what to make of those differences. Of those polled by Yankelovich, 59% believe that immigrants generally end

\*The findings are based on a telephone survey from April 30 to May 2 of 1,014 registered voters. The potential sampling error is plus or minus 3%.

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Soun Thy, 44, her husband Choun Sem, 45, and their five children KAMPUCHEA



Ahmad Tawfeeq Ali and his twin brother Rafeeq, 20

**AFGHANISTAN** 

up on welfare (the best estimate is that less than 20% do), and 54% think they add to the crime problem. Yet 58% feel that immigrants are basically good, honest people, and 67% think they are productive citizens once they become established. One out of every two knows someone who came to the U.S. in the past few years; of them, a majority says this knowledge has changed their views for the better.

"Such a mess," says Roger Conner, director of the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR), which advocates stronger restrictions. "We imagine ourselves as responsible for the whole world's problems, but immigration over the next 40 years will mean 50 million more people, and once they get here, they have children." "Our kids can't get jobs because the illegals take them," says Harold Ezell, Western commissioner of the INS. "If we don't control this border, we're going to lose control of this country." Says Conner: "The politicians don't want to talk about what is happening and what will happen."

But they do. "Every house needs a door, and every country needs a border," says Colorado's Democratic Governor Richard Lamm. If the U.S. fails to stop illegal immigration, he warns, "we shall leave a legacy of strife, violence and joblessness for our children." Florida's Senator Lawton Chiles is equally alarmist. "If we do not regain control of our borders . . . I think that within ten years, we will not recognize the United States as the United States we see today.

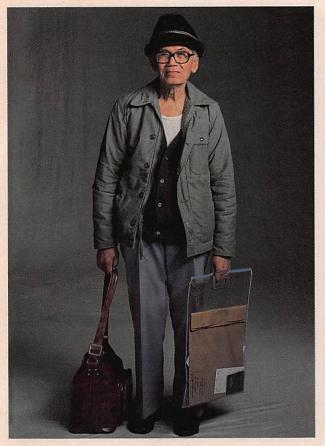
Much of the concern comes from people who favor continued immigration, but who fear the consequences if a slowdown in the economy were to heighten the sense that immigrants, especially illegal ones, take jobs away from Americans. "We could have a terrible backlash, a terrible period of repression," warns the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh,

president of Notre Dame and chairman of the Select Commission on Immigration that was established by Congress in 1978. "People tend to forget that twice in our lifetime, this country has rounded up hundreds of thousands of Mexicans and pushed them back over the border.\* That was a terrible thing . . . but it could very well go on. Police sweeps from house to house, rounding up millions of people, pushing them back over a border, turning that border into a kind of armed camp."

enator Alan Simpson, the Wyoming Republican who joined with Kentucky Democrat Romano Mazzoli to turn the Select Commission's findings into an immigration reform bill, estimates that Mexico would have to generate 700,000 new jobs every year (200,000 more than it is currently creating) just to keep its unemployment from getting worse. Simpson and Mazzoli have failed three times to get their bill passed, but Simpson, undaunted, presented yet another bill in May.

Xenophobia is not the force behind today's serious efforts to reform immigration. Simpson and other proponents recognize that most new immigrants, like the generations who came before them, work long and hard, and as much as possible on their own. Says Melvin Holli, professor of history at the University of Illinois, Chicago: "Their work ethic serves them well, and it serves us well. In a sense, they are refurbishing our work ethic." The new immigrants, says Lawrence H. Fuchs, chairman of American Studies at Brandeis, "have gumption, courage, ambition. They want to

<sup>\*</sup>About 500,000 were expelled in the early 1930s and 2.2 million from 1953 to 1955. Some were actually U.S. citizens, and some were thrown out more than once.



José Legaspi, 82

PHILIPPINES



Nighisth Tecle, 31, Husband Ghirmai, 42, and Daughter Fnan, 2

**ETHIOPIA** 

make it." This quality, which Fuchs has dubbed the "X-factor," is evident also among the children of immigrants. "They have a double X-factor: they are unencumbered by homesickness, alienation or the psychology of exile."

The American schoolroom has traditionally provided a hopeful glimpse of the nation's future, and some people still imagine it to be a Rockwellian scene of mostly pinkcheeked children spelling out the adventures of Dick and Jane. But come for a moment to the playground of the Franklin elementary school in Oakland, where black girls like to chant their jump-rope numbers in Chinese. "See you mañana," one student shouts with a Vietnamese accent. "Ciao!" cries another, who has never been anywhere near Italy. And let it be noted that the boy who won the National Spelling Bee in Washington last month was Balu Natarajan, 13, who was born in India, now lives in a suburb of Chicago, and speaks Tamil at home. "Milieu" was the word with which he defeated 167 other competitors. Let it also be noted that Hung Vu and Jean Nguyen in May became the first Vietnamese-born Americans to graduate from West Point.

The number of newcomers is large in itself (an amazing two-thirds of all the immigration in the world consists of people entering the U.S.), but their effect is heightened because they have converged on the main cities of half a dozen states. Nowhere is the change more evident than in California, which has become home to 64% of the country's Asians and 35% of its Hispanics. Next comes New York, followed by Texas, Florida, Illinois and New Jersey. Miami is 64% Hispanic, San Antonio 55%. Los Angeles has more Mexicans (2 million) than any other city except metropolitan Mexico City, and nearly half as many Salvadorans (300,000) as San Salvador.

These population shifts change all the bric-a-brac of

life. A car in Los Angeles carries a custom license plate that says SIE SIE LI, meaning, in Chinese, "thank you." Graffiti sprayed in a nearby park send their obscure signals in Farsi. A suburban supermarket specializes in such Vietnamese delicacies as pork snouts and pickled banana buds. The Spanish-language soap opera *Tu o Nadie* gets the top ratings among independent stations every night at 8.

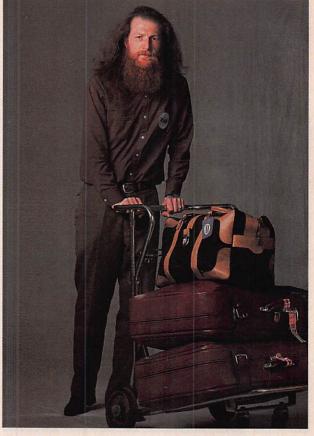
Such changes require adaptation not only in the schools and the marketplace but throughout society. The Los Angeles County court system now provides interpreters for 80 different languages from Albanian and Amharic to Turkish and Tongan. One judge estimates that nearly half his cases require an interpreter. Sometimes the results are freakish. A police officer testified that he had read a Chinese suspect his Miranda rights in Chinese, in the Tai-shan dialect. The suspect only understood Cantonese. The judge thereupon ruled out his confession.

These changes do not represent social decline or breakdown. The newcomers bring valuable skills and personal qualities: hope, energy, fresh perspectives. But the success stories should not blot out the fact that many aliens face considerable hardships with little immediate chance of advancement. Avan Wong, 20, came from Hong Kong in 1983 and hoped to go to college. She lives in the Bronx with her aged father, commutes two hours by bus to a job of up to twelve hours a day in a suburban restaurant. "I don't even read the newspapers," she says. "You don't have time. Once you go home, you go to sleep. Once you get up, you have to go to work. The only thing I'm happy about is that I can earn money and send it back to my mother. Nothing else. You feel so lonely here." College is not in sight.



Souvannalay Chanpraseuth, 14, and his sister Phonemany, 18

LAOS



Vladimir Litvin, 34

SOVIET UNION

José Luis Villa, who slipped across the Mexican border last fall, has even worse prospects. He makes his home on a ragged mattress, one of about 30 lying in a row underneath the roaring traffic of Los Angeles' San Diego Freeway. Next to Villa's mattress stands a cardboard Perrier carton that contains most of his worldly possessions: a toothbrush, a tube of Colgate toothpaste, a cracked and yellowing bar of soap, a flashlight and a beginner's manual of English. Villa looks 13, but he claims to be 16. Every morning he hikes over to the "slave market" on Sawtelle Boulevard and hangs around with other youths until someone drives up and offers him \$30 for a day's work shoveling gravel or moving furniture. "It's better than picking crops in Mexico," he says. "Td rather go home than stay here forever, but I don't know when I can do that. I don't think about it, really."

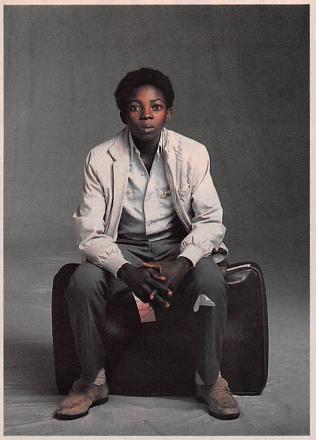
Many immigrants are still the tired, the poor, the huddled masses whom the Statue of Liberty traditionally welcomed to New York Harbor. But the newcomers disembarking at Kennedy Airport or Miami or Los Angeles also include the successful. Baron Guy de Rothschild, for example, recently took refuge in New York City from the vagaries of French Socialism. Australia's publishing tycoon Rupert Murdoch, who has made a deal to buy seven television stations in the U.S., announced in May that he would become a U.S. citizen. The roster of Soviet immigrants includes not only the black-garbed babushkas huddled over their knitting in Brooklyn's Little Odessa but such artists as Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Mikhail Baryshnikov.

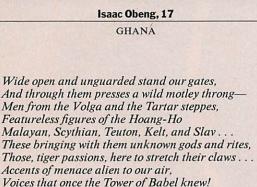
In greeting them with a mixture of sympathy and anxiety (lightly flavored with hypocrisy), Americans express one of their oldest national traditions. Thomas Jefferson, who proclaimed it self-evident that all men are created

equal, felt considerable doubts about whether they were all equally well suited to be U.S. citizens. He complained of "the unbounded licentiousness" some of the newcomers displayed, and he warned that they would turn the nation into "a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass." This at a time when the U.S. population was only 2 million, and still 80% from the British Isles.

arly in the 19th century came the great flood of Irish (2 million between 1815 and 1860) and Germans (1.5 million), some driven westward by political persecution, more by hunger and hardship. Philip Hone, mayor of New York in the 1820s, regarded both the Irish and the Germans as "filthy, intemperate, unused to the comforts of life and regardless of its proprieties." "Nativists" in Philadelphia raided Irish Catholic churches and burned Irish homes.

The next wave was more than twice as large—10 million from 1860 to 1890—but these were still mostly Northern Europeans: English, Dutch, Swedes, Norwegians. The third wave was even bigger: 16 million from 1890 to 1914, including a still unmatched record of 1.3 million in 1907 (when the total U.S. population was only 87 million). And to the dismay of the now established Irish and Germans, more than 80% of the newcomers were Eastern and Southern Europeans: Sicilians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Russian Jews fleeing the Czar's pogroms. This was the era in which Emma Lazarus wrote the Statue of Liberty's welcome to the huddled masses yearning to breathe free, but it was also the era in which the eminent Thomas Bailey Aldrich, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, composed a poem entitled "Unguarded Gates":

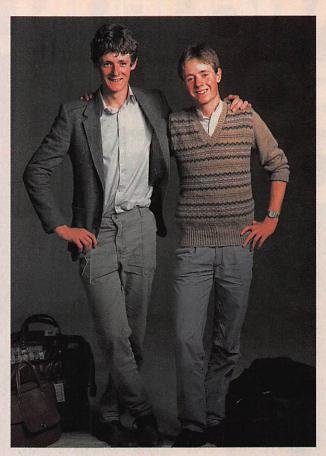




Even with the best intentions on all sides, the question of how to fit all these varieties of strangers into a relatively coherent American society remains difficult. Linda Wong, a Chinese-American official of the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Education Fund, sees trouble in the racial differences. "There is concern among whites that the new immigrants may be unassimilable," says Wong. "Hispanics and Asians cannot melt in as easily, and the U.S. has always had an ambivalent attitude toward newcomers. Ambivalent at best, racist at worst."

Many historians disagree. Hispanics, says Sheldon Maram, a professor of history at California State University at Fullerton, "are moving at about the same level of acculturation as the Poles and Italians earlier in the century. Once they've made it, they tend to move out of the ghetto and melt into the rest of society." Asians often have it easier because they come from urban middle-class backgrounds. "They are the most highly skilled of any immigrant group our country has ever had," says Kevin McCarthy, a demographer at the Rand Corp. in Santa Monica, Calif.

Immigrants struggling to make good in the U.S. often express dismay at what they see around them. "Many American



Mike Murphy, 19, and his brother Dan, 20

IRELAND

values and customs which are very much part of the American way of life are seen [by Indians] as 'evil,' " writes Parmatma Saran, associate professor of sociology at Baruch College in Manhattan. "The American attitude toward sex... is viewed as immoral." Gaspar Ortega, a onetime Mexican prizefighter who is now a social worker in New Haven, Conn., is concerned about American treatment of the family. "I get disgusted when I see families separated. I blame the pressure of the dollar when both mother and father have to work and leave the kids in day care. In Mexico, babies are breast-fed with the milk of life. We were poor, but we were a family."

Still, the process of assimilation is inexorable. "As these students become Americanized, they want to eat hot dogs and hamburgers and pizza," says Mark Palermo, a teacher at Chicago's Senn High School. "They want designer jeans and bicycles and calculators and digital watches. We're taught maybe it's an error to be materialistic, but material things are what they want."

The genes change too. Statistically, according to one study, about 80% of European immigrants marry outside their own ethnic groups by the time they reach the third generation. Among Japanese Americans, at least in the Chicago area, the comparable figure is 15% in the second generation, 50% in the third.

How long, how complete and how painful the process of Americanization will be remains unclear. It is true that ethnic elitists have bewailed each succeeding wave of Irish or Germans or Greeks, but it is also true that the disparities among Korean merchants, Soviet Jews, Hmong tribesmen, French socialites and Haitian boat people are greater than any the U.S. or any other country has ever confronted. On the other hand, Americans are probably more tolerant of di-

# MICHELIN. BECAUSE SO MUCH IS RIDING ON YOUR TIRES.







CUBA



Jhee Young Chung, 2

SOUTH KOREA

versity than they once were. "America is much more of a pluralistic society now," says Peter Rose, professor of sociology at Smith College. "You don't hear so much talk about the melting pot today. The old ideology, the concerted effort to make people the same, has been overtaken by reality."

The question is not really whether the new Americans can be assimilated—they must be—but rather how the U.S. will be changed by that process. Economically, there will inevitably be strains, but most evidence indicates that the immigrants create more wealth than they consume. Socially and culturally, the diversity can hardly help benefiting the U.S. by acting as an antidote to everything that is bland and homogenized. The sad fact, indeed, is that uniformity is exactly what the immigrants' children will probably strive for, and their grandchildren achieve.

Politically, the prospects are uncertain. A large majority of immigrants—some illegal, some ineligible, some anxious, some apathetic—do not vote at all. Hispanic registration drives are trying to change that, but even in Los Angeles only 12% of the voters (vs. nearly 33% of the population) are Hispanic. Asians appear even more wary of political activism, though some are beginning to seek clout through financial contributions. By one estimate, they provided 25% of Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley's last campaign fund.

Historically, immigrants have tended to vote Democratic, but this is no longer so predictable. Many Cubans, Koreans, Taiwanese and Vietnamese came with strong anti-Communist fervor, and President Reagan's appeal has broken open many traditionally Democratic groups. In Miami there was a bizarre confrontation over the Memorial Day weekend as exiled Cubans and Nicaraguans waved U.S. flags to welcome Reagan, while native-born Americans brandished placards

denouncing his Latin American policies. "Go back to Russia," one Nicaraguan shouted at an Anglo demonstrator. "Y'all go back to Cuba," came the answer.

The new wave of immigrants, says former California Governor Jerry Brown, is gradually changing the country's angle of vision. "The Pacific Rim is becoming the focal point for economic and political concerns," he says. "This immigration will eventually move Europe to a lower priority in the way we look at the world." It is a mistake, though, to think of immigrants as an undifferentiated clump, politically or otherwise: Not only do they differ by national origin and social class and ideology but also according to whether they plan to stay permanently or eventually return home. "What binds Americans to one another, regardless of ethnicity or religion, is an American civic culture," says Brandeis Professor Fuchs. "It is the basis for the unum in E pluribus unum. It is a complex of ideals, behaviors, institutions, symbols and heroes connected by American history and its great documents, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, the Gettysburg Address. It is backed by a civil religion giving transcendent significance to those ideals. And it is the basis for accepting ethnic diversity while protecting individual rights. An American can be as ethnic as he or she wishes in private actions, but in public actions, the rules of the civic culture are binding."

Lam Ton, the Vietnamese restaurateur who wants to build a freedom arch in Chicago, says these things differently because he is not a professor at Brandeis, but he feels very strongly about the civic culture. "This is the last stand," he says. "There is nowhere else to run. We have to stick to this country and help it do better." —By Otto Friedrich. Reported by Douglas Brew/Los Angeles and Sidney Urquhart/New York

### HISTORY

### **Growth of a Nation**

### The numbers tell the story

Sometimes it was their own national disasters that sent immigrants flocking to America, sometimes it was wars or revolutions, and sometimes it was simply the lure of the New World. The influx, which the Government began to record in 1820, roughly follows the ups and downs of the

U.S. economy, although improvements in transportation also fueled the urge to move. Overwhelmingly Northern and Western European at the beginning of the 19th century, the ethnic mix has become steadily more varied, a trend that is accelerating today.

coasts in 1869.

came to the West, largely to build

the railroads. The Central and

Union Pacific linked the two

### 1880-1900

Italians, Poles and Czechs, as well as Jews from throughout Europe, came in large numbers. The Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 was the first federal attempt to limit immigration by nationality.



Ellis Island was established as the primary immigrant processing center in New York.

Concentrations of foreign-born population (% of total).



0-10% 10-30%

30% and over

### 92.8% Germany 21.9 1.6% Britain 12.1 5.2% Ireland 11.7 0.4% Italy 10.7 Austria-Hungary 10.6 U.S.S.R. 8

### 1820-40

Number of

**Immigrants** 

800,000

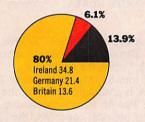
700,000

600,000

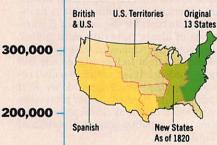
Admitted

Europe's population doubled in the century after 1750, and the Industrial Revolution caused widespread unemployment for artisans and gave only periodic work to others.

These pie-charts track the changing percentages of immigrants from Europe, Asia and the Western Hemisphere, Major countries within these broad slices are noted.



500,000 EUROPE ASIA WESTERN OTHERS HEMISPHERE The rapidly expanding country that awaited the newcomers 400,000 looked like this:



While the government was acquiring adjoining land from 100,000 colonial powers, most of the Indians were pushed west of the

1825

1830

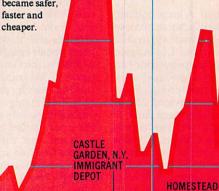
Mississippi.

### 1840-60 1860-80 Nearly 200,000 Chinese laborers

In 1843 the first iron-hulled steamship, the Great Britain, crossed the Atlantic. Most of the immigration was from Northern and Western Europe to the Northern U.S. The Irish came to the cities as a result of the potato famine of 1845-49. They were followed by Germans and Scandinavians who opted for the farmlands of the Midwest.



became safer,



CALIFORNIA

CIVIL WAR

1860

1855

**GOLD RUSH** 

1850

IRISH

1840

POTATO FAMINE

1845

FINANCIAL

1835

11.1% 84.6% 0.6% Germany 29.4 Britain 22.5 Ireland 17

POST-WAR

1865

DEPRESSION

1870

**ECONOMIC** 

1875

DEPRESSION

1880

POGROMS AGAINST **JEWS** CHINESE

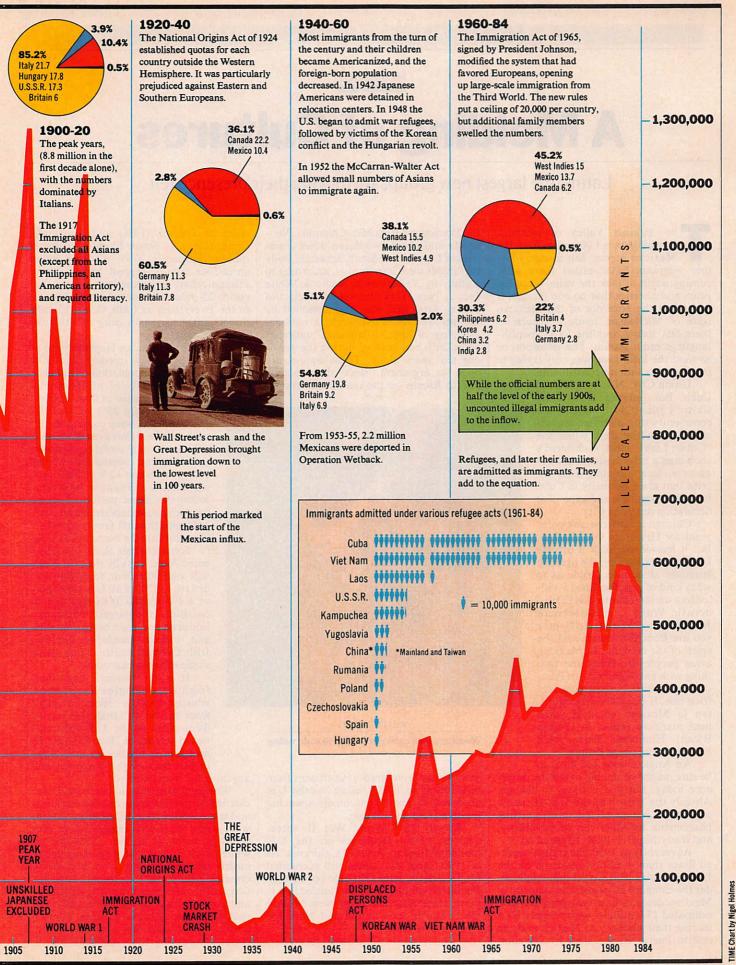
STATUE OF LIBERTY ELLIS ISLAND OPENED 1885

1890

Fiscal years 1820

1895

1900



### HISPANICS

## **A Melding of Cultures**

Latins, the largest new group, are making their presence felt

he Yakima Valley of southern Washington is 1,000 miles from the Mexican border. But so many former migrants have settled there after coming north to pick the valley's apples, pears and cherries that no one thought it odd when the governor of the Mexican state of Michoacán made a speech to them last spring over the local Spanishlanguage radio station. The governor, or so went the local joke, was only trying to stay in touch with his constituents.

Union City, N.J., is 1,300 miles from Cuba. But refugees from Fidel

Castro's island so dominate the community that a service organization posts the days when the "Cuban Lions" meet. A children's shop does a brisk business in *mosquiteros*, lace mosquito nets for cribs that are a necessity in Cuba but only a nostalgic and expensive decoration in Union City.

Chicago is far from any entry point for Hispanics into the U.S. But it has drawn such a diverse Latin population that the Spanish language alone is no guide as to what kind of neighborhood a visitor has wandered into. Says Democratic Ward Committeeman Jesús Garcia: "You can tell where you are from the sounds and the smell of the cooking. In Mexican areas people are doing the taco thing with beans and rice; in Puerto Rican areas it's roast pork and fried rice. If you walk around Pilsen [a Mexican enclave] you'll hear mariachi music; in [Puerto Rican] Humboldt Park you'll hear salsa and conga drums.

An Anglo's nose and ears, to be sure, might be unable to tell the difference today. But that is likely to change. Already the growth of the U.S. Hispanic population is one of the most startling phenomena in American social history, and if anything it is likely to speed up.

As recently as 1950, the census counted fewer than 4 million residents on the U.S. mainland who would today fall under the category Hispanic, the majority of Mexican descent. Last year there were an estimated 17.6 million, with roughly 60% tracing their ancestry to Mexico and the rest to Puerto Rico, Cuba, El Salvador,

the Dominican Republic, Colombia, Venezuela and about two dozen other countries of Central and South America. Fully two-thirds were immigrants, according to a study by Yankelovich, Skelly & White Inc., a New York market-research and polling firm, that was commissioned by the SIN Television Network, a national grouping of Spanish-language stations.\* Some 24% had entered during the previous ten years alone. These figures are open to argument, since they include Puerto Ricans on the mainland, who le-



SOUTH TEXAS

Mexicans pick celery in the Rio Grande valley

gally are not immigrants but citizens from birth. Even so, never before has the U.S. absorbed so many newcomers speaking the same foreign language.

Shortly after World War II, threequarters of all Hispanics on the U.S. mainland lived in Texas or California. As of 1980, those two states still accounted for 51% of the total Hispanic population. But large numbers have also settled in Arizona (16% Hispanic) and New Mexico (36%) and in such inland and Northern

\*Copyright 1984. Used by permission of SIN, Inc.

cities as Denver (19%) and Hartford, Conn. (20%). In South Florida, nearly a million Hispanics (78% Cuban) have spread so rapidly beyond Miami (64% Hispanic) that they sometimes refer to the entire 25-mile-or-so stretch from Miami to the Everglades as Calle Ocho (Eighth Street), after the main drag of Miami's Little Havana.

Moreover, American Hispanics are a predominantly young (median age: 23) and highly fertile population. Yankelovich found that 54% of all Hispanic

households consist of four or more people, vs. only 28% of all U.S. families. They keep coming too in such numbers that even if all illegal immigration could be stopped, the Hispanic population would still grow. Some 42% of legal immigrants are Hispanic, and they follow the classic pattern of sending for spouses, children and parents once the first family member has established a home in the U.S.

Some analysts think that Hispanic Americans by the year 2000 will total 30 million to 35 million, or 11% to 12% of all U.S. residents, vs. 6.4% in 1980. If so, they would constitute the largest American minority, outnumbering blacks and, indeed, people of English, Irish, German, Italian or any other single ethnic background.

It is no wonder, then, that frightened Anglos sometimes whisper about a "silent invasion from the south" that will transform parts of the U.S. into annexed territories. But this fear is much more mythology than fact, in part because the Hispanics are

anything but a unified force.

The word Hispanic, to begin with, is a catchall term embracing new immigrants and some families that have been living in what is now the Southwestern U.S. for 300 years or more. It applies to people of white, black, Indian and, frequently, thoroughly mixed ancestry who hail from countries that sometimes seem to have little in common except historical traditions and the Spanish language itself, and even that gets a little confused at times. For example, the translation by someone from a country bordering the Caribbean for "I

am waiting for the bus" might be taken by a native of South America's Andes region to signify "I am waiting for the small child." Many use the word Hispanic only when distinguishing themselves from Anglos (another catchall term meaning all non-Hispanic whites; it applies to people of German, Italian, Jewish and other non-English ancestries).

When they meet in the U.S., Hispanics feel as much rivalry as camaraderie. Many of the first Cubans who fled from Castro were middle class or even wealthy. Other Hispanics call them "the hads" (los tenia) because so many of their sentences supposedly begin "In Cuba, I had . ." These Cubans in turn contrast themselves with others who fled in the 1980 boatlift from the port of Mariel, a minority of whom had been inmates of prisons or mental hospitals. The word Marielito, flung by one Cuban American at another, can be a fighting insult.

For all their diversity, Hispanics share some common characteristics. Though many immigrate from rural areas, in the U.S. they have overwhelmingly become an urban population. As many as 90% live in cities or suburban towns. Seeking compan-

ionship, and in response to discrimination, they cluster together in communities where they can preserve their language, customs and tastes.

n Miami's Calle Ocho district, open-air markets sell plantains, mangoes and boniatos (sweet potatoes); old men play excitedly at dominoes in the main park. Little but Spanish is heard on the streets and indeed in many offices and shops. A Hispanic in need of a haircut, a pair of eyeglasses or legal advice can visit a Spanishspeaking barber, optometrist or lawyer. In the barrios of Los Angeles, an Argentine can watch the latest movies from his homeland at any of a dozen theaters, while a Guatemalan can find a soccer league composed entirely of players from the country he left. In Chicago, says Ariel Zapata, a journalist who emigrated from Colombia last year, "it is possible to live, work and play without speaking any English at all."

Immigrants to the U.S. and their children have always tended to live together, of course. But the trend seems stronger, or at least more visible, among Hispanics. For one thing, their sheer numbers enable Hispanics to colonize bigger chunks of

bigger cities than previous waves of immigrants could. Perhaps more important, coming from countries that can be reached by an inexpensive plane ride or even a short foot trip across the Mexican border, many Hispanics have thought of themselves as being in the U.S. only long enough to earn a little money. Most, of course, eventually change their minds as they come to realize that jobs in their home countries still pay next to nothing when available at all. Still, the process of deciding to stay can take years, and meanwhile, the immigrants have little incentive to put down roots outside the barrio.

To many Anglos, Hispanic insularity seems to be, to put it bluntly, un-American. This feeling not infrequently is reinforced by straightforward, ugly racism. Neil Rogers, who conducts a talk show on Miami radio station WINZ, last December broadcast a prediction of continued heavy Cuban immigration into South Florida and invited his listeners to comment. "Shoot them before they land," suggested one caller. More often, Anglos simply avoid contact with Hispanics. Bob Lansing, who runs a collection agency in Beverly Hills, grew up in the Boyle Heights



NEW YORK CITY

A Cuban girl's first Communion

neighborhood of East Los Angeles when it was predominantly Jewish. Now that it has become a Mexican-American neighborhood, he tries to stay as far away as possible, even though he frequently vacations in Mexico and speaks some Spanish. Says Lansing of Boyle Heights: "I think it is pretty dangerous, a real barrio with a lot of gang activity."

If Anglos looked closer, they would find some of their suspicions unfounded. Though many narcotics enter the U.S. from Central and South America, addiction among Hispanic Americans, according to drug-enforcement agencies, appears to be less common than in black ghettos and indeed in many poor and middle-class Anglo districts. Youth gangs are a problem in some areas, but police generally report that barrio crime rates at worst are no higher than in poor black and

middle ground. According to the Census Bureau, the 1983 median income for Hispanic families was \$16,960. That was \$2,450 higher than the figure for blacks but still well below the non-Hispanic white median of \$25,760. The Hispanic figure probably was held down by the initially low earnings of recent immigrants. Barry Chiswick, a visiting economist at Stanford's Hoover Institution, calculates that Hispanic immigrants generally work their way up to national-average incomes eleven to 16 years after entering the U.S.

Oddly, Puerto Ricans, who are Hispanic by language and culture though they were granted citizenship in 1917, have been the least successful. "Any indicator of well-being shows that we're at the bottom of society," says José Hernández, professor of Puerto Rican and black studies at New York's Hunter College. Family incomes of

as Hispanics nor as Americans. We are Puerto Ricans, outsiders."

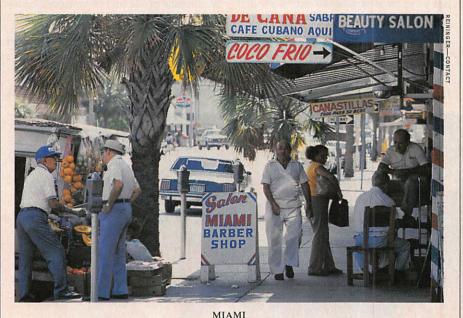
Cubans generally have done the best. In Dade County, which encompasses Miami, their family incomes average \$25,000. As political refugees they knew they could not go home soon, and from 1960 to 1979 the Federal Government provided over \$1.3 billion in financial assistance to the refugees and state and local governments. Perhaps more important, it was precisely the most ambitious spirits who found Communist uniformity intolerable and fled to the U.S.

Juan and Carmencita Rodríguez, who left Cuba in 1969, are reasonably typical. They settled in New Jersey, where Carmencita had a sister. Juan, 49, a former storekeeper, got a job in an embroidery shop by saying that he could cut lace lefthanded. In fact he is right-handed and had never cut lace. Carmencita, 47, a former teacher, worked in a handbag factory and cut insignia for uniforms on a piecework basis at home. "See this finger, see the callus I still have on it," she says proudly. The couple saved enough money to open two gift shops in Union City, living in an apartment over one. Like many Hispanic-owned businesses, the stores are a family enterprise: Daughter Alina, 20, who is studying at St. Peter's College to become a teacher, helps to manage them, and Yesinia, 12, clerks after school.

ther Hispanics came to the U.S. primarily to escape the poverty of many of their homelands and frequently had to resolve serious doubts as to whether to stay. But they, too, follow the immigrant pattern of hard work and an uphill struggle. Some varied examples:

▶ Wilson Brandao Giono, a Panamanian painter and sculptor, came to New York City in 1978 following his German girlfriend (now his wife) and, he says, "ran out of money. I was nervous and ready to go back three times; once I even had my suitcase packed. Eventually I found a job as a dishwasher." He began to sell a few art works. One, a geometric illustration of a woman, was chosen as the cover for a New York Spanish telephone directory. He still works two to three days a week as a carpenter and elevator operator but has exhibited paintings and sculptures in several galleries, learned reasonably fluent though still accented English and for the moment has given up all thought of leaving. Says Brandao Giono: "I like it here because there is more competition. I can prove myself better."

▶ César Dovalina, 53, followed a brother to Chicago in 1947 after the crops failed on his family's farm in Mexico. He worked in factories making ladders and road-construction equipment, sold tacos in his off-hours, and saved enough to open his own taco stand in 1952. He now is a millionaire who owns three restaurants, five apartment buildings and a construction company. Says Dovalina: "I came to work a year or two and return, but you



The heart of Little Havana

white areas. Illegal immigrants in particular seem to be less the perpetrators than the victims of crimes, which they often are reluctant to report for fear of being deported. Says Police Chief John Swan of Beaumont, Texas, with no conscious irony: "Our experience is that illegals are very law-abiding members of our community."

Hispanics also frequently display what U.S. Anglos have come to regard as old-fashioned virtues: devotion to God, to family and, despite Anglo misconceptions about siesta and mañana, to work. Even the concept of machismo has a different ring in Hispanic than in Anglo ears. Asked to define the essence of masculinity, 54% of Hispanics responding to the 1984 Yankelovich survey answered that the ideal man above all else "is a good provider to his wife and family," vs. 34% of all Americans who defined that as the primal male trait.

Economically, Hispanics occupy a

the roughly 2 million Puerto Ricans living on the mainland, about half of whom are crowded into Greater New York, averaged a mere \$11,300 in 1981. More than 40% live below the official 1983 poverty line of \$10,778 for a family of four.

One paradoxical reason is the very fact that Puerto Ricans are free to come and go as they please; many indeed do travel back and forth between the mainland and Puerto Rico. Says Robert Martinez, a sales executive who was born in Brooklyn but now lives on the island: "Puerto Ricans always dream of coming back, and that dream has prevented them from settling down and their offspring from progressing." Some Puerto Ricans also believe they have encountered more discrimination than other Hispanics. 'Our special status does us no good," says Teresa Rivera, director of Miami's Puerto Rican Opportunity, a city-funded social service agency. "We are regarded neither



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You can depend on the water in this bottle.

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As easy as A, B, C.

# Sparkletts<sup>®</sup>

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# No one else can offer you

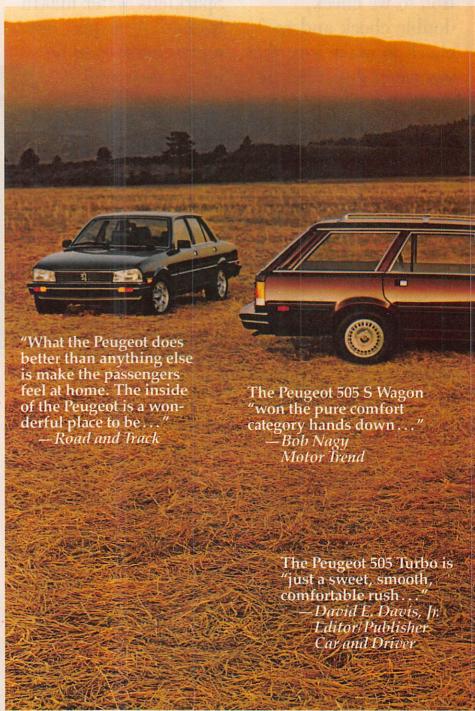
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It all began as a family business, back in the late 1800's, when Peugeot built the world's first production automobile. Since then, Peugeot's engineering expertise has accounted for such firsts as the *first* mass-produced car with battery ignition (1900), the *first* with independent front suspension, the *first* high-revving diesel engine, the *first* station wagon, and even the *first* rumble-seat roadster.

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Timeless Ideas in Electronics

get used to the comforts of life here." ▶ Guillermo, 41, a furniture repairman, asked that his family name not be revealed because he is in the U.S. illegally. He entered in 1975 from a village in Michoacán, Mexico, and drifted north to Seattle, hoping to earn enough to start his own business back home ("upholstery or construction, señor, it would not matter"). But by 1979 his wife Guadelupe advised him that prospects for founding a business or even earning a living wage in Michoacán were nil, so Guillermo brought Guadelupe and their four children to join him in Seattle. Today he earns \$400 a month from a boss who deducts \$250 for rent on a ramshackle apartment that the boss owns. Somehow, though, Guillermo is saving money to buy a sewing machine and once more dreams of going into business for himself. Marvels Guillermo: "Me, a businessman in America!"

What are the prospects that the immigrants, and eventually their children, will be fully integrated into American life? The process so far has been slow. Politically, Hispanics have yet to wield anything like the clout of the blacks that they are rapidly overtaking in numbers, primarily because voter registration among Hispanics has remained low. Many either are not citizens or are too young to vote, but estimates in Los Angeles are that only half of those who are eligible to register do so. Many Hispanics are too busy earning a living to vote, and some come from countries where elections, if held at all, are rigged and meaningless.

In Texas, however, determined sign-up campaigns by both parties

and the Southwest Voter Registration Education Project nearly tripled the number of registered Hispanics, from 488,000 to 1,132,000, between the 1976 and 1984 elections. Their votes supplied the margin of victory for Democratic Governor Mark White in his 1982 upset of incumbent Republican William Clements. Nationally, Hispanic registration is increasing more slowly: the census counted a rise of 800,000, to a total of 3 million, between the 1980 and 1984 elections. Hispanics generally are liberal on economic issues, and as late as 1976 they gave Jimmy Carter 81% of their votes. But as many as 35% pulled the lever last year for Ronald Reagan, partly because they admired his leadership qualities and emphasis on conservative social values. Cuban and Nicaraguan refugees, in addition, often express an anti-Communism as vehement as the most right-wing Republicans.

Social assimilation may lag behind political participation, since it is easier to vote than face possible backlash by moving into an Anglo neighborhood. Moreover, Hispanics can remain in ethnic enclaves even as they move up economically. The bigger communities in fact have begun to spawn middle-class sub-

urbs. Sweetwater, Fla., in Dade County, is a city of solid ranch-style homes with red tiled roofs and, frequently, Buicks and Cadillacs parked in the driveways; it is populated primarily by Hispanics.

ome Hispanics question whether full assimilation, at least in the sense of giving up the Spanish language and Hispanic cultural traditions, is even desirable. Says Daniel Villanueva, a former field-goal kicker for the Dallas Cowboys and Los Angeles Rams who is now general manager of KMEX in Los Angeles, a Spanish-language TV station: "I bought hook, line and sinker the myth that said you had to give up your culture to assimilate." Now, he says, he shares "a new mentality that says you can take the beautiful parts of the Hispanic culture and you can take the drive and



SANTA ANA, CALIF.

A used-car dealer's invitation

aggressiveness from the Anglo culture."

Nonetheless, social assimilation of a sort is coming, led as usual among immigrant groups by the children. At the Loyola School in the Miami suburb of Westchester, both the Cuban and American flags are raised each morning, but nearly all the students gulp Big Macs and admire Madonna. In Miami proper, Josefina Fraga, assistant principal of Auburndale Elementary School, who immigrated in 1962, reminisces: "As soon as my kids got here they wanted to get rid of their embroidered dresses. They were more American than George Washington."

The impact of Hispanics on the larger culture is growing imperceptibly. The most noticeable change is culinary. In Chicago, for example, the Yellow Pages list 36 Latin restaurants, one with the hybrid name of Guadalaharry's; some have appeared in the fashionable Lincoln Park and Old Town areas. In the Long Island suburbs of New York City, packaged taco mixes are appearing in many supermarkets whose customers are nearly all Anglo.

Latin rhythms have long influenced American jazz and pop tunes, and vibrate

today at many rock concerts. In sports, Hispanics have been most conspicuousand successful-in boxing and baseball. They make up a sizable proportion of the crowds at boxing matches in New York and Los Angeles, cheering for the many Hispanic fighters who are ranking contenders (Cruiserweight Carlos "Sugar" DeLeon, from Puerto Rico, is world champion). Almost 100 of the roughly 1,000 players in major league baseball at the beginning of the season were born in Latin America. A Hispanic All-Star team might include Pitchers Fernando Valenzuela, Joaquín Andujar and Willie Hernández; Infielders Rod Carew, Damaso García and Dave Concepción; Outfielders Tony Armas and Pedro Guerrero.

In business, the number of companies interested in selling to Hispanics "is growing by leaps and bounds," says Howell

Boyd, executive vice president of Sosa & Associates, a Hispanicowned ad agency in San Antonio that has picked up such major accounts as Anheuser-Busch and Westinghouse. In Los Angeles, Villanueva reports that more than 30% of KMEX'S advertising revenue comes from national-brand companies. Says he: "No longer is the attitude among advertisers 'Why don't you learn English?'"

Sheer numbers are not the only reason for this interest. Hispanic consumers have a reputation for seeking high quality in the products they can afford and, once sold, showing more loyalty to their favorite brands than Anglos do. But selling to them, experts warn, requires more than translating ads into Spanish. Attention must be paid to cultural and lin-

guistic nuances. Example: the slogan "Catch That Pepsi Spirit," translated into Spanish, had an overly physical intonation. The company accordingly urged Hispanics to "Vive el Sentir de Pepsi"

("Live the Pepsi Feeling").

In all probability, though, the Americanization of Hispanics will be far more rapid and thorough than any Hispanicization of Anglo culture. Businessmen, Roman Catholic clergymen and politicians in Hispanic areas find it useful and sometimes essential to learn Spanish. But an Anglo lawyer in Coral Gables, Fla., who took the trouble to learn some limited Spanish now finds that most of his Hispanic clients prefer to speak to him in English. Says the lawyer: "America triumphs over these immigrants as it has over others." A survey of Midwestern Hispanic voters by the Midwest Voter Education Project probably is unrepresentative, since many Hispanics do not register, but nonetheless suggestive. Of the 1,346 people questioned, 9.4% spoke no English-but almost twice as many, 17.9%, could not speak Spanish. -By George J. Church. Reported by Dan Goodgame/Los Angeles, Russell Leavitt/Miami and Laura Lopez/New York



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### **ASIANS**

### **To America with Skills**

A wave of arrivals from the Far East enriches the country's talent pool

istorian George Stewart once amused himself by imagining the course of U.S. history if America had been discovered not on its Atlantic side by Christopher Columbus but on its Pacific side by a 15th century Chinese explorer named Ko Lum Bo. As hardy immigrants from the Orient began to establish colonies in the sweeping new continent, Stewart wrote in mock retrospect, they naturally adhered as closely as possible to the customs of their native land. Accordingly, "vast areas of the country were terraced and irrigated as rice paddies. The colonists continued to use their comfortable flowing garments, and pagodas dotted the landscape."

In 1985 it sometimes seems that the descendants of Ko Lum Bo, along with many of their neighbors throughout Asia, merely waited 500 years before turning Stewart's whimsy into something approaching reality. From the Flushing neighborhood in the New York City borough of Queens to the Sunset district of San Francisco, from the boatyards of Galveston Bay to the rich Minnesota farmlands, a burgeoning wave of Asian immigrants is pouring into the U.S. Some of the newcomers do indeed continue to wear the comfortable flowing garments of their native lands. And in cities like Westminster, a Los Angeles suburb, an elaborately decorated archway stands prominently among shops that are designed to be reminiscent of Saigon.

Asians have become, just within the past couple of years, the nation's fastestexpanding ethnic minority, as measured by growth through births and legal immigration. (Hispanics are probably still ahead if undocumented entries are counted.) Though Asians still number only around 3.6 million, or 1.6% of the total U.S. population, their ranks have been swelling at an unprecedented rate since the reform of immigration laws in 1965. Last year alone, more Asian immigrants came to the U.S.-282,000-than in the three decades from 1931 to 1960. More than half settled in California, which has the nation's largest Asian population (64%). The torrent of new arrivals is not likely to diminish in the foreseeable fu-

Ness.

MONTEREY PARK, CALIF.

Taiwan-born students practice cheerleading

ture: about 1 million other Asians have already applied and received preliminary clearance to come to America. By the year 2010, the Asian population in the U.S. is expected to more than double.

The newcomers are drastically changing the Asian-American mix. The 1980 census showed that Japanese Americans, the largest Asian subgroup since 1910, have dropped to third place (701,000), after Chinese Americans (806,000) and Filipino Americans (775,000). Japanese Americans play almost no role in the current wave of Asian immigration. Within the next 30 years, demographers expect Filipinos to become the largest group of Asian Americans, followed in order by Chinese, Koreans, Vietnamese, Asian Indians and, in sixth place, Japanese.

While the projections are impressive, what really distinguishes the Asians is that, of all the new immigrants, they are compiling an astonishing record of

achievement. Asians are represented far beyond their population share at virtually every top-ranking university: their contingent in Harvard's freshman class has risen from 3.6% to 10.9% since 1976, and it currently stands at 18.6% at Berkeley, 18.7% at Cal Tech and 8.7% at Princeton. At Columbia, enrollment in the engineering school is more than 20% Asian. In this year's Westinghouse Science Talent Search, nine of the 40 semifinalists were Asians, as were three of the ten winners.

Partly as a result of their academic accomplishments, Asians are climbing the economic ladder with remarkable speed. The 1980 census showed that median household income for the group as a whole was \$22,700, exceeding not only that of American families in general (\$19,900) but also the level reported by whites (\$20,800). The national median was topped by the Japanese (\$27,350), the Asian Indians (\$24,990), the Filipinos (\$23,680), the Chinese (\$22,550) and Koreans (\$20,450); among major Asian groups, only the Vietnamese (\$12,840) fell below it. The household statistics are somewhat misleading, to be sure, since Asian families are much more likely than whites to rely on the paychecks of

two or more family members. Even so, the overall gains in Asian earning power have come far more rapidly than those for any prior surge of immigrants, who had to labor a generation or more before catching up to average living standards.

Asians are well represented in the ranks of managers and professionals. Nearly half of Asian Indians fit into those high-status job categories, almost twice the rate for whites; a survey conducted by the Chicago Reporter, a monthly newsletter about minorities, found that 39% of all Asians in that city were managers or professionals. The Asian hegira has also spawned a new class of small entrepreneurs, many of whom work schedules that make the 40-hour week look like child's play. Asianowned fish markets, green groceries and restaurants have breathed fresh life into fading inner-city districts.

No single factor can account for the perseverance of so diverse a group. But a psychological insight is provided by Vachirin Chea, 27, a survivor of the Cambodian death camps who has prospered in banking and real estate in Lowell, Mass: "I have to be an American now," he says. "But I get my strength from being Cambodian. If I had been raised here in America, I would not have that kind of strength. All that suffering, the anger in me, is what keeps me going."

Unlike the mass migrations of Europeans to the U.S., the Asian movement is fueled largely by the educated middle class. Except for the Indochinese, with their large refugee contingent, the new Asian arrivals are at least twice as likely as a native-born American to be college graduates. Moreover, since many others are admitted because of a desirable vocational background, the group as a whole has greatly enriched the nation's talent pool. Says Rand Corp. Demographer Kevin McCarthy: "The Asians are the most highly skilled of any immigrant group our country has ever had.'

iven the rich diversity of Asian immigrants' backgrounds, it is all but impossible to generalize about their experiences in becoming Americans. For many the closest thing to a common hurdle is the daunting necessity of adjusting to a new culture, an especially difficult challenge to non-English speakers. "English is the great prohibitor," says Martha Copenhaver, the director of a Southeast Asian education program in Arlington, Va. "Without it, you can't advance even if you are otherwise qualified."

Most Asians either have some knowledge of English before coming to the U.S. or quickly acquire the rudiments of an English vocabulary, often by methods bordering on the draconian. Son Nguyen, 18, a Vietnamese-born high school graduate in Houston, recalls that his brother-in-law required him to memorize one page of an English dictionary after school each day. More conventional teaching techniques are available throughout the U.S. in federally sponsored language programs. Those fortunate enough to have studied English at home can often make the transition easily. Cal Tech Senior Hojin Ahn, 24, a native South Korean, arrived in Los Angeles three years ago able to read and write English proficiently. Last year Ahn compiled a better-than-perfect 4.1 grade average, among the highest at Cal Tech, and was awarded a partial scholarship for his senior year.

The other all but universally shared experience is finding a job. That can be a profoundly humbling experience, especially for highly educated Asians. Degrees and credentials that took years to attain suddenly count for little or nothing. Jei Hak Suh, 43, gave up a banking career in South Korea to move with his wife and two young children to Los Angeles in 1981;



FOUNTAIN VALLEY, CALIF.

Dr. Chan Kiev, an anesthesiologist from Viet Nam



HOUSTON

A Vietnamese woman tends her garden

with his English far from polished, he realized that the banking jobs available to him would not pay enough to support his family. He is now a construction worker.

A few manage to resume careers with relative ease, though often in circumstances that they could never have imagined in their previous lives. Dr. Diem Duc Nguyen, 39, a South Vietnamese army surgeon who left Saigon on a refugee ship in 1975, tried working for a private ambulance service rescue squad in Florida but did not take to it. Then he learned of a medical retraining program in Nebraska and secured an interest-free loan to enter it in return for pledging to practice in rural Bridgeport (pop. 1,668) whose only two physicians were nearing retirement. Says Banker Eldon Evers, who negotiated the deal: "Everything has worked to the letter." Now married to an American nurse, Nguyen has lived in Bridgeport for eight years and happily calls it home. "I never knew anything about Nebraska until I came here," he says. "I smelled the manure and got used to it."

For most the climb is frustrating but ultimately successful. Antonio Cube, 49, a Filipino attorney, immigrated with his wife and two children in 1970. Accustomed to the services of three maids and a driver at home, but unqualified to practice law in the U.S., Cube found work instead as a computer encoder in a bank. "I almost went home," he says now. "But the bank sent me to technical schools and moved me up little by little. For five years my wife and I worked two full-time jobs." Today Cube is a supervisor for Seattle's Rainier Bank and owns not only his own home but three other houses in the metropolitan area. Two of them, now rented, are earmarked for his children, both university students. "We feel that life is about saving for the future," says Cube. "We live for our children."

Like previous generations of immigrants, many Asians seek to realize their

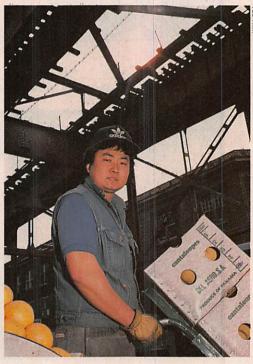
personal American dream not just by finding a good job but by starting their own business, the ultimate statement of independence. These enterprises also provide a chance to maximize the productive potentials of entire families and a way to absorb newly arrived members, who often become eligible for immigration after the pioneering one attains citizenship. The entrepreneurial impulse runs strongest among Koreans. Nearly one in eight Korean Americans is selfemployed, by far the highest rate for any ethnic group. Says John Kim, a Koreanborn New York lawyer: "One thing about Koreans is that they don't like to be dominated by anybody.'

ang Kook Nam, 37, and his wife Seon Kyung, 35, respectively a mechanical engineer and a nurse, arrived from South Korea in 1974 to live with Nam's brother in Michigan. Nam pumped gas for the first year, saving enough to open his own filling station, then a body shop, then a used-car dealership. His wife, meanwhile, started a jewelry store. In 1979 the Nams sold their businesses and set out for Los Angeles, where Nam attended dry-cleaning school and within six months made a \$20,000 down payment on a store. That has since expanded to a chain of five dry-cleaning outlets, which are managed by the Nams. "We should work harder than other Americans," he says. "Otherwise we cannot succeed." Signs of the Nams' success include an attractive fourbedroom home in the upper-middleclass city of Garden Grove and two late-model U.S.-made cars.

The Asian-American success story, while impressive and increasingly conspicuous, is by no means universal. A sizable minority of immigrants from the Far East cannot, for one reason or another, adjust to their new lives and sink deeper and deeper into despair. Not surprisingly, such feelings are much less common among immigrants who came to the U.S. on their own initiative than among those who fled their homelands for political reasons.

One group that has faced an especially difficult shakeout period is the Hmong hill tribe of Laos, many of whose members were recruited by the CIA to fight Communist forces. An agrarian people with an animist faith and a language that had no written form until 30 years ago, many Hmong were simply overwhelmed by their new circumstances. In Philadelphia, where some 2,000 were unwisely placed in inner-city neighborhoods by resettlement officials, all but about 400 have scattered to other locations after falling frequent victim to street crime. In Minnesota's Ramsey County, where some 8,000 Hmong took residence in the late 1970s, nearly half are still on welfare. Says Xang Vang, a Hmong who operates a truck farm: "There are tremendous numbers of Hmong who sit in their living room watching TV. These people know how to fire guns in the jungle. Here there is nothing to do."

A similar sense of disaffection prevails among some other Indochinese. Though social workers calculate that only about 2% of the refugee population turns to drug or alcohol abuse, far less than some other minorities, Vietnamese and Cambodian communities report unusually high rates of depression and marital discord. Says Kim Cook, a Vietnamese-born social worker in Washington: "They



NEW YORK CITY

A Korean greengrocer hard at work

find the society to be highly stress producing." The disintegration of families is a particularly devastating blow to those raised in cultures in which the continuity of the generations was the bedrock of life. Cambodian-born Tino Cheav, whose husband was killed in the Khmer Rouge reign of terror, weeps as she recounts how some of her six children began staying out late, then one dropped out of high school entirely. "I am sick and cannot rely on my children," she says. "I have no hope."

Many Asians complain that they are frequently the victims of racial prejudice. Lucie Cheng, head of the Asian Studies Center at the University of California, Los Angeles, charges that administrators, intent on curbing the decline in white enrollment, are actually causing an unfair reduction in admissions of Asian students. It is a claim that officials stoutly deny. While Asians seeking to buy or rent homes suffer far less hostility than in the

past, the tendency of many ethnic communities to settle in clusters still bothers some whites. During the rapid influx of Chinese into California's Monterey Park, for example, bumper stickers appeared reading WILL THE LAST AMERICAN TO LEAVE MONTEREY PARK PLEASE BRING THE FLAG.

Any sign of discrimination at the portals of colleges and universities would be particularly alarming to Asian immigrants, because they almost universally see their children's future in terms of higher education. In part, this blind faith in academic achievement stems from the

normal yearning of all immigrants to bootstrap their families into the comforts of middle-class American life. But it also bespeaks a deeper ethic permeating many Asian societies. Says Yong-Il Yi, 55, a New York City real estate broker from Seoul: "In Asia, if you don't have a higher education, you are a second-class citizen."

An important source of solace is maintaining ties to the old culture. This is becoming considerably easier to do as more and more Asians arrive in America. Their swelling numbers create a demand for many of the goods and services available at home, from Indian spices to Chinese acupuncture to Laotian bamboo flutes. Murali Narayanan, 32, a design group supervisor at Bell Laboratories in Naperville, Ill., makes a point of driving five times a year to Chicago's North Devon Avenue, which teems with Indian grocery stores, restaurants and sari shops. Says he: "You feel comfortable just walking down the street." New technology has added to the links available to the old country: many Asian food shops now rent videocassettes of movies and television programs produced in Hong Kong, Taiwan and Bombay.

Still, however closely new Asian Americans choose to follow their previous ways, the vast majority look to the future as Americans. Filipino Americans or Chinese Americans or Indian Americans, perhaps. But if asked to drop one part of their compound self-description, most would do away with the first. A few commemorate the transition by Anglicizing their surnames and many more by choosing American first names for their children, the real beacons of the future. Wai-wah Cheng, 57, came to Los Angeles from Hong Kong, where he ran a successful garment business. After seven years in the U.S. he still works as a chef in a Chinese restaurant, and his wife, Nyan-ying, 52, is a seamstress. Son Joe, 22, graduated this year from Cal Tech with a degree in physics and begins work this month at California's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. "I think about what they sacrificed, and it was a lot," says Joe. "You have to give up to get." -By William R. Doerner. Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston, Melissa Ludtke/ Los Angeles and J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago

# **DOOR**



General Electric now has an open-door policy that makes the inside of your refrigerator more accessible from outside your refrigerator—the new GE refreshment center.

The right side of the refrigerator boasts a door within a door that lets you easily reach frequently used beverages and snacks.

# TO DOOR SERVICE.



The other side dispenses chilled water and ice, as well as free advice by way of the Electronic Diagnostic System. It's a state-of-the-art computer that keeps you informed on the state of your refrigerator's vital functions.

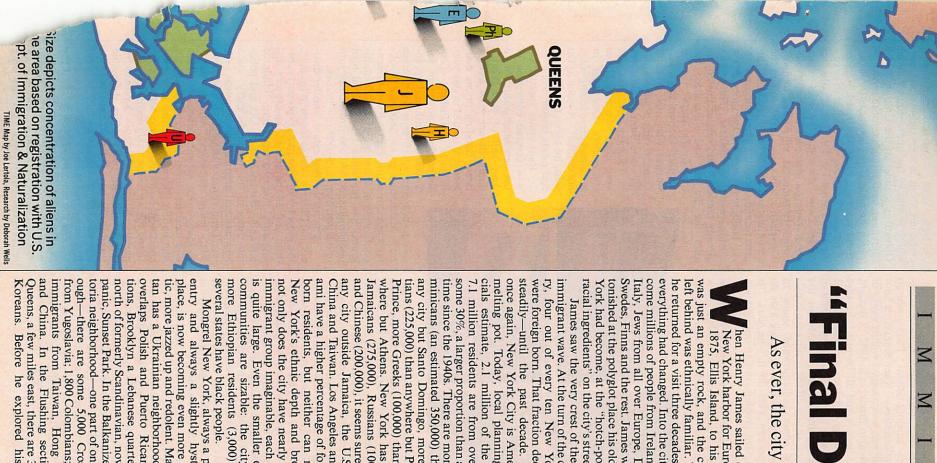
If you need more information, just call The GE Answer Center™ information service at 800-626-2000, toll-free.

The new GE refrigerator with the convenient refreshment center-you can get a lot out of it without going into it.

We bring good things to life.







# Z R D

NEW YORK

As ever, the city is the ultimate melting pot

any city outside Jamaica, the U.S.S.R., China and Taiwan. Los Angeles and Mi-ami have a higher percentage of foreignimmigrant group imaginable, each group is quite large. Even the smaller ethnic communities are sizable: the city has not only does the city have nearly every and Chinese (200,000), it seems sure, than and crity outside Jamaica, the U.S.S.R., Jamaicans (275,000), Russians (100,000) where but Athens. New York has more tians (225,000) than anywhere but Port au Prince, more Greeks (100,000) than anyany city but Santo Domingo, more Haiminicans (an estimated 350,000) than in some 30%, a larger proportion than at any time since the 1940s. There are more Docials estimate, melting pot. once again, New York City is America's steadilywere foreign born. That fraction declined ry, four out of every ten New Yorkers York had become, at the "hotch-potch of racial ingredients" on the city's streets. come millions of people from Ireland and everything had changed. Into the city had New York's ethnic depth and breadth: 7.1 million residents are tonished at the polyglot place his old New he returned for a visit three decades later, left behind was ethnically familiar. When James saw the very crest of the great just an empty rock, and the city he residents, Jews from all over Europe, Finns and the rest. James was ashen Henry James sailed out of New York harbor for Europe in 1875, Ellis Island, to his right, until the Today, local planning offibut 2.1 million past decade. Now, neither can match from overseas, of the city's Yorkers Danes,

and China. In the from Yugoslavia; 1,800 Colombians; 6,200 immigrants from Taiwan, Hong Kong toria neighborhood—one part of one borpanic, Sunset Park. In the Balkanized Astions, Brooklyn a Lebanese quarter just north of formerly Scandinavian, now Hisoverlaps Polish and Puerto Rican tan has a Ukrainian neighborhood that Queens, a few miles east, there are 38,000 tic, more jazzed up and redolent. Manhat-Mongrel New York, always a port of is now becoming even more eclecand always a slightly hysterical -there are some Before he explored Flushing 5,000 Croatians Hong section sec-

> publicansans, Koreans, Chinese, Dominican Relike Des Moines, maybe, or Tacoma. "It wasn't America," he says of northeastern dent fresh from India had been expecting a blonder, Wonder Bread community, neighborhood recently, one Flushing resi-Queens. "It was the U.N. licans—but not a single hamburger!"
> Why do they come to New York? For I saw Colombicommunity, Tacoma. "It

not alone ing that as immigrants in this city, we are a Queens College politics professor from ing on a patch that is in turn part of a patchwork quilt. Where practically everyone is an alien, no one is alien. "There is a feeling of cordiality," says Anand Mohan, swarm of immigrants in New York, of being, it seems, among ance, or at least a laissez-faire obliviousone thing, the city has a tradition of tolerfinding transplanted countrymen in the finding transplants of finding transplants any country can depend on Partly too, it is the reassurance of being ness, which amounts to the same thing, India, "and, for us, a satisfaction in know-But there is also something appealabout joining the

all kind dumpling!" for a moment, baffled, then smiled. "Dumpling!" she said, nodding. "We have nese teenager behind the counter frowned in-the-wall take-out restaurant. chicken?" he asked haltingly. a Colombian teenager loped into a holeeach other, as when, one recent afternoon, sevelt Avenue, they butt right up against world, 9,700 miles separate Shanghai from Bogotá. In Jackson Heights on Rooment in ring, like some mad laboratory experipositions of culture and language are jar-Again and again each day, the juxtacontinental drift. In haltingly. The Chithen "You do the rea

than

Indian spice and grocery store, wristwatch shop, Korean barber. lon scrunched together: mercial block no English. Along one refurbished comand chop suey; he speaks Spanish, but waiter serves fried Dominican sausage each other through sit on benches, pretending to ignore the Just south young latino drivers who are jiving with El Pablon Chino restaurant, the At Manhattan's northern 204th Street, elderly Jewish women Chinese an 18th century on St. Nicholas Avenue hardware store, Pakistani-In Flushing, open car Dutch windows tip, Asia Chinese out-

The city's random ethnic mix and match often manages to achieve an improbable harmony. One recent Thursday evening in Flushing, six drinkers sat at the bar of the Lychee Village restaurant: a black, an Indian, a Korean, two Chinese and, discussing educational policy with one of the Chinese men, a middle-aged white. "We have all kinds," says Owner William Ming. "German, Irish, South African, black, white, Chinese, Korean, all steady customers. They like each other. Why shouldn't they?" In the Elmhurst neighborhood of Queens, the city's most eclectic immigrant community of all, the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church reflects the extraordinary local mishmash. The church has a governing body that consists of a Cuban, a Thai, a

Korean, two Filipinos, a Puerto Rican, a German and a few native-born Americans

ften, of course, the result is something less than Disney World internationalism. On Union Street in Flushing, a Korean jeweler had a neighborhood monopoly until last winter, when a Chinese jeweler opened up next door and started selling identical merchandise. Just before the ill will turned physical, local Korean and Chinese merchants' associations mediated. For his part, Colombian Eddie Polafia, 14, thinks the neighborhood

Koreans are unfairly antagonistic to him and the two dozen break-dancing Latin teenagers with whom he hangs out. The older Koreans, he complains, "think they control everything in Flushing." At last count they did own 120 neighborhood businesses. "Some of those store owners," Polafia says, "think we're criminals." Nor are the Hispanics always fraternal among themselves. "There isn't much of a Hispanic family," says Hayly Rivera, who came from Peru to Jackson Heights. "It is sometimes more like a family feud." As ever, immigrants of several years' standing often look down on new arrivals. In some cases the political disputes of the old country crop up in the new land: Chilean New Yorkers argue with Argentine New Yorkers over border disputes a hemisphere away.

Life for any immigrant anywhere is apt to be hard. New York has some aspects, like crime and physical decay, that tend particularly to taint the immigrant experience. Marian Ponanta, a Pole who works as a typesetter in New York, says his countrymen come expecting a city that always shimmers. "They only know America from the movies," says Ponanta. "It's ironic, but much of the Polish government propaganda about America turns out to be true. Those who want to

come don't believe it. Then, over here, they discover there is dirt, violence, cockroaches, unemployment. They undergo tremendous stress." Kaen Singkeo, a Laotian farmer, was mugged within weeks of his arrival in Brooklyn in 1982. "I thought people here would all be nice," he says without irony or bitterness. "Now, after I was robbed, I know I must be careful of people who may attack me." Mohan, the professor, shrugs off the recurrent vandalism of some Indian-owned shops in Queens. "Irish kids do it, black kids do it, American kids do it," he says. "It is an urban problem, not an immigration problem."

The hardship is endured by some immigrants because even a difficult New York life is preferable to their former





lives. In most cases the immigrants' anesthetic is hope, the idea that they can work their way out of deprivation. Flor Rojas arrived last October from the Dominican Republic. Why? "Because there was not enough money." She lives with a friend in a cramped Bronx apartment. Her taxidriving husband and a son live with another friend in Manhattan. She awakes each day at 5 a.m., takes the subway almost two hours to her minimum-wage factory job in Brooklyn, packing nail polish. The couple manage to save as much as \$200 a month, which they send to four children still back in the Caribbean. The monthly remittances amount to twice what Flor earned in a month as a hospital worker in Santo Domingo.

New York is easy-entry capitalism on the cheap. There are plenty of ways of making a living that hardly exist in more spread-out, laid-back places: driving a taxi, selling hot dogs from a cart, hawking toys on the sidewalk. In what other city is an automobile truly unnecessary? As ratty as the subways are, the 235-mile system is still extraordinary: at any time of day or night, anywhere in the city, a job is only 90¢ away. The brightly colored, highly schematic subway maps are, for immigrants without English, the only comprehensible city guide.

New York is particularly unselfconscious about money and materialism, which is fine by the immigrants. Joanne Oplustil is founder of the Church Street Merchant Association's refugee program, which ministers to Southeast Asians. "Four years ago when he arrived," Oplustil recalls, "one man was thrilled to have a bicycle. Then a big TV, then a video recorder. Now," she sighs, "he loves to talk about owning a Mercedes." The city's notorious brusqueness, off-putting to many American visitors, also seems to suit the ambitious arrivals. When a group of Chinese recently bought a Flushing commercial building to renovate, the mood at the closing was strictly business. "The crane's already outside," said one of the buyers after the lawyers had chitchatted too

long for her taste. "Get on with it." Richard Ou, a Tai-wanese who now lives in Queens, runs a gift shop—for now. Business turnover in Flushing, he says, "is very high. We are all so competitive. One year in business before selling out is not unusual." As soon as Ou sells, he plans to become a real estate broker.

Real estate speculation is a favored enterprise of the new immigrants. More than half of New York's landlords are now foreign born. Building prices doubled and tripled in one year in parts of Flushing. Tiny shops there now rent for \$1,000 a month and up; so-

so one-bedroom apartments 45 minutes from Manhattan go for \$600. In Brooklyn's predominantly Puerto Rican Greenpoint section, the surge of Polish immigrants has, just since 1983, helped turn undistinguished \$40,000 row houses into undistinguished \$150,000 row houses.

Among the real estate wheeler-dealers, the Chinese tend to invest in housing, the Koreans in commercial property. Indeed, just as the turn-of-the-century immigrants clustered in certain kinds of business—the Irish in politics and policing, Jews in the textile industry-each new national group has its common calling. The division of labor establishes new, fairly benign stereotypes. Africans, mostly young men, sell sunglasses, umbrellas and baubles from blankets spread on Manhattan sidewalks. Albanians own apartment buildings. Greeks set up coffee shops, the walls invariably decorated with murals of the Parthenon. Koreans, it seems, suddenly own every vegetable stand in the city. Poles are especially attracted to the travel-agency business, and Russians drive taxis.

For the majority of New Yorkers the most palpable effect of the influx is culinary. Does any other city on earth have Tibetan, Peruvian, Afghan and Ethiopian restaurants? The Kam Sen grocery store

in Queens draws buyers of Korean cha jang gu soo noodles and fermented Chinese "thousand-year-old" eggs packed in mud. The store sells eight kinds of soy sauce. In Flushing, a little way down from the Japan Sari House and an Italian restaurant called La Giocanda, the Bharat Bazaar has sacks of dried red chilis, deep purple mustard seeds, cloves and pistachios, and rents Indian videocassettes on the side.

The shtetl atmospherics are thick in Brooklyn's Brighton Beach neighborhood, home to a majority of the several thousand Russian immigrants, most of them Jewish, who arrive each year. Near the boardwalk, babushkas at a saing set push grandchildren, while over at the M & I International food store, women who spent

last summer in Odessa this summer buy kapchonka (dried fish), Yugoslavian black-currant syrup and Borjouri seltzer water direct from Soviet Georgia. El Mundo III in Jackson Heights is one of the city's 6,500 bodegas, tiny mamay-papa Hispanic grocery stores that sell fresh coconuts and plantains, yucca and 10-lb. bags of rice, instant masa from Venezuela or Colombian figs in syrup. Compared with the big chain stores, bodegas are expensive but friendly, loose, Latin. "If you needed five cents," says the Cuban owner of a bodega on Roosevelt Avenue in Queens,

"the A & P wouldn't give it to you. Here, our customers are like family."

There are now large ghettos within ghettos. Haitians, about half of them in the U.S. illegally, are concentrated in the heart of Brooklyn's black area in a quarter they call La Saline, after the Port au Prince neighborhood from which many came. Hand-lettered French signs are pasted on walls and hung uncertainly from storefronts. Creole patois burbles everywhere. One hot afternoon on Nostrand Avenue recently, the Impeccable barber shop was crowded. Men had gathered under the fans for companionship, a bit of gossip, not haircuts. "We Haitians love to get together," says the owner of a neighborhood restaurant. "We talk about Haiti, about Papa Doc. New York is a tough city, very tough. But here you have freedom, and that is what we Haitians need." Indeed so: the man did not want his name used, he said, for fear of retaliation from Haitian government agents.

Immigrants reweave bits and pieces of native culture, and counterculture, into the New York fabric. On Manhattan's Second Avenue are the offices of the Ukrainian National Liberation Front. In Brighton Beach, the best seller at the Black Sea bookstore is a Russian translation of The KGB Today. The pastor of a church in Queens

says he figured that one new congregant, a woman who constantly glanced over her shoulder, was deranged. "It turns out she is a Soviet refugee terrified of the secret police," says the minister.

No group seems more churchly than the Koreans, devout Protestants in Asia and now devout Protestants in New York. In Elmhurst alone they have established at least four churches. The Indian population in Queens, settled for decades and now 25,000 strong, has an elaborate cultural center-cum-Hindu temple in Flushing, complete with domes and sculpted elephants. One day in May, Kari and Shanthi Naidu were worshiping at the altar of Sri Mahalaksai, a god of well-being. They had paid a Hindu priest \$5 for a prayer service. "Quite frankly," says Kari Naidu, "I did

> X-RAY WAITING SALA DE RAYOS-X ОЖИДАНИЕ РЕНГЕНА



not become a believer until I arrived in this country. But here, away from home, I recognized there is something more important than daily affairs."

ere, away from home. "Everyone is homesick," says Ecuadorian Howard Saltos, who owns the Discosymas record store in Jackson Heights. He has a separate section for the music of each Latin American country. Folk ballads are the best sellers. "They like to reminisce a lot," explains Saltos of his customers. Peruvian Hayly Rivera, now a naturalized American, is scornful of the "ghetto mentality" of many of her fellow Hispanics. "Their heart is back home. I hear too many people around here saying 'I don't like this, I don't like that.' "Rivera hears them complaining in Spanish, which riles her all the more. "They can't communicate. If they don't learn English, they'll never succeed."

It is not only Hispanics, of course, who are tempted to hunker down in an insular subculture. "In the summer," says Emmanuel Pratsinakis, a Greek Orthodox priest in Briarwood, Queens, "the air is full of the sound of children shouting in Greek. This community gives a feeling of security." "Polish Greenpoint is comfortable, familiar," says Ponanta, the typesetter. "You stay as long as you need to, then move out to Queens, to Manhattan." Assimilation still seems inexorable. "We want to be part of American culture," says Richard Ou of Flushing. The Russian New Yorkers may keep eating piroshki forever, but, says Sima Blokh of the Brighton Beach public library, "they want to be Americans. The most important thing to the new immigrants is to read English.

Sung Woo Choi, 6, is working at it. "There is just one fish," he reads aloud from his school workbook. "There are three birds." The lower lip is bitten. The forehead wrinkles. With great deliberation he draws a circle around the three birds. At Sung's school, P.S. 89 in Elmhurst, English is not the native tongue of fully half the 1,500 students. All told, they speak 38 different languages. Throughout the New York public

school system, there are 113,000 such children, most of them helped along by 2,100 bilingual teachers. But P.S. 89 is singular. There, just before the end of the school year, Ann Pryor was guiding her second-grade Englishlanguage class through the basics. She asked each child the salient question, and in a dozen different accents, they answered. "I come from Japan," said Kazuko Hiraga. "I come from Afghanistan," said Omar Norzyai. "I come from China," said Thomas Chuang. "They try so hard," Pryor says later. "They deserve to succeed."

Demetre Belgis, a Greek who arrived 17 years ago, is a

success. In 1977 he opened a gallery in SoHo, where he sells from an impressive stock of Toulouse-Lautrec lithographs. Belgis has been persuaded by his experience that the land-of-opportunity platitudes are real. "Regardless of what country you come from," he says, "one still sees America and New York as dreamland, where you can be what you want to be. One has to be willing to work very hard here, but one doesn't need to have millions behind him to be successful here. A lot of it is just luck.'

"No one should come to New York to live," declared E.B. White in his 1948 essay about the city, "unless he is willing to be lucky." For White, the greatest New York, the one "that accounts for New York's high-strung disposition," was "the New York of the person who was born somewhere else and came to New York in quest of something . . . the city of final destination, the city that is a goal." Once again, the city has become primarily, passionately a city of destination, the goal of millions who want to be rich, or to stop being poor. All over the planet, people who have never had a whiff of New York are determined to become New Yorkers. A nice place to visit? They want to live here, with all their hearts. -By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/New York

### THE POLICY DILEMMA

# **Trying to Stem the Illegal Tide**

Congress, once again, prepares to tackle reform proposals

oes the U.S. have an immigration problem? If so, what should be done about it? There is no national consensus on these vexing questions. Indeed, the ambivalent feelings that America's latest immigrant wave inspire among ordinary citizens are mirrored in the labyrinthine processes of Washington. In the past decade, immigration reform has been probed, studied, debated and lobbied almost interminably on Capitol Hill. So far, the effort has failed to produce any comprehensive changes.

Congress will stage its Sisyphean ordeal again this year. In May Republican Senator Alan K. Simpson of Wyoming introduced a new version of his much debated Immigration Reform and Control Act, and the Senate held hearings on the bill last month. It is the third time in four years that Congress has considered Simpson's legislation. In 1984, with the cosponsorship of Democratic Congressman Romano Mazzoli of Kentucky, immigration reform passed both houses, only to expire in conference committee. This year Simpson is carrying on the legislative struggle without Mazzoli, who has declined to cosponsor the bill without support from the Democratic House leadership and from black and Hispanic legislative caucuses.

If past chapters in the immigration reform saga are anything to go by, the debate over Simpson's measure will be drawn out, convoluted and acrimonious. That is perhaps as it should be. Seldom has so important an issue come so far so often in the legislative process with those concerned with it having so little idea of its potential effects. No one can say for sure whether immigration reform can be made to work, what it might cost and, most important, whether it would ultimately help or hurt the country. In that informational vacuum, politicians, businessmen, labor leaders, minority representatives and social scientists have taken positions on all sides of the issue. President Reagan is maintaining a discreet profile, hoping only for a policy that is fair and nondiscriminatory.

To Simpson, a third-generation American (his paternal forebears came from England and Ireland), the current U.S. policy on legal admissions represents an intimidating challenge to that standard. A much amended patchwork based on statutes originally adopted in 1952, the law now sets an annual ceiling of 270,000 on immigrants, with a maximum of 20,000 from any single country. Husbands, wives, parents and children of current U.S. citizens are exempted from limits; last year 273,903 people took advantage of the provision. Within the numerical ceilings, an elaborate series of "preferences" gives priority to other relatives of U.S. citizens and people with "urgently" required skills. In 1980 Congress also passed a Refugee Act that allowed the admission of as many as 70,000 additional people annually who have a "wellfounded fear of persecution" on account of race, religion, nationality, membership in a social group, or political opinion. The definition of exactly who qualifies as a refugee under those rules remains highly controversial. Last year 61,750 official refugees were admitted to the U.S.

Rather than take on the entire immigration code, Simpson's legislation aims to stem the far greater tide of immigrants who come to the U.S. illegally. The Wyoming Senator and his supporters argue that failure to act decisively in the present entails a major risk in the future: resentment, xenophobia and an eventual backlash against all immigrants. Says Simpson: "Illegal immigration endangers a fair and generous policy of legal immigration." The concern is generally shared by those responsible for enforcing immigration laws. "Nothing is going to blow up right away," says Alan Nelson, commissioner of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service. "But eventually a public rebellion is likely if we don't do something. So why don't we do it now and prevent trouble later on?"

While some of the details have changed in the newest proposal, the dual centerpiece of Simpson's bill remains the same: 1) imposition of sanctions, including fines of up to \$10,000 a violation, against employers who knowingly hire illegal immigrants; 2) an eventual amnesty for illegal aliens who arrived before Jan. 1, 1980, and have been living in the U.S.

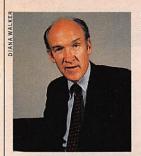
continuously since then.

Simpson's bill would require anyone employing four or more people to demand documentation that establishes each person's identity and eligibility for work. That is slightly less onerous than the requirement in Simpson's earlier legislation that employers fill out forms to show they had properly screened candidates. Many businessmen oppose sanctions because of the additional paper work and because



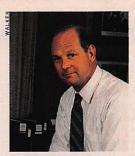
CHULA VISTA, CALIF.

Making arrests just north of Tijuana



Senator Simpson

"Illegal immigration endangers a fair and generous policy of legal immigration."



Commissioner Nelson

"Eventually a public rebellion is likely if we don't do something."

they believe that certain industries need cheap immigrant labor to survive. Hispanic groups have criticized sanctions out of the fear that employers would discriminate against people with Spanish surnames to avoid trouble with the INS.

Immigration officials agree with Simpson that employer sanctions are crucial to cutting off the illegal flow. In the INS's view, it is the job magnet that attracts illegals across the border. Says Commissioner Nelson: "Once word spreads along the border that there are no jobs for illegals in the U.S., the magnet no longer exists." Officials see little difficulty in enforcing the sanctions. Says INS Spokesman Duke Austin: "This will be like the 55-m.p.h. speed limit. Most motorists comply. There will be some who won't, and we know who those people are right now. So our task will be greater, but not so much as one might think."

That view may be too optimistic. A major obstacle is the booming trade in phony documents. Fake driver's licenses sell in Los Angeles for \$60 to \$65 each. Doctored "green cards" go for as little as \$25 apiece. Nothing in Simpson's new bill requires employers to take responsibility for the authenticity of such documents, although the Senator says that he would also favor, under certain circumstances, the introduction of a new tamperproof Social Security card. Barring such a sweeping development, employer sanctions seem likely, if anything, to give the phony-documents industry a further boost. Thus Simpson also wants to see stiffer penalties of up to two years in prison for ID counterfeiters and traffickers. But that is no more likely to be effective than tough penalties have been in curbing the U.S. market for cocaine.

Simpson's new bill substantially weakens his earlier proposals for amnesty, which he prefers to call "legalization." Largely for humanitarian reasons, Simpson and other reformers want to abolish

the underclass of illegal aliens that has sprung up outside the protection of U.S. law. Says Leon Panetta, a California Congressman who favors the controlled importation of aliens as temporary U.S. farmworkers: "The present situation is intolerable. We are creating a subculture in our society, one that has no rights, no protections." Many Americans, however, see amnesty as an unjust reward for aliens who have broken the law.

In 1984 Simpson suggested that legalization proceedings start automatically 90 days after his bill became law. In response to the popular outcry, he now proposes that an amnesty take effect only after a presidential commission has certified that the new law's provisions have produced a "substantial" reduction of illegal immigration. Simpson estimates that this would happen "less than a year" after his

bill is passed, but critics doubt that such a decline could be adequately documented.

The numbers game also casts a large shadow over the prospective cost of amnesty. Simpson's proposal would have those who take advantage of legalization become eligible for federally funded assistance programs. The highest estimate for those costs is \$8 billion over five years, but that figure is purely hypothetical. Simpson's new bill would also place a \$1.8 billion limit on federal reimbursements to states and municipalities for services extended to those who benefit from an amnesty. Critics in Congress have already attacked that figure as much too low.

Simpson's new bill has one basic objective: to produce a compromise that will finally pass Congress. Whether he can achieve that is no clearer than it was a year ago. The continuing difficulty, as the Wyoming Senator tartly puts it, is that "Congress doesn't seem very anxious to pass legislation that somebody may object to."

Many academics, especially in the West, doubt that Simpson's legislation or any similar bill can stem the illegal tide. "There cannot be a successful immigration policy," says Lucie Cheng, head of Asian-American studies at UCLA. "If you really want to do something about immigration, you improve the economies of the native countries. You can't build walls here." Wayne Cornelius, director of the Center for U.S.-Mexican studies at the University of California, San Diego, notes that "in the sunbelt area, there is an absorptive capacity for immigrant labor that is far greater than most people think." Linda Wong of the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Educational Fund has a disarmingly simple solution: accept the reality of the U.S. need for Mexican labor and raise the quota of legal immigration from Mexico from 20,000 a year to 60,000; at the same time, enforce existing fair la-

### **A Little Game of Chance**

All the contradictions implicit in the U.S. need for illegal Mexican farm laborers once produced a strange harvest on a truck farm near El Mirage, Ariz. The farm grew a vegetable called broccoli di rapa, a plant that needs lots of irrigation, so the surrounding fields were muddy.

This used to dismay the border patrol officers when they came tramping through the fields about once a week in search of illegal immigrants (they usually seized about five).

According to United Farmworkers Official Lupe Sanchez, who tells the story, the crew boss came up with a proposition: "Suppose I just give you five of them every week, and you don't have to do any running or get your boots muddy?"

A little peculiar, the border guards thought, but why not go along with somebody who wants to help out the law? Then the crew boss went to his workers, explained the deal and said everyone would make more money if work did not have to be interrupted by raids. So the workers drew lots once a week to pick the five who would have to be shipped back to the Mexican border. Before the five victims left, though, the hat was passed for funds to help the unlucky five sneak back north across the border, a trip that usually started the next day.

bor laws that govern wages and working conditions.

Thomas Muller, an immigration expert at the Urban Institute, a Washington-based think tank, argues that the large numbers of illegal aliens in the U.S. are less a problem than a manifestation of American economic dynamism. "We have always depended on some low-wage labor," he says. "The illegal alien situation today is the continuation of a pattern." Muller's assertion may help explain one of the glaring contradictions of current U.S. immigration policy: the meager funding given to the INS to apply existing laws. The INS enforcement budget for 1985 comes to only \$366 million for a staff of 7,599, less than a third the number of officers with the New York City police department. That lack of resources, acknowledges a senior INS official, reflects the longstanding "national ambivalence" toward the service's main function.

Nowhere is that sentiment more dramatically highlighted than along the southern border, where illegal immigration is deeply woven into the local fabric. Some 3,000 U.S. border patrol agents maintain the southern frontier, yet INS officials admit that with bolstered forces the U.S. could significantly reduce the illegal traffic. Despite its length, much of the U.S.-Mexican border is blocked by huge expanses of desert and mountainous terrain. The bulk of illegal traffic centers on only about seven crossings; an estimated 60% of all illegals enter the U.S. near the cities of Chula Vista, Calif., and El Paso, Texas. Says INS Commissioner Nelson: "There will always be some illegal immigration. But we can and must enhance control of the border.'

The central argument of immigration reformers, the possibility of a backlash against newcomers, has precedent in U.S. history. Much of the country's immigration legislation of the late 1800s and early 1900s, for example, was specifically written with the aim of barring Chinese and other Asians. But the Urban Institute's Muller believes there is now more tolerance and less racial animosity than at any other time in U.S. history. Says he: "There is no public attitude remotely like the virulent attitude of the 1840s and 1920s. I don't detect any strong backlash out there."

The congressional inability to agree so far on immigration reform may reflect a collective judgment that the minuses of reform still outweigh the pluses. Kentucky Congressman Mazzoli argues that the wearying battle to change U.S. immigration law is "not urgent, except in the sense that it is more difficult to obtain reform as time goes on." A comment from former California Governor Jerry Brown is also worthy of consideration. Eventually, he guesses, some form of an additionally restrictive immigration law will be passed. Then he asks, "But will it make any difference?" -By George Russell. Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington and David

S. Jackson/Houston, with other bureaus

### **Citizens in All but Name**

n the climb to middle-class acceptance, the Valenzuelas have all their tickets punched, save one. They own a growing used-tire shop and two cars. They rent a tidy, three-bedroom home in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley. Their four children maintain B averages in public schools. They pay Social Security and income taxes and keep a clean credit rating. All the family lacks is permission to live in America.

The Valenzuelas entered illegally from Mexico, chasing their American dream through a hole in the border fence near Tijuana on a moonless autumn night almost ten years ago. In contrast to the popular image of



The Valenzuelas in Los Angeles

transient workers cowering in fear of deportation, they are among a burgeoning number of illegal families who have sunk deep roots in hospitable American soil. They are granted nudge-and-a-wink acceptance by employers as well as government agencies.

After arriving in the U.S., Agustín (now just "Gus") Valenzuela, 40, held a variety of farm and factory jobs. "Nobody ever asked me for a 'green card' or resident's permit," he says, "just a Social Security number." Like most illegals, Valenzuela simply made up a number. (He was later able to get a legitimate number after applying for legal residency.) He was caught once by the INS while packing coleslaw in central Los Angeles and was bused across the border, but he sneaked back through the fence in time for work the next morning.

Valenzuela feels more secure now that he is working for himself, in a shop that he built from scrap lumber.

He got a permit to sell used tires from a local policeman who knows the Valenzuelas are illegal. The officer assured the family that they can report crimes without fear of exposure. Los Angeles Police Commander William Booth explains, "If someone is a victim of crime, we need to know about it, and it's not our policy to inquire about their status."

Many state and local agencies take a similar approach. Both Valenzuela and his wife Elvira, 38, secured California drivers' licenses by showing their Mexican birth certificates and by passing a driving test and a written examination in Spanish. When the Valenzuelas registered their cars they needed no immigration documents. The same was true when they borrowed money from a major California bank, first to buy a car and later to nurture their business. "Anybody asks, I just say 'American citizen,' and I show them my driver's license and Social Security card," Valenzuela says.

The couple have three Mexicanborn children and one, Enriqueta, who gained her coveted American citizenship the most direct way: born in the U.S.A. After her birth in 1977, Valenzuela filed a residency application, which is still pending. Such long waits are common. The Valenzuela children were enrolled in the Los Angeles public schools without any inquiry into their immigration status. After school, the boys, Ricardo, 16, and Jorge, 15, work in the family business, changing and repairing tires, while Leticia, 14, helps keep the books. The girls also do many of the household chores, because their mother badly twisted her back five years ago while lifting boxes at a local garment factory. Workmen's compensation paid for surgery on her spine, and her resident's status was never at issue.

For the Valenzuelas the greatest drawback to being illegal is not being able to visit relatives in Mexico. Their lawyer advised them that a trip across the border could prejudice their application for legal residency, since it might be taken as evidence that they are transients. A hearing on the Valenzuelas' application has finally been set for October. There is a risk of deportation if their application is denied, but Valenzuela is willing to gamble. "America is our home now, and we want to stay."

—By Dan Goodgame

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THE BORDER

# Symbiosis Along 1,936 Miles

The mix of Mexican and American life creates a "third country"



he blue jalopy creaks and groans, its bumper nearly scraping the roadway of the Good Neighbor Bridge, which spans the Rio Grande between El Paso and Ciudad Juárez. The driver has given 29 fellow Mexicans a free lift south because he can bring five cartons of cigarettes into Mexico for each passenger in his car. Next comes a pickup carrying six teenage Mexican girls, all trim in their red vests. They are returning to Juárez from their classes at a Roman Catholic girls school in El Paso. Behind them is Yolanda Rivas, who is heading home after an eighthour shift in an El Paso clothing factory, where she earns \$135 a week sewing trousers, a job that would pay \$30 a week in Juárez. So it goes, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Says Veronica Jacquez, 24, a native of El Paso who is personal secretary to Juárez Mayor Francisco Barrio: "This is like one big city, except with bridges. Most of the people go back and forth all the time.

It is the world's most extraordinary border. Nowhere, with the possible exception of Berlin, is the contrast so stark. On one side of the blurry line stands an economic superpower, on the other a nation burdened with widespread poverty. "This is the only place I know where you can jump from the First World to the Third World in five minutes," says Julio Chiu, a bank executive in El Paso who grew up in Juárez.

Yet for 1,936 miles—from the Pacific Ocean, across the rugged coastal mountains, the hot sands of the Sonoran Desert, the high plains near El Paso and finally the verdant citrus fields that end at the Gulf of

Mexico—the largely unmarked frontier is as much a link between the U.S.

and Mexico as a barrier. The movement across the boundary is massive. Each year there are hundreds of millions of legal crossings. In addition, 1,056,907 undocumented aliens were seized along the border in 1984, almost a 50% increase over ten years ago, and authorities cannot even estimate the number who made it across undetected.

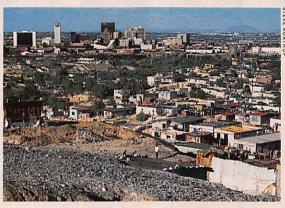
Increasingly dependent on one another, the 7 million residents of either side of the boundary have created a cooperative culture that is neither American nor Mexican. It is a hybrid that has latched on to the strengths of both national heritages. The corridor, observes Journalist Tom Miller in his book *On the Border*, "is a third country with its own identity . . . Its food, its language, its music are its own. Even its economic development is unique."

The cross-pollination creates a lively cultural blend. In Juárez, a popular hangout is the Kentucky Club, where mostly Mexican patrons select from such jukebox favorites as Duke Ellington and Julio Iglesias. Across the river in El Paso, Mexican teenagers from Juárez buy heavy metal rock LPs from Star Records, a music shop, since such disks are scarce in their city.

In Matamoros, on the southern tip of the Rio Grande Valley, Mexican and American white-collar workers sip Scotch and water at Blanca White's, while a marimba-and-drum combo plays local salsa-flavored music. Young women from Matamoros cross into Brownsville daily to attend Texas Southmost College. They

party on the U.S. side in blue jeans and T shirts, on their home turf in cocktail dresses. Affluent Americans in El Paso drink margaritas and munch tamale and chili canapés at black-tie affairs. When they visit friends in Juárez, their parties start earlier and linger long into the night.

Familiarity, it seems, breeds tolerance. "The Mexican American in Nogales, Ariz., is not reticent to say he's Mexican," says Paul Bracker, a local businessman. "There is a healthy attitude here toward heritage." Says Robert Stuchen, vice president of the Capin Mercantile Corp., one of Arizona's largest employers: "My kids are not aware of prejudices here in No-



EL PASO, TEXAS

As seen from Ciudad Juárez, Mexico

gales. We're probably more Mexicanized than the Mexicans are Americanized." Merchant Fred Knechel, president of the Chamber of Commerce in Calexico, Calif., across the line from Mexicali, contends that there are "class prejudices but not racial prejudices on the border.'

The lives of many residents straddle the boundary. "Half of my family is in the U.S.," says Francisco Xavier Rivas, 36, who runs an industrial park in Mexicali. "It's interesting when we get together. Those from the U.S. speak almost no Spanish, those from Mexicali speak so-so Spanish, while those from Mexico City speak very good Spanish." Cathy Hernandez, 29, was born in Juárez but went through high school in El

**EL PASO** 

CIUDAD

JUAREZ

Paso. She is an international banking officer at the First City National Bank

TEXAS

businessman. "In Mexico City, the computer boom is just starting."

The norteños, on the other hand, are often viewed by interior Mexicans as having sold out their country by acquiring American habits. Some Mexican Americans also feel this friction. George Uribe, 60, was born in Mexico City, has a Mexican wife, but has lived in Nogales since childhood and is now a U.S. citizen. An executive in a large vegetable-distribution company, he concedes that "people in Mexico City tell me I'm a traitor. They say, 'Think of your patria [country].' Says Uribe: "My patria, hell. I don't want to starve. I want to make a decent living."

Sheer economic interdependence is, of course, the main tie that binds the people living on opposite sides of the border. Mexicans cross the checkpoints, often daily, because there are more jobs and higher pay in the U.S. Merchants on the American side depend heavily on sales to Mexicans, who often find items of greater variety and higher quality than in their

home cities. Lately, the strong U.S.

NUEVO

LAREDO

LAREDO

BROWNSVILLE

**MATAMOROS** 

rate to 24%. In Juárez, Mayor Barrio says any such shutdown would cause his city's economy to "immediately collapse."

One exception to the general harmony along the border is the friction between Tijuana (pop. 566,000), a former honkytonk town that has made impressive progress in modernizing its business section, and San Diego (pop. 2 million), an adjacent Sunbelt city with many military personnel, both active and retired, and relatively few Hispanic residents. The canyons and ravines on the south side of San Diego have become a no-man's-land, where Mexican bandits, many of them drug addicts, prey on their countrymen crossing the border illegally. U.S. Border Patrol agents and San Diego police trying to control this violence have run into Mexican police in the canyons who, they suspect, have participated in the robberies. On at least two occasions the officers from the two nations have shot at each other. Tensions increased last April after two U.S. Border Patrol agents seized a 15year-old Mexican for illegally entering the U.S. through a hole in a fence. The youth's twelve-year-old brother lobbed rocks over the fence at the officers. When he stooped to pick up another rock, one of the officers shot him in the back, seriously wounding him. More ill feeling was generated when Tijuana's aging and overloaded sewage system developed leaks,

sending raw effluent into the Pacific and polluting San Diego's beaches.

Serious as such

of El Paso. Her husband Javier, 32, works as a supervisor at a racetrack in Juárez and speaks little English. They live in El Paso, and she became a U.S. citizen four years ago. She enjoys the interna-

tional mix. "We celebrate most of the Mexican holidays because my husband gets the days off, and we celebrate American holidays because the bank takes them off.

Dr. Frank J. Morales, an orthodontist in Matamoros, has a thriving dental practice with roughly 40% of his patients from the U.S. Married to an American, he has houses in both Matamoros and Brownsville, and estimates that half his affluent neighbors in El Jardín (the Garden) section of Matamoros have second homes in either Brownsville or the nearby Texas resort of South Padre Island.

There may be more tension between the norteños, Mexicans who live along the border in northern Mexico, and their countrymen in Mexico City than between Mexicans and Americans. The norteños see themselves as more industrious and democratic than the others, whom they sometimes call guachos (the kept ones), accusing them of living largely off government services. "We started using computers in our business ten years ago," boasts Eugenio Elorduy, a prosperous Mexicali dollar and the devalued peso have sharply cut Mexican buying power and caused havoc for some U.S. border American businesses. Many shoppers in turn have been flooding into Mexico in search of bargains.

The mutual reliance has grown spectacularly in recent years with the increase in maquiladoras, so-called twin plants on the Mexican side of the border. These are creations of U.S. companies, which set up factories to take advantage of cheap and once abundant labor to turn out products, ranging from computers to jump ropes, that are shipped back into the U.S. Both nations have reduced various export and import fees to aid this development. There are now some 700 such plants, providing Mexico with about \$1.3 billion in earnings annually and a foreign exchange income exceeded only by its oil exports.

The presence of the maquiladoras benefits communities on both sides. El Paso Mayor Jonathan Rogers figures his city would lose 20,000 jobs if the twin plants in Juárez closed. This would double El Paso's already high unemployment incidents have been, they have not reversed the long-term trend toward symbiosis and cooperation. In a few small U.S. cities, the Mexican influence has even made Americans a minority. In Los Ebanos, Texas, 80 miles northwest of Brownsville, Postmaster Lucio Flores was asked how many of the town's 800 residents are Anglos. Flores held up one finger and said with a grin, "We call him El Gringo." What is happening along the border, says University of Arizona Anthropologist Tom Weaver, is "the Americanization of Mexico and the Mexicanization of America." It is a relatively painless way for neighbors to -By Ed Magnuson. become friends. Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Tijuana and David

S. Jackson/El Paso

### **BLACKS**

### **Resentment Tinged with Envy**

Three centuries after the first slave ships arrived, a pattern repeats itself

long Harlem's 125th Street, the main artery of what was once the heart and soul of black America, a group of embittered black protesters demonstrates against the string of tidy Korean shops that now almost dominate the thoroughfare. In Miami, native blacks are beginning to feel like spurned foreigners as ambitious Cubans give the city a Latin rhythm and take over what were once bastions of black business. On the grim concrete playgrounds of Powelton Village in West Philadelphia, black children call their Asian classmates "chinks" and "gooks." The Asians, quick learners all, call the blacks "spooks" and "niggers."

Ever since the first slave ships unloaded their human cargo 360 years ago, black Americans have witnessed a succession of determined immigrants—Germans, Irish, Jews, Italians-weather discrimination to achieve a measure of acceptance and economic success that far surpassed their own. Once again the pattern is repeating itself. With a mixture of animosity and admiration, and no small dose of resentment, blacks are watching the new immigrants from Asia and Latin America flourish where blacks have not. Already the median household income of Koreans, Vietnamese, Haitians, Cubans and Mexicans has climbed past that of blacks.

Blacks tend to regard the immigrants as uninvited guests at a meager meal. Many believe the newcomers' gains come at the expense of blacks and that a "racist" system benefits the immigrants. Adding to the bitterness is the black perception that America's newest citizens are embracing one of its oldest traits, racial prejudice. Comedian Richard Pryor does a routine depicting a group of Indochinese boat people taking part in their first citizenship class. Lesson No. 1: the correct pronunciation of the word nigger.

Underlying the tension is a difficult and sensitive question: Why have blacks failed to advance and achieve the way old and new ethnic groups have? As Social Scientist Michael Harrington writes, "Why don't 'they' act like 'we' did? This has long been the cry of well-meaning white Americans who simply can't understand why blacks don't repeat the classic immigrant experience."

The answer, in part at least, is that



MIAMI

A Hispanic policeman and black youths in the Liberty City area

the black experience in America has been unique. No other people came to America in chains. Unlike other groups that experienced spasms of prejudice that lasted a few decades, blacks have faced generations of racism. Indeed, they are among the oldest and newest Americans: old because they have lived in the U.S. since the time the nation was just an idea; new because it has been only in the past 20 years that they have become truly enfranchised citizens. Says Economist Thomas Sowell: "The race as a whole has moved from utter destitution-in money, knowledge and rights-to a place alongside other groups emerging in the great struggles of life. None have had to come from so far back to join their fellow Americans.'

In reality, American blacks were immigrants, internal immigrants. Sowell notes in his book *Ethnic America* that from 1940 to 1970 4 million blacks—nearly one-fourth of all the 19th century European immigrants to the U.S. combined—migrated from the rural South, the poorest area of the country, to the urban North. Many of today's urban blacks are only the second generation in the city, and their parents arrived at a time when the smokestack economy was spluttering.

Millions of black Americans have in

fact clambered up the ladder to create a stable and growing black middle class. But there are two black Americas. The other is an entrenched underclass stuck at the very bottom of society. It is these blacks, an alarming percentage of them from fragmented families and households headed by women, who appear less capable of economic survival than the tenacious new immigrants.

In Harlem, the moms and pops who presided over family stores were once Jewish or Italian. When they departed, local blacks were unable to capitalize on the opportunities, leaving many of the stores abandoned and boarded up. During the past five years, entrepreneurial Koreans have taken over about a third of the stores on 125th Street. Last October a ruckus began after a black man was evicted from Ike's grocery, owned by the Shin brothers. A handful of black activists began a boycott of Korean merchants that went on sporadically for a few months. Says Lloyd Williams, a neighborhood black leader: "The effort became to get all the Koreans out of the neighborhood."

Among many blacks in Miami, there is similar resentment of the way Cuban immigrants have moved into small businesses. In 1960 blacks owned 25% of the gas stations in Dade County. By 1979 they had only 9%, while the percentage of His-

panic-owned stations grew from 12% to 48%. The average income of a Hispanic business in Dade County is now \$84,000, almost twice that of a black business.

Standing around Africa Square Park in Miami's shabby, pastel-colored Liberty City, a knot of young blacks laments the Cuban invasion. "They're messing us up," says one. "They're taking bread out of our mouths." Another complains that the Cubans and Haitians are willing, even eager, to work for the legal minimum wage, or less. Many of the young blacks say they would rather not work than hire themselves out for what they consider insultingly low pay. Says Dorothy Fields, founder of Miami's Black Archive, a historical research agency: "It appears that we have a group who feels the world owes them a living because of what their parents and grandparents went through.'

In Houston, Indochinese immigrants have become an economic presence, sometimes virtually the only sign of vitality in otherwise depressed areas. Many own or manage 24-hour convenience stores in predominantly black neighborhoods. Says a black Texas Southern University maintenance man who stopped in for a snack at a Vietnamese-run store: "For the first time you can buy fresh meat right in the neighborhood. It's the idea that a foreigner can come in here and move up so quickly that disgusts people." City Councilman Anthony Hall sees the immigrants as models, not enemies. Says he: "They have pooled their resources and created some lucrative opportunities for themselves.'

For the Hmong, rural Laotian tribesmen who migrated to Powelton Village in West Philadelphia in 1981, the City of Brotherly Love proved anything but. They came with little knowledge of American life, only to be confronted by crime, unemployment and blacks who called them gooks. The Hmong, though, had been taught one thing about America: do not trust black people. When the teacher of an elementary school English class attempted to explain the meaning of the word hate, the class of young Laotians responded that they knew what they hated: blacks. The mutual ignorance spurred violence. Some of the Hmong were threatened in the streets. In a fight between a group of Hmong and several blacks, one Hmong had both his legs broken and his skull fractured. Less schooled in urban survival than the Koreans and Vietnamese, the Hmong began to move away. Says Chuck Moua: "We are trying to be nice and friendly, but we have got into trouble.'

Like most who came before them, the new immigrants are animated by the belief that America is the land of opportunity, and for many of them it is. Yet for much of the black underclass, America still seems to be the land of opportunity denied. In each case, the perception has often been fulfilled. -By Richard Stengel. Reported by Jack E. White/New York

### "Off to a Running Start"

he striking contrast between the disappointing economic achievements of American blacks and the progress made by immigrants is commonly attributed to racism. But the discrepancy is also evident when native-born blacks are compared with black immigrants from the West Indies and Africa. Because color is not a factor, such comparisons have fueled a sometimes acrimonious debate about the varying effects of race, class and culture on economic success in the U.S.

Immigrants from Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad and the Bahamas have been coming to the U.S. in significant numbers since the turn of the



Jamaican-born Lawyer Hoo

century, but in the past 15 years there has been an even stronger surge. From 1961 to 1970, 134,000 immigrants arrived from the West Indies. From 1971 to 1980, that number more than doubled. The number of African blacks coming to the U.S. has also doubled, from 7,000 in 1976 to 15,000 last year. Since 1969 blacks from the West Indies and Africa have accounted for slightly less than 10% of all immigration to the U.S. As a group, these newcomers have already surpassed the living standard of native American blacks.

West Indians have long produced a disproportionate share of black American success stories. Their average family income is now 40% higher than that of all blacks in the U.S., and the percentage who are professionals (9%) is equal to that of nativeborn blacks. Says Dr. Asa Hilliard, an educational psychologist at Georgia State University: "Immigrants from the Caribbean are, overwhelmingly, the most successful black immigrant group, both politically and economically.

The accomplishments of the West Indians are often attributed to historical and cultural advantages. Economist Thomas Sowell notes that West Indian slaves, unlike their American counterparts, were assigned individual plots of land for their own crops, a process that fostered business experience denied to American blacks. A cohesive cultural identity, explains Hilliard, endowed them with "an inbred orientation for success." According to a recent study, West Indians who have moved to the U.S. retain an ethnic self-awareness and, partly out of a feeling of superiority, tend to socialize mainly among themselves rather than with native American blacks.

The West Indian passion for education, a legacy of British rule, also seems to give them a head start in the U.S. Says Derrick Hoo, who worked to put himself through college and then law school after immigrating to the U.S. from Jamaica in 1961: "When you come here, you're off to a running start because you have a more solid educational background." According to Harvard Sociology Professor Orlando Patterson, who traces his ancestry to Jamaica, schooling and university degrees are more highly prized among West Indian immigrants than native-born blacks.

American blacks tend to be skeptical of West Indians' achievements and resentful of their sometimes haughty attitude. They believe that West Indians are not as likely to be the target of American racism. Says Robert Hill, a Jamaican who is an assistant professor of history at UCLA: "There is a feeling among whites that the West Indians are not part of the black-white quarrel here.'

Like the Koreans, African blacks seem intent on capitalizing on every economic opportunity. Their average income has already surpassed that of blacks born in this country.

The disparities between the success rates of immigrant blacks and members of America's black underclass, Sowell and others have argued, suggest that racism may not be the sole factor in explaining the problems of blacks in the U.S. At least in the case of black immigrants, the traditional advantages offered by class and culture seem to enable them to move more easily into the ranks of the black middle class.

### IMPACT ABROAD

### **The Global Brain Drain**

### America's gain is often another country's loss

mmigration is frequently an uneven transaction. When a scientist from India or a professor from Guatemala or a physician from the Philippines moves to the U.S., America's gain is the native land's loss. Since few American professionals head out to settle elsewhere in the world, the redistribution of talent serves only to widen the gap between the land of plenty and the lands of poverty. Worse still, the cycle tends to perpetuate itself: as more people leave their native country for the U.S., more are likely to leave, to join relatives or cash in on connections or simply follow examples.

Though nothing new, the brain drain has recently seemed more than ever to be taking from the poor and giving to the rich: whereas 30 years ago most well-qualified newcomers to the U.S. arrived from Europe, now they stream in from the poorer countries of the Third World. "It is indeed paradoxical," says Dr. D.N. Misra, adviser to India's Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, "that the underdeveloped countries, which have the greatest need for scientists, engineers, managers and other professionals, are in fact losing many of their best-educated young men to the developed countries." Even among unskilled workers, the U.S. tends to attract the most enterprising-

those who are adventurous enough to quit their homes and strike out for new opportunities in America.

The first to leave are outstanding students who win admission to U.S. universities and who, not surprisingly, accept challenging jobs and high salaries in America upon their graduation. Each year, for instance, some 6,000 Taiwan Chinese arrive to study in the U.S.; no more than 20% ever return home. Many of the top achievers at the prestigious Indian Institute of Technology at Kharagpur are snapped up by the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration. "These students are dedicated individuals of discipline, diligence and dignity," says Robert Ringler, an associate dean of the University of California, Los Angeles, who is an adviser to Asian students. "They are a treasure to any country, and it is a shame that their homes sometimes don't have the resources to nurture and hold on to them."

No less costly to Third World nations is the steady migration of well-trained professionals in search of a life, any life, in America. The wage differential between the U.S. and Mexico, for example, is 15 to 1. For many others, even poverty in the U.S. is preferable to an uneasy prosperity at home: thus lawyers and doctors from Central America may be found washing cars or working as bellhops in Miami. Other highly skilled people are driven to emigrate not

NEW DELHI
Waiting for U.S. visas

by economic choice but by political circumstance. During their genocidal 45-month reign in Kampuchea, the Khmer Rouge killed roughly 2 million people, many of them white-collar workers. As a result, around 70% of the Kampucheans in the U.S. are professionals.

Whatever the cause, the cost for countries that lose minds and hearts to the U.S. can be high. The presence of 8,000 Israeli engineers in the U.S. has, according to Yosef Kucik, emigration adviser to the Israeli government, "created a severe bottleneck in the development of sophisticated industry in Israel." Around half of the 1,000 students who graduate each year from the 27 medical schools in the Philippines go abroad, leaving one doctor tending to as many as 20,000 people in some of the archipelago's rural areas.

Inevitably, many countries have mounted efforts to counter the outflowing

tide. An Israeli professional in the U.S. who considers going home, for example, receives a banquet of blandishments. The local consulate sends his or her résumé to at least three prospective employers in Israel and helps the applicant finance a trip back home for job interviews. If the candidate accepts a position, the Israeli government makes available a host of benefits, including a handsome mortgage on a new house, loans to cover moving costs and a waiver of customs duties on everything except a car.

Other nations, by contrast, actually

encourage emigration. Mexico's population is growing so fast that the country would have to create at least 750,000 jobs a year just to keep its unemployment rate from mounting further. Small wonder, then, that Mexico makes scant effort to assist the U.S. in reversing the tide. President Ferdinand Marcos has cited the annual exodus of 35,000 Filipinos to the U.S. as a help in offsetting two of his country's most obstinate problems: unemployment (now run-

ning at 45%) and a lopsided balance of payments. In South Korea, the departure of workers has eased some of the strains triggered by a population boom; in overcrowded Hong Kong (pop. 5.5 million), departing workers have reduced competi-

tion for professional jobs.

Few countries, however, can afford to take satisfaction from the departure of their best and brightest. In the process, they lose not only the resources of those who leave but also the confidence and commitment of those who remain. That loss is poignantly dramatized in an image common to most Third World capitals: the long line that snakes each weekday around the U.S. embassy. In Mexico, most applicants must wait eight years for a U.S. immigrant visa. In India, 140,000 people are on the waiting list for 20,000 annual U.S. immigrant visas. Most difficult of all, perhaps, is Hong Kong, where nearly 31,000 people have applied for the 600 places available each year. That could mean a wait of more than 50 years. And the line is growing longer. - By Pico lyer. Reported by Dean Brelis/New Delhi and Nelly Sindayen/Manila

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### AMERICAN SCENE

### From Ellis Island to LAX

t is said that nearly half of all living Americans can track their ancestry through the imposing Great Hall on Ellis Island, once the nation's largest immigration station. No wonder, then, that a drive to make a national museum of the cracked, peeling facility, along with its famous next-door neighbor, the Statue of Liberty, has not gone wanting for funds. Ellis Island, Statue of Liberty—their very names seem to pop latches off pocketbooks.

Look around. If not Ellis Island, what is a nation of immigrants, to say nothing of sentimentalists, left with to enshrine? A Customs desk at Kennedy? A baggage carrousel

at Miami? Immigration today, although it may take 18 months or more, is for the eminently acceptable, by and large a sterile affair, cut and dried—for some, almost a snap. In the busiest of Ellis Island's days, immigration was a deeply traumatic ordeal, the stuff of family history that descendants keep alive.

"On board the ship we became utterly dejected," one immigrant wrote of his voyage early this century. "Seasickness broke out among us. Hundreds of people had vomiting fits... As all were crossing the ocean for the first time, they thought their end had come. The confusion of cries became unbearable... I wanted to escape from that inferno but no

sooner had I thrust my head forward from the lower bunk than someone above me vomited straight upon my head. I wiped the vomit away, dragged myself onto the deck, leaned against the railing and vomited my share into the sea, and lay down half-dead upon the deck."

The flight from Seoul to Los Angeles, (where, according to an Immigration and Naturalization Service spokesman, a second Statue of Liberty ought to be erected), took 13½ hours, two movies, three meals and a snack. Yeon Hee Park, 33, and her two sons, Sung Joon, 8, and Yong Joon, 7, passed the hours pleasantly. No one became ill.

"The day of the emigrants' arrival in New York was the nearest earthly likeness to the final Day of Judgment, when we have to prove our fitness to enter Heaven," wrote Globetrotter Stephen Graham. (His report of a 1913 journey is one of scores dug up by Irving Howe for his fine book World of Our Fathers, to which this account is indebted.) Another observer recorded the anxiety that rent the hordes in steerage as they were taken off the steamships, loaded into lighters, taken to the quay: "There is Ellis Island!" shouted an immigrant who had already been in the United States and knew of its alien laws. The name acted like magic. Faces grew taut, eyes narrowed. There,

in those red buildings, fate awaited them. Were they ready to enter? Or were they to be sent back? 'Only God knows,' shouted an elderly man, his withered hand gripping the railing."

After the Korean Air jumbo jet landed at LAX, as the locals like to call their airport, the first instructions over the public address system were given in Korean. "If you have any questions, please ask us. Regardless of your destination, you have to declare baggage and clear customs here. Thank you." Yeon Hee Park and her boys were shown to the proper desk. "I am a little uncomfortable," she said through an interpreter.

"Not afraid. I know my husband is here. He will take care of us." Her husband In Wung Park, 37, was nearing the airport about then in the new white four-door Buick Century he had purchased just one week before.

A mechanical engineer, Park had been a successful businessman in Seoul. But life there, he felt, was a "dead end. Too much red tape. Too much trouble. As a man I wanted to do something more." He had made several business trips to the U.S. in the past eight years, and he felt that he could expand and prosper greatly there. He applied for an immigrant visa, and it took him seven months to be cleared.

Upon arrival last year, Park moved into the Western Inn, a

hotel run by Koreans in Los Angeles' Koreatown. Soon he noticed that there was no billiard parlor anywhere nearby. Billiards is very popular in Seoul, Park knew, though he himself did not play. So Park opened a billiard hall, which is at present the hot gathering spot for Korean students at USC and UCLA. Last January he got his coveted green card and sent for his family. Four months and three days later they arrived. His net income from his business is now \$5,000 to \$6,000 a month.

Then as now, money helped a lot. For the fortunate few who could afford first- or second-class cabins on the old steamships, a polite interview in the ship's parlor often satisfied American formalities. But for 17 million immigrants (and some 250,000 rejectees), the baggage room at Ellis Island was the first stop, then a long flight of slate stairs up to the Great Hall, 170 ft. long, 102 ft. wide, the ceiling 58 ft. above, and everywhere white tile and thick plaster made of lime and cattle hair. At the top of the stairs were doctors who watched the immigrants' ascent for lameness, deformity, signs of respiratory problems. Then they were made to walk in circles. "Whenever a case aroused suspicion," one inspector wrote, "the alien was set aside in a cage apart from the rest . . . and his coat lapel or shirt marked with colored chalk, the color indicating why he had been isolated." They



would mark them "H" for heart disease, "X" for dementia or perhaps just for looking stupid, "E" for eye problems.

The immigrants were entitled to an interpreter. "Name? Where were you born? Have you ever been to the United States before? Do you have any relatives here? Where do they live? Who paid for your passage? Do you have any money? Let me see it. Do you have any skills? Do you have a job waiting for you here? Are you an anarchist? Are you a polygamist?"

Today U.S. consulates abroad are responsible for the medical and legal eligibility of immigrants. They arrive with the necessary papers and X rays; clearance customarily takes but minutes. After Yeon Hee Park and her sons went through the line in Los Angeles, she and the two boys collected their five bulging imitation-leather bags and cleared Customs.

In Wung knelt and caressed the little boys' faces. "Appa!" both cried again and again, teaching all within earshot the Korean word for daddy. In the car, the older boy, Sung Joon, was impressed by the width of the freeway. Traffic congestion he knew from Seoul, but so many lanes! The younger boy asked for a banana. He wanted to see if they tasted better here. Yeon Hee said there were no surprises; it was all as her husband had described it. They had talked so many times on the telephone.

In Wung drove them to the Western Inn, where the boys turned on the television and settled in with Woody Woodpecker. This would teach them English, the father explained. They were familiar with Woody Woodpecker in Seoul; now they could follow the story line in their new language. He said they would be at the hotel only for a couple of days. He had rented a \$750-a-month, two-bedroom apartment in Glendale because he had been told the schools in that northern suburb would be good for his sons.

In a month, Park said, he planned to expand his business interests with a one-hour photograph-processing establishment near the billiard hall. He had just purchased a \$41,000 French-made processing ma-

chine. His only regret, he said, was that he had to make a 20% down payment; if he had been in the U.S. longer, he could have qualified for the financing with only 10% down. These little businesses, Park explained, were just stepping-stones toward getting into high-tech research—analytical chemistry, immunology, protein chemistry, cell biology, molecular biology—with Korean scientists as partners.

oon, Park said, his wife would go to school to train in interior decorating and he would go to study English and broaden his knowledge in liberal arts. And, oh yes, he nearly forgot: after Korean cars are introduced on the West Coast this fall, he intends to open a repair and parts shop.

Sung Joon's attention strayed from the TV to his father's key ring, a great metallic wreath. Why, he asked, so many keys? "Are there so many thieves in America?" In Seoul, they had lived without locks, and the father had carried only car keys. As Park explained that keys were necessary in this country, his wife drew a visitor aside. She said she was certain she would enjoy her new life, but for now it was something of a strain. They had had to sell their home and furnishings, coming here carrying only clothes. The worst part, she said, was leaving her relatives. Then she ran her index fingers from the corners of her eyes down her cheeks, showing how she had cried.

The faces in the faded photographs of the immigrants on Ellis Island are sad too. "I never managed during the years I worked there to become callous to the mental anguish, the disappointment and the despair I witnessed almost daily," said a young interpreter named Fiorello La Guardia. "At best the work was an ordeal."

By 1907, after the facility had been functioning 15 years, 5,000 was unofficially regarded as the maximum number of immigrants that could be processed in one day. However, during that spring, there were days when maximum capacity was exceeded twofold. They were jostled, pulled, pushed and misunderstood. There is the story of the Jew who cried out "Shoyn fargessen!"—already forgotten—only to have his name set down upon his documents as Sean Ferguson.

Given the confusion and the size of the mobs, it is astonishing that 80% got through within hours. Felix Frankfurter got through. Knute Rockne's health, mind and abilities were found to be acceptable. Irving Berlin, Bob Hope, Sol Hurok, Samuel Goldwyn and Elia Kazan were examined at Ellis Island, as were Louis Koch, the mayor's father, and Immaculata Giordano, Governor Mario Cuomo's mother.

In 1924, laws were changed to require that immigrants be

approved or rejected at consular offices overseas. Then came the Depression and a reversal of roles: Ellis became a deportation center. The approach of World War II would bring in refugees, of course, but the great migration of immigrants from Europe to the U.S. had ceased, as had the original purpose of Ellis Island. In 1955, it was put up for sale—271/2 acres, 35 buildings, good view—but at \$6.5 million the government found no buyers. Vandals had the run of the place.

Today workboats leave at all hours from the Battery, hauling hard-hatted construction crews and materials for the restoration. The Great Hall is a maze of scaffolding. Fans hum everywhere, drying out plaster. Bare bulbs hang

down all over. Occasionally there is the frantic sound of beating wings, a gull or a pigeon come in through a smashed window. Here and there is the faintest scent of lye.

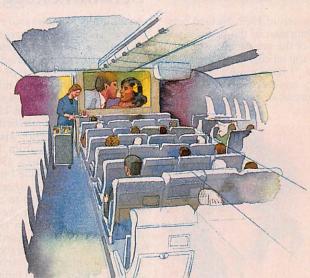
In the kitchen are rusted cast-iron stoves, muffin tins in the ovens, wire whisks the size of basketballs suspended from a rack. From down a dim passageway comes the sound of boots crunching glass underfoot, and out into the light appears a rat patrol, four hard hats spreading poison. From the darkest corners the beams of contractors carrying out inspections by flashlight dance around like fireflies.

"This is it," says a young timekeeper on one of the construction jobs. "The biggest project in America. Liberty. Freedom. What this country is all about. If I do my job well, some day I'll be project manager, the big cheese."

And out in the slip where the lighters used to moor (the ferry *Ellis Island*, scuttled by decay after logging 1 million nautical miles crossing to Manhattan, now lies beneath the water there), two deckhands on a workboat sprawl out sunning themselves. "Everywhere you look there's a study team combing over something. I'm surprised they ain't started strip-searching us yet. Everything's historic! Jeez, I bet I'd get busted if I tried to take a damn Coke bottle off this island."

"Hey, easy there, Sal. My great-grandfather came through here."

—By Gregory Jaynes



### **Ten Routes to the American Dream**

Brought by family, lured by fortune or seeking freedom, they now call the U.S. home

### ROBERTO

### Goizueta

Scion of an aristocratic Cuban family, he studied chemical engineering at Yale and, after returning to his homeland in 1954, took a job with the Coca-Cola Co. Goizueta came to the U.S. permanently in 1961 to escape the Castro regime and counts himself one of the lucky Cuban refugees: "I had an edu-



cation and a job." He became a citizen in 1969. Named president of Coca-Cola in 1980 and chairman of the board a year later, Goizueta, 53, now runs one of the most multinational of multinational corporations; other top officers are from Argentina, Germany, Italy and Mexico. "I have always believed in being in the big pond. This is very non-Latin. I am not of the Cuban culture. I am not of the American culture. I suppose I am of the Coca-Cola culture."

### PAULINA

### Porizkova

Her father, she remembers, was anti-Communist, really "just a young brat writing graffiti on the walls." But in Czechoslovakia, that meant he was frequently jailed. So in 1975, when she was ten, Porizkova moved to Sweden with her parents, and by 18 she had dazzled much of Europe as a top Paris model. Then she came

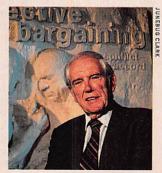


to New York City where she now earns \$300,000 a year with the Elite modeling agency. She is here on a working visa and has not yet decided to seek citizenship. "What I love and hate about the U.S. are the same things. I hate that there is so little culture here. This is such a young country that it seems nouveau riche. But what is also so great about the U.S. is that because it is so young, it does not have any of the skepticism of Europe. Here you cannot fall backward. You can only go forward."

### DOUGLAS

### Fraser

His father, a Glasgow theater electrician and distillery worker, came to the U.S. in 1923, when Doug was seven, and eventually took a job at Chrysler's now defunct De Soto plant in Detroit. Fraser, who became a citizen with his parents in the late 1920s, followed his father into the factory and became ac-



tive in the fledgling United Auto Workers union during the organizing drives that preceded World War II. He rose through the ranks to serve as U.A.W. president for six years, beginning

in 1977, and earned a reputation as one of the nation's most respected labor leaders and a champion of liberal causes. He is now a professor of labor studies at Wayne State University. "My father loved this country from the moment he set foot on this land. He loved the sense of freedom. I remember being completely frustrated by trying to hit a baseball. My memories of Scotland are dim, but in the past 15 years I reached the conclusion that their society is more civil than ours. I think we're less caring about each other than we once were."

### ARNOLD

### Schwarzenegger

As naturally as he wanted to improve muscle tone or increase the weights he lifted, he wanted to come to the U.S., particularly California, the mecca of body building. Son of a policeman in Braz, Austria, Schwarzenegger moved to Los Angeles at 21, one year after winning his first Mr. Universe title in 1967. He was



Mr. Universe again from 1968 to 1970 and took seven Mr. Olympia titles (1970-75, 1980). He has given up professional body building to pursue his interests in video and real estate (he holds a B.A. in business administration from the University of Wisconsin) and to press on in his career as an actor (Pumping Iron, Conan the Barbarian, The Terminator). He became a U.S. citizen in 1983. "I went back home and realized that I liked my country, but for me America was the better place to be. Everybody thought big in comparison to European thinking. Everyone had great hopes, a positive outlook. There was no limit to whatever you wanted to do. I educated myself to be an American."

### W. MICHAEL

### Blumenthal

His family fled from Oranienburg, Germany, to Shanghai in 1939 to escape the Nazis' persecution of Jews. Interned by the Japanese during the war, Blumenthal was 21 when he came to the U.S. in 1947 as a "displaced person." Within a week he had found a job as a shipping clerk for the National Biscuit Co. and nine



years later had earned a bachelor's degree in business from the University of California at Berkeley and a Ph.D. in economics from Princeton. In a career mixing business and Government service, he became a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State (1961-63, during which time he sought out and thanked the official who had cleared his entry), was Jimmy Carter's Secretary of the Treasury (1977-79) and is now chief executive officer of the Detroit-based Burroughs Corp. He became a U.S. citizen in 1952. "One of the unique things about this country is that it's just as much or more of an honor to say, 'My father came steerage from Sicily,' as to say, 'My father's family has been here for twelve generations.'"



"I could go for something Gordon's"

The possibilities are encless



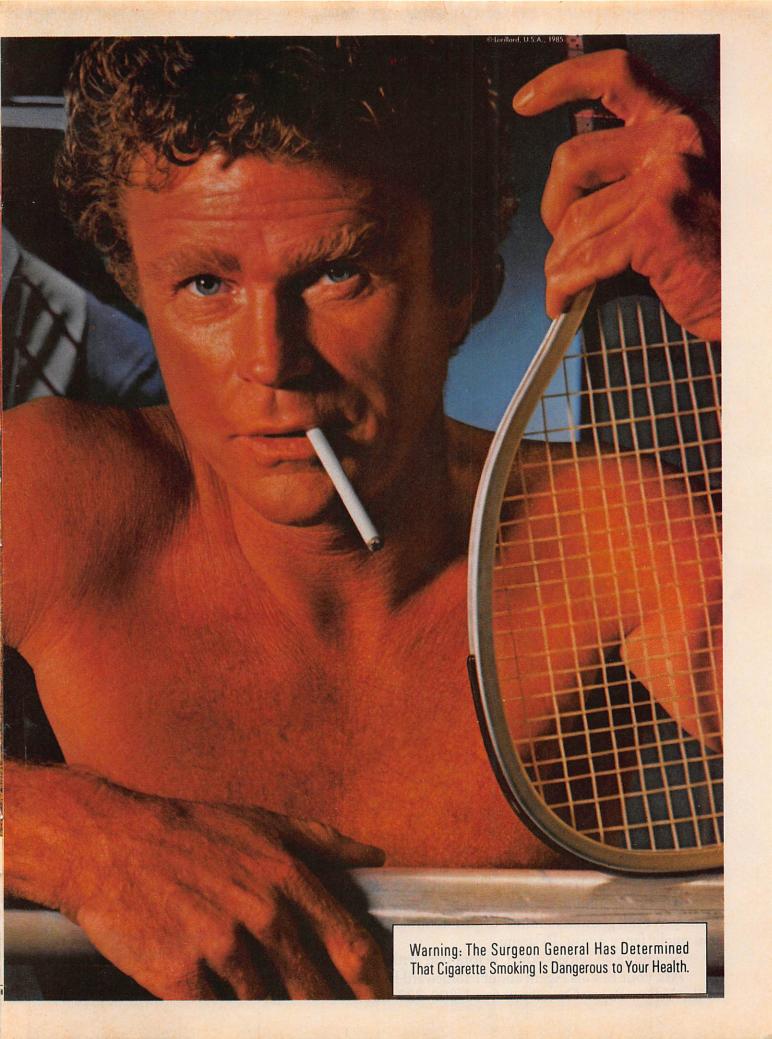
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KENT Golden Lights

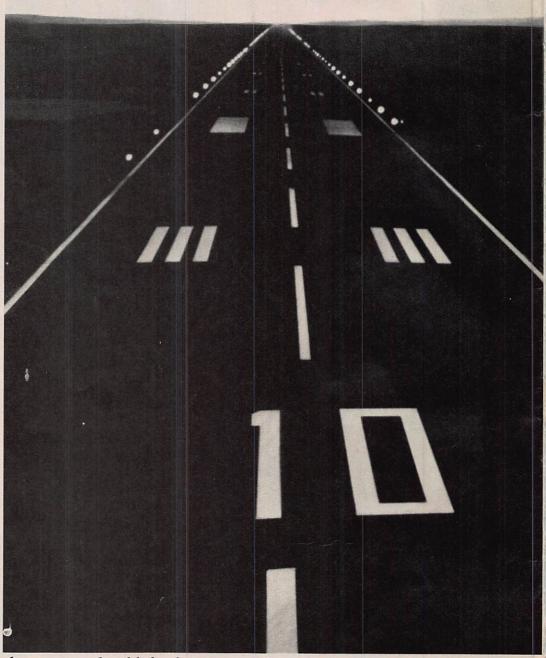
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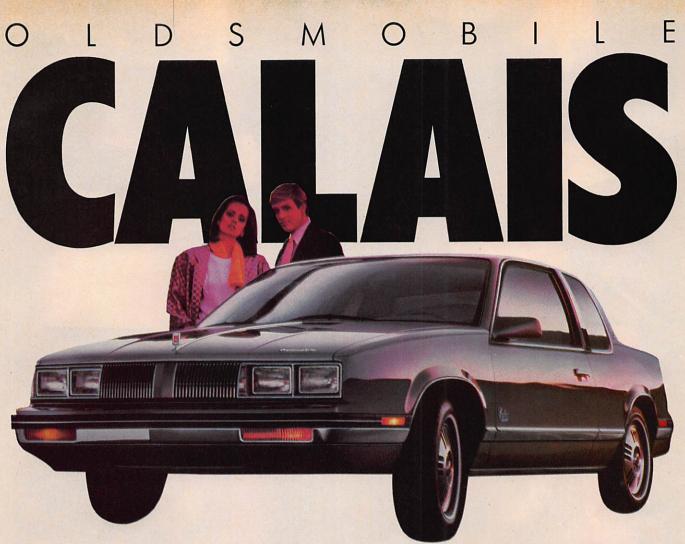
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#### LAURA

### Herring

Four years after her parents divorced in 1971, she moved from Guadalajara to Texas with her Mexican mother. Taking advantage of her father's U.S. nationality, Laura became a naturalized citizen in 1979, when she was 14. Bilingual in Spanish and English, she added French during a year of school in Swit-



zerland and did a stint as a social worker in India. Two years ago, a friend in El Paso encouraged Herring to enter a beauty contest. Chosen Miss El Paso in 1984, she became Miss Texas this year and finally Miss U.S.A., the first Hispanic and the first foreign-born contestant to win the title, which brings with it \$175,000 in cash and prizes as well as a screen test. This summer she will compete in the Miss Universe contest in Florida. "I feel like an equal combination of Mexican and American. When the Spanish went into Mexico, they went to conquer. But when the immigrants came to the U.S., they came to work together to build a great country. We are all immigrants here. Americans have no limitations. We put limitatons on ourselves.'

### PATRICK **Ewing**

In 1971 his mother came from Kingston, Jamaica, to Cambridge, Mass., where she worked in the dietary department at Massachusetts General Hospital. Four years later, at the age of twelve, he followed with his father and six siblings. Seven feet tall by the time he was a senior at Rindge & Latin



High School in Cambridge, Ewing became a citizen at 18, was a three-time collegiate All-America and led the Georgetown Hoyas to the N.C.A.A. basketball championship in 1984. An aspiring artist who received his B.A. in fine arts this spring, Ewing has also worked as a page for the Senate Finance Committee and for Senator Robert Dole. He played on the gold medalwinning U.S. Olympic basketball team last summer, and this year the dominating center was the No. 1 pick in the National Basketball Association draft. The New York Knicks will probably pay him more than \$1 million a season, the most ever for a rookie. "My coming to America fulfilled a lifelong dream of my mother's. She told us America is the land of opportunity. I enjoy being an American, but I still miss the natural beauty, the waterfalls and the landscapes of Jamaica."

### SALVADOR EDWARD Luria'

Born in 1912 into a distinguished 500-year-old family of Northern Italian Jews, he determined to exercise vigorously the intellectual freedom of his new (1947) American citizenship. After fleeing Fascism in Italy in 1938, he left Paris for the U.S. two years later and applied his genius for molecular



biology to the genetics of bacteria. In 1942, while at Vanderbilt University on a Guggenheim fellowship, Luria met and began collaborating with Max Delbrück and Alfred Hershey, the two

scientists with whom he would share the 1969 Nobel Prize for Medicine, A convinced socialist, Dr. Luria lost his passport for a time in the 1950s. A decade later he was a vociferous protester against the Viet Nam War and, more recently, has spoken out against American intervention in Central America. "I made up my mind that as a citizen I would be an active participant in American politics, taking advantage of the democratic opportunities that were not available to me in Italy. What scientific achievement I have reached is due to the freedom provided in this wealthy country to all aspects of intellectual enterprise.'

### I.M. Pei

The renowned architect has designed some of America's most acclaimed structures, among them the East Wing of the National Gallery in Washington and the John Hancock Building in Boston. But he had no intention of staying when he came to the U.S. in 1935 at 18 to study engineering at M.I.T. After switch-



ing to architecture, he got his degree in 1940 and soon enrolled in the Harvard School of Design. Meanwhile, back in Canton, his father, a member of a wealthy banking family, suggested he not return "until things settle down." They never did, since the war was followed by the Communist takeover. Although Pei's success in the U.S. was growing, he "had trouble cutting the ties" to China. In 1954, one year before he started his own firm, he became a citizen, along with his wife. "We had mixed feelings. On the one hand, feelings of sorrow at having to abandon our culture, our roots and our ancestral home. On the other hand, feelings of gratitude-more than happiness. Those mixed feelings disappeared ten years later when President Lyndon Johnson invited me to participate in a ceremony on Ellis Island. It was then that I felt very much like an American. My buildings are thoroughly American and reflect my understanding, my first acceptance and eventually my love for this country.

### MADELEINE MAY Kunin

At seven, the Governor of Vermont remembers, she wore little American and Swiss flags in her lapels so that the new neighbors in Queens, N.Y., would know, in 1940, that the Swiss Jewish family was not German. Her widowed mother had brought "Mady" and her brother to the

U.S. out of fear that the Germans

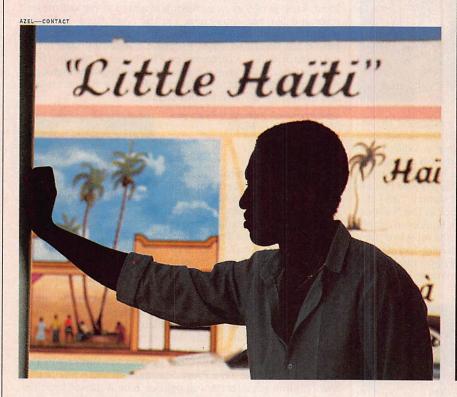


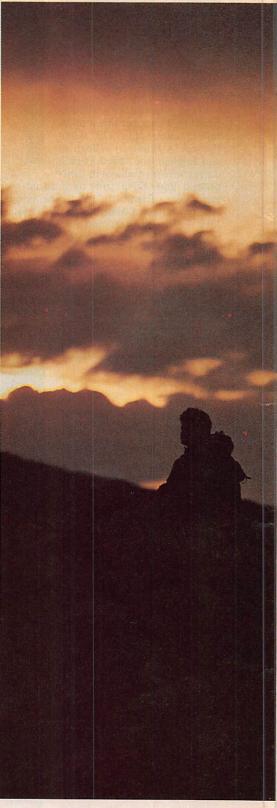
might violate Swiss neutrality. They lived with cousins, first in New York, then in Massachusetts, and became citizens in 1947. Nine years later Kunin graduated with honors from the University of Massachusetts, having worked as a waitress to pay her way. After earning a master's from the Columbia School of Journalism in 1957, she worked as a reporter in Burlington, Vt., for the Free Press. She married and while rearing four children got interested in politics. Kunin started by lobbying in favor of Medicare and went on to serve three terms in the Vermont house of representatives and two terms as Lieutenant Governor before being elected Governor on her second try in 1984. "My mother lived the American dream for her children. My political views, my whole inspiration to be in politics, was strongly affected by that experience. When your life is influenced by war, once you have the knowledge that political decisions can be a matter of life and death, then you don't want to accept those decisions passively. You want to have control and influence over them. -By Guy D. Garcia

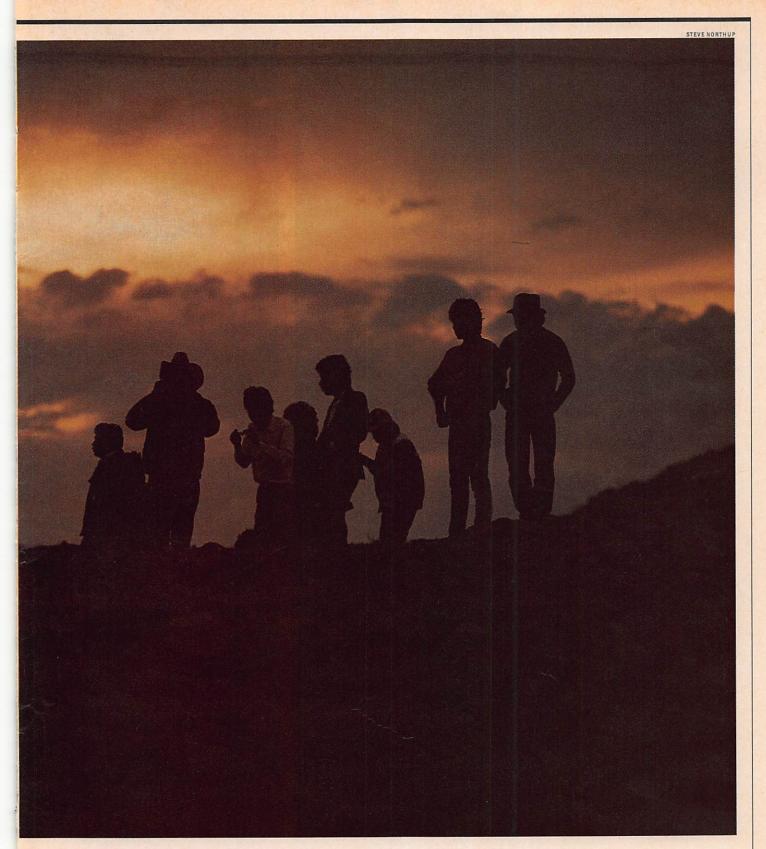
IMMIGRANTS

# Glimpses of An Evolving Nation

From a rich mélange of races and origins, a vivid portrait emerges

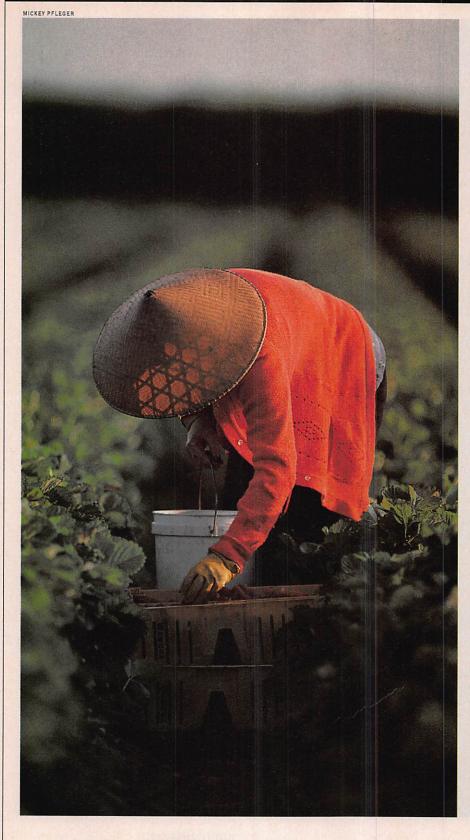


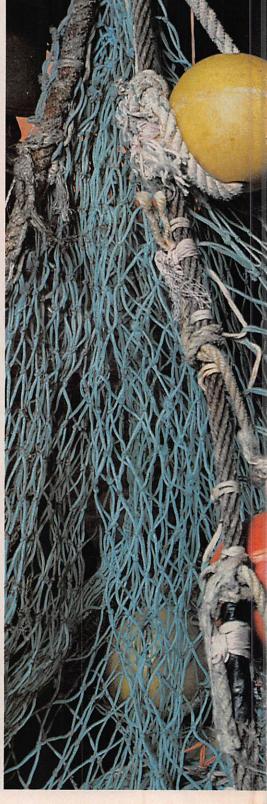


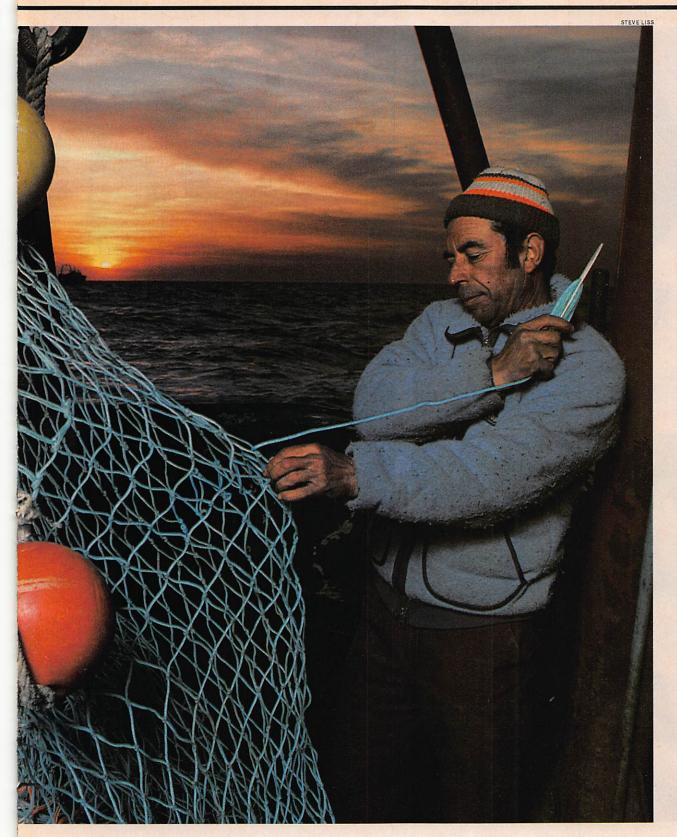


#### HIGH CONTRASTS

His trip to the U.S. already completed, a solitary resident of Miami's Little Haiti must face a kind of triple alienation—he speaks Creole in a Hispanic city in an English-speaking country. Rite of passage: along a ridge of the Rio Grande's south bank, Mexicans gather at dusk each day, reckoning, waiting for just the right moment to take their chances with the river, with the border patrol, with the bandits who lie in wait, with the vagaries of life in a rich nation that provides work but an uncertain welcome.





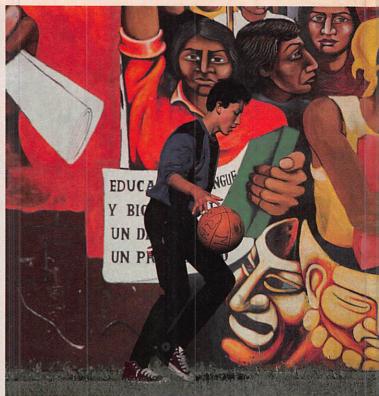


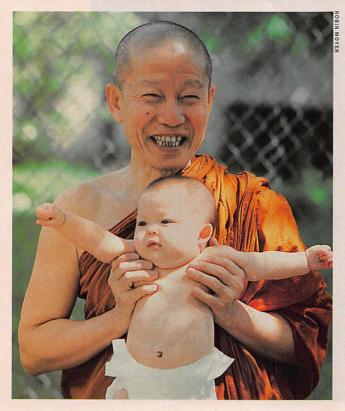
#### A DAY'S WORK

Down on the farm at sunrise: from the mountains of her native Laos, a Hmong tribeswoman made it across uncertain frontiers and the Pacific to the strawberry fields of California's fertile heartland, near Fresno. Out on the sea at sunset: after mending the net and securing his Atlantic catch, Portuguese-born Alvaro Biscaia will navigate his fishing boat—the Mayflower—back to its Massachusetts harbor.

69











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CHUCK FISHMAN

# OLD WAYS AND NEW

Games children play, clockwise: a Mexican American who just wants to have fun enjoys flourishing an old-fashioned fan; Benito Juarez High School in Chicago provides a mural backdrop to basketball practice; an Afghan girl newly arrived at New York's Kennedy Airport learns the waiting game; a Kampuchean youth in Houston daydreams of little league stardom; waving arms is the name of the game for an infant held by a Buddhist monk in Providence.

### **Finding Niches in a New Land**

Industrious arrivals create mini-monopolies as they gravitate to familiar fields

hat country is this?" Many bemused Americans might ask that question as they go about their work and play. Whether shopping for vegetables among the hundreds of Korean-run greengroceries in Manhattan, or stopping for the night at one of the innumerable Indian-owned hotels in California, Americans are increasingly finding that entire businesses have acquired a foreign-born flavor. Indeed, through a process that is at times too slow to be noticed and at others astonishingly quick, industrious newcomers have been carving out miniature monopolies for themselves in corners of the U.S. economy.

The latest immigrants are following an arduous and traditional path into American society. Throughout the country's history, groups of newcomers have tended to cluster in certain jobs and then dominate their chosen fields by long and hard work. "This is a very common, recurrent phenomenon," says Harvard Sociologist Daniel Bell. German arrivals with names like Schlitz, Busch and Miller became beermakers in the mid-19th century, for example, while Italians grew fruits and vegetables and produced wine.

Immigrants flock to certain fields for a variety of reasons. The new occupations are often adaptations of what the immigrants did before. "People look for a match between what they can do and what offers an opportunity," says Harvard Sociologist Nathan Glazer. "They try to find a niche, and what's surprising is that there's always a niche to fill." Jewish tailors from Central and Eastern Europe became important in the American garment industry in the 19th and early 20th centuries. Chinese laborers, barred by discrimination from many occupations in the American West, found that they could become entrepreneurs by opening laundries.

Newcomers often gravitate to a field because their countrymen are already there. The old-timers give financial aid and practical advice and generally make the arrivals welcome. Such support gives a sense of security in a foreign and sometimes hostile environment.

The fledgling businessmen encounter varying degrees of resistance. In Texas, fighting broke out between Vietnamese shrimpers, who began arriving in force in the late 1970s, and the American fisher-

men who were already there. More often, the newcomers move into occupations that other groups are leaving. The immigrants are thus frequently like younger siblings who inherit the possessions of their older brothers and sisters.

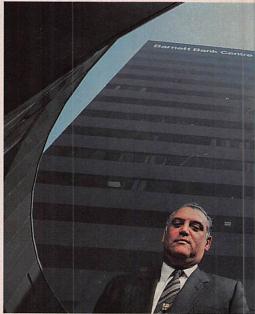
The arrivals are prodigious savers. Since their goals are to expand their businesses and provide their children with the education they will need to move up in U.S. society, the new entrepreneurs tend to live frugally. Instead of spending their earnings on flashy cars and other items, the immigrants use their income to invest in the future.

Enclaves of foreign-born businessmen can be found in almost every major American city. Yet each area and ethnic group has its own particular style. Their one common characteristic is hard work. Young Jun Kwon, 37, a Korean-born greengrocer in New York City, is typical. His workday starts at 2 a.m. and ends at 8 p.m. By dawn, he has already selected and loaded about 3,000 lbs. of fresh produce into his 1982 Dodge pickup van and hauled it to his Brooklyn store. There Young joins his wife Ok Kyung, 31, and his brother Young Sin, 26, in scrubbing



NEW LIFE IN A ONCE VANISHING TRADE

Korean Greengrocer Young Jun Kwon in his Brooklyn store



FOR CUBANS, A VITAL FINANCIAL ROLE

Carlos Arboleya outside his Miami bank

tomatoes, eggplants, apples and other fruits and vegetables in icy water and stacking them in gleaming pyramids before the store opens at 8 a.m. for another twelve-hour day.

A decade of this Sunday-to-Sunday routine has left Young with a permanently sore back and sapped some of his still considerable energy. Says he: "I thought I could go on with three or four hours of sleep forever, but it seems that I can't any more. I've tried, but I can't." He now sometimes takes several hour-long catnaps during the day.

That kind of effort has enabled Young and other Korean-born merchants to take over much of New York City's greengrocery trade from Italians and Europeanborn Jews, whose children were moving on to professions or more profitable occupations. "We revived a business that was dying," says Kim Sung Soo, executive director of the Korean Produce Association. Since the first shops opened in the 1960s, some 1,000 Korean-run outlets have sprouted around the city. They account for 85% of the independent fruit-and-vegetable stores, and have taken a 20% bite out of supermarket business. "They've forced retailers like us to sell better-quality produce and display it more attractively," says Jules Rose, chairman of Sloan's, a citywide grocery chain.

The Koreans' experience is echoed in New York City by the Indians and Pakistanis who dominate the city's newsstand business. An estimated 70% of New York's 5,000 kiosks are under their control. One of the largest operators is Bhawnesh Kapoor, 43, president of Kapoor Bros., which has more than 200 outlets and about \$17 million in annual revenues.

A native of the Punjab, Kapoor came to the U.S. in 1972 with \$68 in his pocket and experience as a certified accountant. He started with one newsstand on Wall Street, but by 1983 he had built his business to the point where he was able to win a 15-year license to run all the stands in the New York City subway system. When some 70 rival operators refused to give up their locations, Kapoor obtained eviction orders against them.

Kapoor's successes have attracted other Indians who are willing to work twelve-hour-plus days for \$200 to \$250 a week. Says Kapoor: "I offer them jobs in my own network and help them get jobs with other newsstand companies. I enjoy helping them." By diligent saving, the employees can gradually assemble the \$10,000 to \$15,000 that it takes to start their own newsstands. They may then double their weekly income.

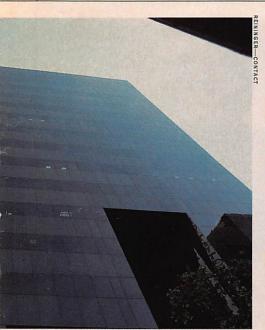
he business strongholds that newcomers build are as varied as the immigrants. In Miami, Cubans play an important role in the local financial community. More than 400 Cubanborn executives hold the rank of vice president or higher in Miami's banks. "I'd say we control between 15% and 20% of the Miami banking industry," says Carlos Arboleya, 56, a former Havana banker now vice chairman of the Barnett Bank of South Florida (assets: \$3.5 billion).

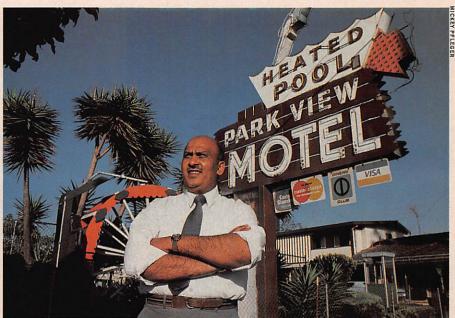
Among the area's financial executives is Yvonne Santa Maria, who fled Cuba in 1963 aboard a Red Cross flight and now is president of Ponce de Leon Federal Savings and Loan in Coral Gables (1984 assets: \$27.8 million). Santa Maria, who left behind a small family fortune in Havana real estate, attended night school and job-hopped among several banks before being asked by a friend in 1980 to help launch Ponce de Leon. Says she: "I am extremely, I mean to the utmost, thankful to the United States.'

Miami's garment district, once run chiefly by Italians and East European Jews, is another enclave of Cubans. Their plants and showrooms sprawl over several square miles of Dade County and offer everything from sportswear to accessories. "The Cubans really put some zing into this industry," says Erwin Fine, owner of Florida Thread and Trimmings. "Almost 100% of the small manufacturers are Cuban, almost 100% of the contractors, big and small, are Cuban, and almost all the top management is Cuban.'

Among the area's clothing manufacturers is Antonio Acosta, 40, owner of Tony and Toni Fashions in nearby Hialeah. It makes sportswear and has annual revenues of about \$500,000. Acosta, who left Cuba for the U.S. at 16, headed for the garment district, one of the few sources of jobs for Cuban newcomers. Says he: "When I came to Miami in 1960, I didn't speak any English. I had no money and no job. I started as a sweeper, cleaning the factory." After mastering various industry skills, Acosta sank his savings into a garment-cutting service in 1967 and parlayed that into his first clothing line three years later.

Some of the most influential foreignborn businessmen in Houston are Iranians, many of whom fled their country in the late 1970s, around the time of the fall of the Shah. They have since flocked to real estate, and are currently constructing





THE WAY FROM GUJARAT TO SAN JOSE India's Naranji Patel and one of his inns

developments ranging from housing to shopping centers. Says Ali Ebrahimi, 43, whose company, Ersa Grae, has built five subdivisions in Houston and two more in Nashville: "What I have been able to do with very little money is to attract the confidence of big institutions to back me by putting together projects that work. In the U.S., if you have a good idea, people will support you." Ebrahimi, who received a master's degree in civil engineering from the University of Maryland in 1966, once ran a manufactured-housing concern in Iran that had 5,000 employees.

In California, natives of the Indian state of Gujarat, where millions of people bear the family name Patel, operate inexpensive motels from San Diego to the Oregon border. The first Patel was Nanlal, who with a partner bought the old Ford Hotel in Sacramento during World War II. Scores of Patels followed. Naranji Patel, 45, owner of the Sands and Park View lodgings in San Jose, estimates that up to 80% of the state's 1,500 independently run motels with fewer than 25 rooms are in Indian hands. Most lodgings were purchased from small operators who wanted to quit the business. Says Patel: "We knew each other from India, before we came out. The personal relations make a lot of difference. It's just word of mouth."

The newcomers put their entire families to work changing sheets, sweeping floors and watching the front desk. Indian enthusiasm for the hotel trade has remained strong. Boasts Naranji Patel: "You can travel from San Francisco to New York, and there's not a town where an Indian, a Patel, is not there."

California's foreign-born entrepreneurs include many Palestinians who have taken over grocery stores. Fuad Mogannam, 51, a Christian Palestinian from Ramallah, in the Israeli-occupied West Bank, estimates that nearly half of San Francisco's 1,100 small groceries are run by his compatriots. A number of the stores are in distressed areas that the previous owners were eager to leave. The newcomers are helped by old-timers who co-sign loans and instruct the arrivals in the need for putting in long days. Says Mogannam, who has owned 15 groceries: "The wife, the little kid can work behind the cash register. You use your family. How else are you going to make it?"

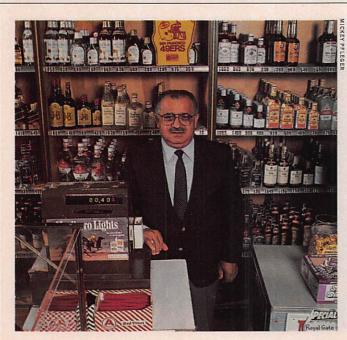
he business of caring for the elderly, mentally ill and disabled in some areas of California is dominated by immigrants from the Philippines. According to Charles Skoien, executive vice president of the California Association of Residential Care Homes, about half of the nonmedical rest homes in the San Francisco and Santa Rosa areas are Filipino owned. The newcomers say they drifted into that field in part because of their cultural heritage. Says Zenaida Mallari, 40, a Philippine-born owner of two six-bed facilities: "In the rest of the world you find the families are extended. Without asking how or why, you take care of the elderly in the old country. That's why a lot of Filipinos take to this work.'

The sudden arrival of immigrants, and their slow takeover of entire segments of a local economy, is not always a peaceful process. Sometimes strife breaks out between the new Americans and old Americans. On the Texas coast, Vietnamese refugees now dominate the shrimping industry. The immigrants, who have

come over the past decade, had fished for a living in Viet Nam. They were able to dominate the industry by working together as families. They put in twelve-hour days, subsist mainly on a diet of rice and fish, and often cram several families into a small apartment. They waste nothing. Americans throw back "rough" fish like sheepshead and mullet, but the Vietnamese live on them.

Tensions between the immigrants and American fishermen have led to violence. The hostilities peaked in 1979, when a Texas skipper in Seadrift, near Corpus Christi, was shot to death in a dispute over crabbing rights. After two Vietnamese brothers were acquitted in the case, several Vietnamese boats were destroyed by fire, and Ku Klux Klansmen burned crosses to intimidate the Vietnamese. The conflict became the basis for the recent film *Alamo Bay* by the French director Louis Malle.

But the conflicts have not stopped the Vietnamese, who have created flourishing businesses. "We have been successful here because we have been hardworking," says Tiet Van Nguyen, 21. His 54-year-old father, Thao, started as a \$400-a-month deckhand in the mid-1970s. After borrowing \$8,000 from a friend to buy a boat, Thao gradually expanded his business into a three-craft fleet that he later sold to buy a new \$95,000 vessel. The five-member family recently bought a Laundromat, and owns a three-bedroom home in the town of Seabrook that cost \$47,000 three years ago. A decade after their arrival in America, the onetime refugees are becoming solid members of the Sunbelt's middle class. - By John Greenwald. Reported by Raji Samghabadi/New York and Gary Taylor/Houston



NEWCOMERS TURN TO OLD-TIMERS FOR HELP

Veteran Palestinian Shopkeeper Fuad Mogannam in Berkeley



SHRIMP WARS ALONG THE TEXAS COAST

Vietnamese Fisherman Thao Van Nguyen aboard his boat

### **A Most Debated Issue**

Illegal workers depress wages but boost profits and reduce prices

"Cheap immigrant labor displaces American workers and cheats the taxpaying public in a variety of ways."

—Donald Huddle, professor of economics, Rice University

"Cheap immigrant labor has a positive impact on the American economy and actually creates jobs in some minority neighborhoods."

—Sidney Weintraub, professor of international affairs, University of Texas

hose colliding statements, both from Southwestern scholars in the field of immigration studies, reflect the controversy that surrounds a seemingly straightforward but highly emotional question: Does the inflow of illegal foreign labor help or hurt the U.S. economy?

About the only thing the experts agree on is that illegal immigration is a boon for employers and consumers. Low-cost labor allows businesses to be competitive while earning healthy profits, and some of the benefit is passed along to consumers in the form of lower prices. But illegal immigrants may also compete with unskilled Americans for many jobs. "Some people are hurt by illegal aliens, and some benefit," says Weintraub.

The immigrant flood has helped hold wages down in a broad range of low-level occupations, from assembling computer circuit boards to sewing clothes. The pay for California's unionized lemon harvesters, for example, has remained at \$6 per hour since the early 1980s because of competition from nonunion crews, which include illegal aliens. Local 531 of hotel workers in Los Angeles was forced to accept a pay cut from \$4.20 per hour to \$3.60 per hour late last year.

The question of whether illegal immigrants take employment away from Americans or legal aliens is more complex. Many experts argue that workers without documents are concentrated in undesirable jobs that pay the minimum wage of \$3.35 per hour, or sometimes less. Says Julian Simon, a professor of business and social science at the University of Maryland: "Illegals take jobs at which natives turn up their noses because they have other options." Rice's Huddle contends, however, that many illegal immigrants have enough skills to land jobs that pay more than the minimum wage. In a study of 200 illegal aliens working in construction in the Houston-Galveston area, Huddle found that 53% made more than \$5 per hour, and 12% topped \$6. About 60% were working in jobs that require at least some skills, including cement laying, carpentry and plumbing. Based on such studies, Huddle, whose methodology is challenged by other academics, esti-

mates that for every 100 illegal immi-

grants who work in urban areas, at least 65 Americans or legal aliens lose out. David North, an expert on immigration with the New TransCentury Foundation in Washington, agrees. Says he: "Illegal aliens are good for the rich and hard on the poor. They help a narrow and powerful band of interests and hurt a large and silent population."

Many economists and businessmen dispute that conclusion. Indeed, they argue that the illegals help preserve and even create jobs in the U.S. Especially in industries facing competition from low-cost imports, these experts say, the availability of immigrant labor can make the difference between survival and bankruptcy. It is claimed that the garment industry in Florida thrives largely because of the influx of Hispanics. Says Warren Henderson, an official

gration. One reason: increases in the immigrant population have led to an expansion of government services, which has created new jobs for middle-class blacks.

Among the arguments made by advocates of tougher immigration laws is the contention that the extension of public services to illegal aliens is a drain on American taxpayers. They note that some workers without documents manage to receive government welfare and healthcare benefits, and many send their children to public schools. The counterargument is that more than 70% of illegal aliens have Social Security as well as federal and state income taxes withheld from their pay by employers who want to maintain the pretense that they are using legal labor. Since these workers often do not file tax returns, many do not receive the refunds that legal residents would be enti-

Studies of the net impact of immigrants on government finance are sketchy and often contradictory. The Urban Institute found that in 1980 California spent an average of \$3,254 on each Mexican im-



"SOME PEOPLE ARE HURT, AND SOME BENEFIT"

Hispanics in Miami's garment industry, which faces competition from low-cost imports

with the Florida department of commerce: "Without an abundant pool of willing workers at a relatively low cost, many industries will be forced to shut down entirely or move offshore."

Thomas Muller, an economist with the Washington-based Urban Institute who has studied the impact of immigration in California, estimates that in Los Angeles alone, 52,000 Americans and legal immigrants can thank illegal workers from Mexico for their jobs. The main beneficiaries include salesclerks, teachers and health-care workers. Moreover, according to Muller, the arrival of a large group of new workers at the bottom of the economic ladder has, in the traditional pattern of American immigration, helped others climb to the next rung. Muller found that California's blacks did not suffer an increase in unemployment because of immimigrant household, both legal and illegal, in Los Angeles, but received tax revenues of only \$1,515 in return. On the other hand, a 1982-83 study by Weintraub and his associates at the University of Texas indicated that Texas reaps about three times as much revenue from illegal aliens as it spends on them.

The whole debate over illegal immigrant labor is likely to change in the next few years because a low birthrate in the 1960s has caused a slowdown in the growth of the American labor force. Government experts forecast that the increase in job openings will exceed the growth in the number of workers in the next decade. If the projection is accurate, the U.S. will need even more immigrants to keep the economy growing. —By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Dan Goodgame/Los Angeles

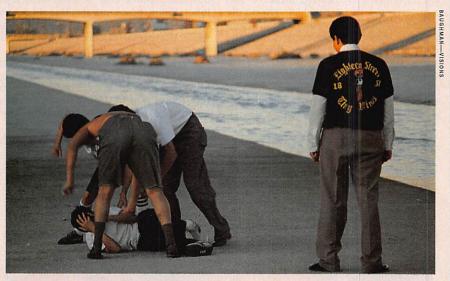
### "Parasites on Their Own People"

Gangs are tougher, better armed and more violent than ever

Chicago's Humboldt Park is a danger-ous area, but last March Blanca Ibarra and her family felt safe enough to troop to a photo studio near the park. It was Ibarra's 15th birthday, and the family wanted to record the event. Two jittery gang members, under the impression that

downtown Los Angeles: pickpocketing and robbing motorists at knifepoint in underground garages. "It's find a buddy and go to Fifth and Hill for an easy hit or two," says Police Sergeant Joe Suarez.

Like earlier immigrant gangs, observes Manhattan-based U.S. Attorney



LOOKING FOR EASY MONEY AND A WAY OF DEFINING THEMSELVES

In an initiation rite, a new member of the 18th Street gang is beaten in Los Angeles

a rival group was gathering, opened fire, wounding two and killing one. In cities large and small, the surge of new immigrants has led to a sharp rise in crimes committed by ethnic gangs. In earlier waves of migration, the members were Irish, Jewish and Italian. Now they are primarily Hispanic and, increasingly, Asian. In January FBI Director William Webster added Asian gangs to the bu-

reau's list of priority concerns.

The West Coast has been hardest hit, particularly the Los Angeles area. Says Detective John Clark: "We're keeping a lid on it, but that's about all." There are 422 gangs reported in the county, and they "are putting communities over the barrel of a gun," says Tom Garrison, an aide in the youth gang agency of Los Angeles. This "is a war zone." The Mexican Mafia and Nuestra Familia, both hatched in prison, have long been a problem. But now Monterey Park, a once placid community east of the city, is torn by Chinese thugs. Orange County, home to tens of thousands of Indochinese immigrants, has a severe extortion problem. Hispanic gangs, some of them using identifying tattoos and hand signals, have spread throughout the area. The Mojados (wetbacks) specialize in small-time crime in

Rudolph Giuliani, the new arrivals "at the core are acting as parasites on their own people." In classic fashion they concentrate at first on shaking down local merchants. One difference, officials agree, is that the modern gang is vastly

more violent and better armed than its predecessors. The Viet Ching, Vietnamese of Chinese extraction in Los Angeles, pack .357 Magnums and, occasionally, machine guns. In San Francisco, says Inspector John McKenna, "it's not uncommon to see guys carrying grenades.'

While immigrant gangs once stuck to their own turf, rarely bothering the citizens uptown, the new gangs are becoming highly mobile, moving easily around a city and sometimes across the country. West Coast police report that Vietnamese groups may strike one night in San Jose, a couple of nights later in Dallas or Washington. Chinese gangs hound their prey all over the country. "They operate as though any Chinese person anywhere is fair game," according to a recent FBI report.

Two new groups of immigrant crimi-

nals are unusual. The Colombian cocaine dealers, sent to the U.S. as operatives in the drug trade, work out of South Florida and up the East Coast. Thus far they have limited themselves to what they know best, coke, but officials fear that with their capital, highly developed organization and icy ferocity, they could easily expand their activities.

The other unprecedented gangster phenomenon is the Marielitos, who arrived in Florida in 1980 when Fidel Castro loaded up a refugee boat lift with the dregs of his prisons. The crime rate in Miami's Little Havana jumped an astonishing 83% within months of their arrival. The Marielitos have since fanned out around the country, and special police squads have been set up to deal with them in cities as varied as Las Vegas and Harrisburg, Pa. With no central bosses or structure, the Marielitos operate as loose bands of conscienceless predators, uneducated and wild but also shrewd. One of their first bold strokes: dressed as police SWAT teams, they began invading the homes of Miami drug dealers. Besides stealing cash and dope, the raiders made a point of pistol-whipping, torturing and occasionally raping their victims, who, given their business, could not call police. Last year two drug dealers shot two Dade SWAT team members, thinking they were Marielitos in disguise.

Most disaffected immigrants join gangs for the conventional reasons: a sense of belonging, easy money, the need to define themselves against a bewildering, alien culture. "They group for protection, then quickly graduate up when they see the big profits in crime," says Garrison. Many authorities believe that the problem is here to stay. "Today the fellows do not leave the gang," says University of Chicago Sociologist Irving Spergel. "They are not educated. There are no more unskilled

jobs. There is no place to go." Others think the new bands will fade, just as most older ones did. "Gangs last only as long as members can't make it in the mainstream," says UCLA Psychologist Rex Beaber. "As the ex-pectations of success go up, the need for the protective gang enclave di-



Tattooed ID: XV3 for 18th Street

minishes." One scholar already sees some reason for hope in Miami. The offspring of the brutal Marielitos seem to be different from their parents, reports University of Miami Sociologist Jerome Wolfe. "The children have been no great social problem," he says. "They are being assimilated and Americanized. They are future good citizens, like the descendants of the once feared Irish, Italian and Jewish gang members." -By John Leo. Reported by Martin Casey/Miami and Richard Woodbury/ Los Angeles

### **A Booming but Tainted Specialty**

Plenty of work for honest lawyers—and their less savory colleagues

mmigrants seeking the legal right to live in the U.S. are often desperate and helpless, and for that reason immigration law is a booming specialty. Membership in the American Immigration Lawyers Association has tripled in the past decade, to 1,800, and there are thousands of other lawyers who do immigration work part time. Yet despite the efforts of the A.I.L.A. and others to upgrade the field, immigration law has a less than sterling reputation.

"It's a wide-open ball game for exploitation," says Attorney Peter Larrabee, a former officer for the Immigration and Naturalization Service who is head of the A.I.L.A.'s San Diego chapter. "There is an enormous amount to be made if you're crooked." Five lawyers have been convicted or sentenced this year on charges stemming from immigration-law violations. Two have been disbarred. The best known of the high-profile immigration lawyers, Gerald Kaiser of New York City, was indicted in April by a federal grand jury in Florida for allegedly defrauding other lawyers, who paid as much as \$60,000 to join his national chain of immigration-law firms.

The flood of immigrants, which includes thousands seeking professional and business careers, provides plenty of work for honest lawyers, who can earn \$70,000 a year or more and who often contribute free legal services to the neediest. Some are respected human rights attorneys, like Miami's Ira Kurzban, who besides conducting his regular private practice has given much time free to defend Haitian boat people. Complains A.I.L.A. Executive Director Warren Leiden: "There's a bad rap against immigration attorneys."

But a rap there is. INS officials are among the critics: they estimate that 30% of permanent-residence petitions are fraudulent, with corrupt or incompetent lawyers often to blame. To have much hope of gaining a coveted green card, an immigrant must be related to a U.S. citizen or permanent resident, qualified to fill a job for which there is a shortage of applicants in the U.S. or be a refugee facing persecution at home. Each category has bred its schemes and near scams. The easiest and most popular is the sham marriage. "Some are so phony they don't pass the laugh test," says Washington Lawyer Michael Maggio. In some cases prostitutes have been hired to say "I do" to aliens they have never met.

Labor certification is sometimes fraudulent but more often merely inventive. Says Beverly Hills Lawyer Richard Fraade, who regularly obtains working papers for foreign VIPs: "My job is creative packaging." Some lawyers are called upon to design a job description so specific that no one except their clients—who may already hold the jobs illegally—are

likely to qualify. On occasion, wholesale lying is involved; attorneys have been involved in setting up bogus companies that do nothing but substantiate the credentials of visa seekers.

Qualifying for refugee status or asylum is extremely difficult, but the appeals process can take years. "Jamming the system buys time," notes Peter Nunez, U.S. Attorney in San Diego. "Delays work to the benefit of the aliens." Manhattan



FEAR, DELAY AND BAFFLING RULES

Ross and a client confer before a hearing

Lawyer Richard Silverblatt pleaded guilty this year to criminal charges after he filed a series of phony asylum applications. His clients, who did not know how he was keeping them in the country, happily paid his fees.

Few clients pay lawyers more happily than illegal immigrants, who live in fear that tomorrow will bring a deportation order. Many aliens look on their own lawyers as part of a threatening system, says Boston Attorney Sharryn Ross. "They don't believe that they can't just pay me more to get them what they want." Immigrants desperately turn to non-lawyers too. Some Latins, including Mexicans, are used to retaining lawyers known as notarios to handle many legal matters at home. Notary publics in the U.S. sometimes take advantage of that confusion and charge fees for useless or misleading advice.

Immigrants must also be wary of incompetent lawyers, warn A.I.L.A. officials. With a nearly impenetrable INS bureaucracy supervising complex and muddled laws, a lawyer who does not specialize in immigration work may not have enough expertise. The A.I.L.A. has a screening process and a three-year waiting period to make sure new members meet both ethical and competency standards. Beyond that, it is urging other states to follow the example of Texas and establish board certification for immigration lawyers, which would create a list of trustworthy, reliable attorneys. But, admits Denver's Robert Heiserman, A.I.L.A.'s ethics committee chief, immigration law is so baffling that even "a good lawyer will be wrong in a substantial number of By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and Richard Woodbury/Los Angeles

### Paper, Paper and More Paper

The room is as wide as a tennis court and as long as a football field. Along one end are tiers of metal drawers, jam-packed with filing cards. Each card represents a file that is not there because there is not enough room. These absent files have been sent to New Jersey, but 25,000 of them are hauled back every year. Near the door stand rows of shopping carts full of files in transit.

Welcome to the headquarters of the Immigration and Naturalization Service in New York City. Its 2.1 million files, according to a devastating new report by the National Academy of Sciences, symbolize the INS's inability to "produce reliable, accurate and timely statistics that permit rational decision making concerning immigration policy." For example, the report asks, "Do immi-

grants, legal and illegal, take jobs away from unskilled natives, especially minorities and youth? We just don't know." Do aliens pay more in taxes and Social Security than they receive in Government services? The answer is the same.

The statistics presumably lie somewhere in those files, but the report describes the system as Dickensian. "The contents, when you can get to them, are still paper, the paper is still sometimes wrong, often incomplete and always clumsy, and it takes three days to put files back . . . Sometimes the files can't be found; they've been misplaced in some bureaucratic limbo. And even if the paper system were improved [it] would still be wholly useless for answering larger questions . . . to create a basis for national immigration policies."

TIME, JULY 8, 1985

### The Crusade for Hispanic Souls

Evangelicals draw recruits from a traditionally Catholic group

six months ago, a mere handful of people were showing up for Saturdaynight home services conducted by Jorge Alvarado, a Mexican-American upholsterer and part-time evangelist in Houston. But soon so many people were coming that Alvarado had to move his congregation to a small commercial building, and then to a large house, where some 80 worshipers now regularly attend his meetings. These two-hour gatherings feature testimonies, rousing hymns accompanied by electric guitar, and high-energy sermons ("The Lord gives strength to the weak!").

Alvarado's Spanish-language mission

57,000 Catholic priests in the U.S. and less than 2% of the 115,000 nuns are Hispanic. Until 1970 the church did not have one U.S.-born Hispanic bishop. (Today there are nine out of a total of 17 Hispanic bishops in the U.S.) The Catholics have also been slow to provide Spanish-language Masses and bilingual education.

As a result, U.S. Catholicism often seems unfriendly and unfamiliar to Hispanics. Says Xavier Murrieta, a Mexican immigrant in the Protestant Centro de Amor Cristiano in Phoenix: "In small Mexican villages the local priest is a family counselor, the doctor, the lawyer. That

witnessing. "Patience is the key," he says. "It's a slow process." Templo La Hermosa, a Pentecostal church in the Los Angeles area, sends lay teams out to conduct street-corner services. Templo Calvario, an Assemblies of God church in Santa Ana, Calif., evangelizes in jails and among youth gangs. Such pastors as Rigoberto Escalante, who runs a small storefront church in Los Angeles, preach direct, impassioned religious messages. An additional attraction: Hispanics can establish their own congregations and run them as they wish, under their own leaders.

The U.S. Catholic bishops' confer-

classes to instruct members in door-to-door

The U.S. Catholic bishops' conference, which will sponsor a national conference on Hispanic evangelism in August, is beginning to respond to Protestant challengers. Bishops and priests are taking cram courses in Spanish. The pulsating music of "mariachi Masses" is heard in Southwest parishes. Dioceses air Spanish-language broadcasts. Hispanic groups in the Catholic "Charismatic Renewal," 35 of them in Houston alone, bring Pentecostal-style fervor into staid parishes.

In Corpus Christi, Texas, the Roman Catholic diocese has just completed a Spanish-language ministry program to instruct more than 500 lay members in the Bible, doctrine and church leadership. St. Vincent De Paul Church in Los Angeles trains its Hispanic laity to bear witness to the faith, door to door. In Chicago's new Para Servirle (At Your Service), 500 trainees fan through Hispanic neighborhoods, offering aid in locating social services and inviting people to Mass. San Antonio-based Father Pedro Villarroya has logged 42,000 miles by car to contact Hispanics in priestless rural areas of Texas

The competition for Hispanic souls has led to hostility between Catholics and the more hard-line Protestant groups. "Families are being divided," declares Sister Carla María Crabtree, who directs Hispanic ministries in the Galveston-Houston diocese. "The thing that worries me most is that the Fundamentalists are almost making the Hispanics hate their past." Father Silvano Tomasi, director of migrant ministries for the U.S. Catholic Conference, charges that many Protestant evangelists have "no respect for substance. There's no concern for the poor, no sense of collective responsibility. They just want bodies.

The Catholic Church's Hispanic problem has been long in the making and will not be overcome quickly or easily. Says Auxiliary Bishop Donald Montrose of Los Angeles, who spent 13 years in a Hispanic parish: "We had better be conscious of this problem now, or we'll wake up in a generation or so and a great percentage of Hispanic Catholics won't be Catholic any more."—By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Lianne Hart/Houston and Robert C. Wurmstedt/Los Angeles



"THEY'RE OUT THERE RINGING DOORBELLS"

Preacher Rigoberto Escalante at Los Angeles storefront church

is one of 61 begun in the U.S. in the past year by the Assemblies of God, a Pentecostal denomination. Recruiting immigrants soul by soul, zealously evangelistic Protestants like Alvarado are making rapid inroads among U.S. Hispanics, a group that is traditionally Roman Catholic. Though there are no nationwide statistics, a 1982 New York Archdiocese survey found that 10% of local Catholic Hispanics had defected to other churches. Hispanics currently account for nearly one-third (some 15 million) of U.S. Catholics.

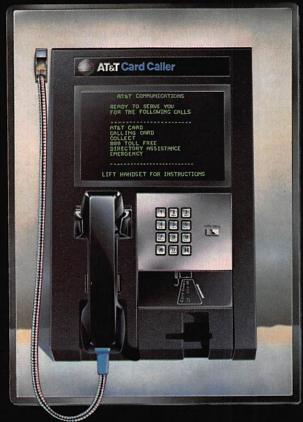
U.S. Catholicism, which has provided a spiritual home for millions of immigrants over the past century, has a shaky hold on Hispanic newcomers. A survey by Chicago Sociologist William McCready shows that 30% to 40% of Catholic Hispanics are not involved in parish life. One problem is the supply of priests and nuns. Unlike European arrivals of the past, Hispanic immigrants do not bring their own clergy with them. Only about 4% of the

ingredient is missing here." Roberto Martínez, who owns a Chicago restaurant favored by Hispanics, believes that U.S. priests do not mingle enough. Says he: "I've never met a priest in my restaurant, but I've met a hundred reverends."

Another explanation for Protestant gains among Hispanics is effort. Spanish-language preachers blanket the radio dial in the Southwest. Researchers in conservative Protestant seminaries analyze evangelistic strategies. Personal contacts are stressed. Says Catholic Archbishop Robert Sanchez of Santa Fe, N. Mex.: "They're out there ringing doorbells and going into people's homes. That's hard to beat." The Rev. Tony Arango, pastor of Florida's growing East Hialeah Baptist Church, whose membership is heavily Cuban, says, "Our witnessing is done by all our members. We believe in the aggressive approach."

Pastor José Castillo of Houston's Iglesia Bautista Nueva Jerusalén runs 13-week

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### For Learning or Ethnic Pride?

Parents, politicians and pedagogues battle over bilingual classes

udy Collins, a mother who lives in Ventura County, Calif., is fighting mad. "They are teaching kids the Pledge of Allegiance in Spanish," she says, of bilingual classes at San Cayetano Elementary School, which her daughter attends. "It's a United States flag," she adds indignantly. "They need to learn that in English."

Collins' exasperation reflects the feelings of millions of Americans on one side of an inflammatory issue: bilingual education in America's public schools. More than 1.3 million students whose primary language is not English are enrolled in federal, state or local study programs that provide instruction in their native tongues. These programs have their roots in the federal Bilingual Education Act, passed as a noble experiment in 1968. Its original aim was to generate optional instruction that would help immigrant youngsters and native-born Hispanic-American children learn English quickly. Meanwhile, they were to move ahead in their schoolwork by using their own language as much as necessary. That at least is what Congress thought it was doing.

Proponents of bilingual learning, however, see it not only as a way to help students with limited English proficiency (LEP) make the transition into the mainstream of American classrooms but as a means for preserving the students' native language and culture. Today bilingual programs are conducted in a gallimaufry of around 80 tongues, ranging from Spanish to Lithuanian to Micronesian Yapese. Some of these courses are designed to maintain a student's original language indefinitely, bolstering the language with enrichment studies in indigenous art, music, literature and history. The annual cost is well over \$350 million.

Supporters argue that instruction in children's native tongues is essential to providing them with an adequate education. "The Federal Government has a profound responsibility to these children," says James Lyons, chief lobbyist for the National Association for Bilingual Education. But critics hotly question whether such expenditures are worthwhile. They also challenge the role of the Federal Government in favoring or heavily funding any particular method of instruction. much less sponsoring cultural-maintenance studies. "The intent of bilingual education has been distorted into a vehicle for a bicultural approach to education,' says Robert Sweet, a member of the White House Office of Policy Development.

Bilingual learning, no longer just an

THE BAFFLEMENT OF A NEW LANGUAGE

Manjit Sainai, 6, from India, toils in the first grade in Queens, N.Y.

optional classroom service, has become a fundamental issue of public policy. "It's cultural, it's social, it's political," says Robert Calfee, professor of education and psychology at Stanford University. Nationally, by some estimates, 3.6 million school-age youngsters are rated as LEPs, 80% of them Hispanic. The voting bloc represented by their parents has generated congressional support for expanding bilingualism into cultural maintenance. Even the White House is gun-shy about attacking the concept too vehemently, although the Administration considers it both inappropriate and wasteful.

Some see bilingual education as potentially worse than that. Former California Senator S.I. Hayakawa believes the result of language maintenance could be to foster divisiveness like that of the French-speaking separatist movement in Canada that peaked in the 1970s. As an intended antidote, he introduced and still lobbies for a constitutional amendment that would make English the official U.S. language for government affairs.

Backers of bilingual education embrace it as a legal right in a dozen states. Federal guidelines specify only that school districts with more than 5% minority nationals among their pupils provide LEPs with effective English instruction. Moreover, the Supreme Court, in a 1974 decision involving 1,800 Chinese students in San Francisco, confirmed that the district had to provide for the education of the Englishdeficient students; but the court did not say how. "Teaching English to the students of Chinese ancestry who do not speak the language is one choice" in the method of instruction, wrote Justice William Douglas in the court's unanimous decision. "Giving instructions to this group in Chinese is another. There may be others."

Indeed there are, for if ever a law has come to mean different things to different people, it has been the Bilingual Education Act and its derivative edicts.

▶ To Ivan Quintanilla, 9, who just finished fourth grade in Miami, bilingual education has meant learning flawless English in the two years since he arrived from Cuba. He has also been able to keep up to grade level in his courses through a mix of his native tongue and English. "When we are in the Spanish part of our studies we all speak Spanish," says Ivan. "But when we are in the English part or in recess no one speaks Spanish." He concludes, "You must speak English if you want to have friends and be happy.'

▶ To slim, smiling Quoc Cong Tran, 16, who arrived at a San Francisco high school from Viet Nam six months ago, language instruction means a minimum of shortterm help in classroom Vietnamese, while he loads up on English in courses called English as a second language. "My future, I choose American," says Quoc.

► To Benjamin Viera, 37, a native New

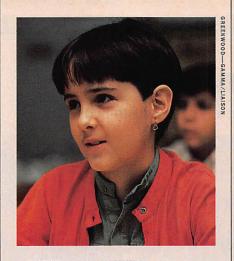
Yorker married to a Puerto Rican wife

who speaks Spanish around the house, bilingual education used to mean trouble in communicating with his son, now going into eighth grade. Six years ago Viera switched the boy out of a bilingual program and into regular classes. "I'd talk to him in English at home, and he couldn't understand me," complains Viera. "He'd go and ask his mother what I said. His teacher was giving him Spanish all day and very little English."

▶ To Jackie Gutierrez, 8, of the Santa Clara pueblo in New Mexico, bilingual learning has meant sitting in a twice-a-week class listening and responding to Leon Baca, a teacher of the ancient Tewa language. During a recent session, Baca grunted, "Nyaemangeri!" The students replied, "Left side!" "Haa [yes]," intoned Baca; then "Ko'ringeri!" The children shouted, "Right side!" Asked later what the enrichment class was all about, Jackie replied, "We're learning to speak Indian."

To advocates, the learning experiences of Jackie Gutierrez and Ivan Quintanilla are what the bilingual programs are all about: easing the transition to English or holding on to one's ethnic heritage, or both. "It is very important to us that kids take pride in their own culture," says Ligaya Avenida, director of bilingual programs for the San Francisco unified school district, where some 44 languages are spoken. "In the process of acquiring English you have to develop their cognitive abilities without losing their self-image."

Others disagree vehemently. Says Cuban-born Carol Pendás Whitten, head of the Department of Education's Office of Bilingual Education: "If parents want to



A QUESTION OF CULTURE

Colombia's Maria Velez, 9, in Miami

preserve the native language, that's fine, but I do not think it should be the role of the school." Another opponent is Bill Honig, California's superintendent of public instruction, who insists such instruction "should be transitional... Bilingual education is not going to be used as a cultural isolation program."

S ignificantly, no one has proved beyond doubt that LEP youngsters learn faster or better through bilingual instruction than by any other methods, including old-fashioned "submersion," i.e., going cold turkey into regular classrooms where only English is spoken. Says Adriana de Kanter, one of

the authors of a controversial 1981 study sponsored by the Department of Education: "Basically we found that sometimes [bilingualism] worked, and sometimes it didn't, and that most of the time, it made no difference at all."

Meanwhile, dedicated teachers are laboring to lead their LEPs into the mainstream, either with strict bilingual methods or with broad variations on them. In El Paso, public secondary schools are using the High Intensity Language Training program that emphasizes training in English as a second language. Until 1982, many of El Paso's Hispanic high schoolers either failed or dropped out. Today HILT students regularly appear on the honor roll; many are members of the National Honor Society and several have graduated at the top of their classes.

At Brooklyn's P.S. 189, Principal Josephine Bruno runs her school on a bilingual basis, switching back and forth so that students take one class in English and another in their native tongue. Whatever language they use, Bruno's charges are getting the message: 86% of her 1,130 students read English at grade level. Such results prompt Bruno, and thousands like her, to brush aside the furor over bilingual education. "If the kids are learning," she asks, "who cares?"

Unfortunately, this neglects the bigger question: Are they learning because of bilingual studies or in spite of them? Nearly 20 years and hundreds of millions of dollars have gone by, but the question remains.

—By Ezra Bowen. Reported by Alessandra Stanley/Washington and Dick Thompson/San Francisco, with other bureaus

### ¿Dónde Está el Vacuum Cleaner?

No Parking EN ESTE DRIVEWAY reads a sign in Miami, and motorists know exactly what it means. In Los Angeles, shopkeepers do not miss a beat if a customer asks, "¿Dónde está la panty hose?" When a newly arrived Manhattanite asks his neighbor, "¿Tienes un VCR?" the reply is immediate: "Over there, under la TV."

This linguistic paella, a free-form blend of Spanish and English, is popularly known as Spanglish. It is becoming an increasingly common conversational mode in areas with heavy concentrations of Hispanic immigrants, especially California, the Gulf Coast and New York City. The informal acceptance of this hybrid reflects the fact that in those areas Spanish has become more than a foreign language though still less than a second language.

Some Spanglish sentences are essentially English with a couple of Spanish words thrown in ("Do you have cold cerveza?"). Others are basically Spanish in structure with Hispanicized words borrowed from English ("¿Dónde está el vacuum cleaner?"). The confluence of the two languages is also producing new verb forms that are not found in any textbook. "¿Quieres monkear?" is one way of saying "Want to hang out?" Borrowed from the slang infinitive "to monkey around," the Spanglish verb monkear is used in the same way as truckear, which refers to working around trucks, shopear (i.e., at the market) and mopear (the kitchen floor).

Some English words are transferred without alteration into Spanglish because they are handier than their Spanish equivalents. Any Spanglish-speaking accountant knows, for instance, that it is easier to say "nineteen forty-five" than "mil novecientos cuarenta y cinco." Says Judith Schomber, an associate professor of

Spanish at Georgia Southern College, who hears Spanglish in the conversations of her students: "They plug in the English words unconsciously. It is done so naturally as to be almost undetectable."

Comfortable as this slang may be, confusion sometimes results, especially since the borrowed English is generally pronounced as if it were Spanish. Spanglish-speaking chicanos, for instance, have taken to using embarrassar to mean "embarrass," which is what happens when that word is mistaken for embarazar, a Spanish word that sounds the same but means "to become pregnant." Moreover, many U.S. Hispanics have grown up hearing so much Spanglish that they are not sure which words are really English. Says Pedro Pedraza of the Puerto Rican studies department at Manhattan's Hunter College: "I've heard of Puerto Rican kids asking their parents how to say 'ice cream' in English." -By Janice Castro

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### **Adapting to a Different Role**

Women face special problems but enjoy unaccustomed freedom

n the Lower East Side of New York City, the subway still stops at Delancey Street. The name conjures history, evoking the early decades of the century, when waves of women arrived from Lithuania, Italy, Ireland, Poland, Russia. For them, the New World turned out to be the cold-water tenements, sweatshops and street stalls near the station. The photographs of those womenstaggering under bundles of piecework balanced on their heads, bent over sewing machines, huddled with their children in the dank rooms where entire families worked, slept, ate and diedhave become images for the way many Americans think about women immigrants of

that period. Brave, dogged, desperate. And heroines.

The children of those women grew up and moved to Long Island, Miami, Houston and Hollywood. Some of them built shopping malls or went to medical school or wrote television sitcoms. Their stories became literature, their jokes part of the national frame of reference. Assimilation was complete. Now other women from other areas of the world are taking their places.

The traditional picture of immigration is of men coming first and eventually sending for their families. But today experts estimate that more than half of the U.S.'s legal, and nearly half of the illegal, immigrants are women. Even undocumented Mexican immigrants, historically mostly male, are increasingly female. Many immigrant women are rural and have left their husbands and family behind.

They are not dependents. They are pioneers, able to find work, to send money home, perhaps to start what the Dominicans call the cadena, a chain of migration linking one immigrant to another. They seem to be everywhere, checking the luggage at airport security gates, working in the emergency rooms of inner-city hospitals, cleaning hotel rooms, selling lottery tickets at newsstands, peddling flowers on city streets, even writing scholarly papers on such topics as "Coping Mechanisms of Immigrant Family Heads." They subsidize yuppie gentrification, performing the unseen, labor-intensive, minimum-wage tasks: folding the towels in the health spa, making the cold-pasta takeout salads, sewing the rhinestones on disco frocks.

Today crowds of immigrant women



THE BURDEN OF THE "DOUBLE DAY"

A Rumanian peddler hawks artificial flowers in Manhattan

ride the subway into Manhattan to work, many of them still crowding into a Lower East Side station, this one called Broadway-Lafayette. Recently, among the riders waiting on the platform, there was a woman in a sari reading the matrimonial ads in the English-language newspaper India Abroad, looking at one "inviting correspondence" for "a well-educated professional with a green card." Next to her a woman from Viet Nam folded herself into the sit-squat of Southeast Asia, while she spooned American mashed pears into a baby in a folding stroller. Farther along the platform, a woman from Nicaragua, now a U.S. citizen, explained the subway system to her niece. The older woman, in secret and at great expense,



CONFUCIAN IDEALS MAY NOT WORK

A Vietnamese cleans up in Houston

had retrieved her niece the week before from a paid guide, a so-called coyote, who had smuggled the girl across the border at Brownsville, Texas.

Women migrate for the same reasons

that men do: to survive, because money has become worthless at home, to find schooling and jobs. But they also have reasons of their own. Single women may leave to escape the domination of their old-fashioned families, who want them to stay in the house and accept an arranged marriage. Peasant women have lost their traditional role in society; low-wage jobs have taken the place of a poor but independent subsistence life on the land. Political Economist Saskia Sassen-Koob of Columbia University has described the process that has created a growing female labor force as the "feminization of the job supply."

Multinational corporations help to mobilize female outside the U.S. by hiring

migration outside the U.S. by hiring young women, who leave the countryside to find work in their nation's cities and in special export-processing zones. On the assembly lines of export plants in such countries as South Korea, Haiti, Mexico and Taiwan, they learn to put together computer chips, sew flannel pajamas and cover baseballs. Moved irretrievably beyond the old ways by their experience, they tend to migrate to the same kind of factories or to other jobs in the U.S. In a way, assembly plants just south of the Mexican border are staging areas for women's immigration.

All newcomers have mysterious lessons to learn about getting along in America. Some refugees from remote, isolated areas in Kampuchea have made a leap so broad that they do not understand gas stoves, toilets or refrigeration. But only women immigrants have been taught to be, or at least to appear to be, passive, obedient and submissive. A Vietnamese woman, for example, finds that the Confucian ideals of công, dung, ngon and hanh-versatile homemaker, subtle beauty, soft voice, gentle behavior-do not always work as survival skills in the U.S. Said one such woman to her counselor in California: "It is harder to learn to be aggressive than I thought.'

Both women and men often work at unpleasant, unending and ill-paid jobs. But only women struggle under the burden of the "double day," the cultural imperative to perform the household tasks as well as the economic need to work. They are willing to endure grinding labor for the sake of their children's futures; sadly, finding help to care for those children

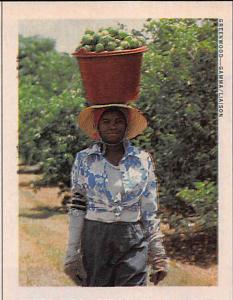
may be the single greatest problem that some immigrant women face. In the women's home countries, kinfolk often help to care for young children. Without the support of a household of female relatives in the U.S., a mother must pay between \$15 and \$25 a week for the care of one child, far too much for someone with several children who is earning the minimum wage of \$3.35 an hour. To get a better job, she must learn to speak English, but school is impossible without child care. The cycle is most frustrating for those who are widowed, abandoned, separated by war or divorced.

Few immigrant women find the ease or the education they had envisioned. School is too expensive and they are too tired after work. Those without skills find jobs as maids, pick vegetables and fruits in the fields or clean up litter along roadways. A step up are jobs as waitresses or in factories. Sweatshops are coming back, both in the old garment trade, still a prime source of entry jobs, and in the new, high-tech electronics industries. Within the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, which has a membership that is 85% female, male workers hold virtually all the better-paying jobs. But the power of organization is still a new idea to most immigrant women, and it is one that appeals to those who are especially vulnerable: heads of households. To Chinese women, for example, says Muzaffar Chishti of the ILGWU, "a union is the first stepping-stone into a mainstream American institution."

A 1983 report for the ILGWU documents such abuses in the nation's nonunion shops as subminimum wages, homework, excessively long hours and unsafe working conditions. There are an estimated 1,200 sweatshops in Los Angeles, and 2,000 to 3,000 of them may exist in New York City. Women in New York's Chinatown work nine or ten hours a day with only Sundays off, taking home a mere \$80 to \$120 a week. They complain of headaches and stomach pains, caused by exhaustion and strain. "They are really

suffering from depression," says Chia-ling Kuo, a research associate in anthropology at the City University of New York. "They are not really in the mainstream. Their joy is Sunday dim sum and Chinese movies. Most people in Chinatown don't ever have a chance to speak to an American."

At first bewilderment and loneliness mark immigrant women's lives. "You often see Hispanic men sitting in a bar at night or playing dominoes outside. Women don't have that," says Gail Lerner, an administrative officer for the World Council of Churches. "Isolation is great. The extended family, the neighbors they depended on



CENTRAL TO A DISCOVERY OF WORTH

Haitian with limes in Dade County, Fla.

in their home country are gone. I'm not talking about kaffeeklatsches, but physical and moral support." Immigrant women also suffer the frustration of being regarded at home as fringe contributors, when in reality their wages are almost always essential to the family's survival. Some immigrant women have been physically abused by employers. Many of the women among Southeast Asian boat people were abducted and raped by marauding pirates; they still suffer shame and a haunting sense that they have somehow betrayed their families. Worse yet, once in the U.S., their men, who may have trouble finding work, sometimes turn on them. Says Gaoly Yang, who helped battered Hmong women from Laos who now live in St. Paul form a support group: "If you don't produce income, it seems like you're losing control of your family. The men sometimes felt the women had too much freedom. In the group we say to the women, 'Don't overdo it; use freedom wisely.'

And yet, for most of these women, no matter how hard life is here, it is better than it was there. The possibilities for single women are as dramatic as releasing a bird from its cage. Even for married women, immigration to the U.S. is a transforming process. The experience of earning money is central to their delighted discovery of their own worth. Some 50% of immigrant women work, about the same as U.S. women. Even for those who have traded their white-collar jobs at home for blue-collar jobs here, the drop in status is offset by the satisfaction of a significant rise in income and the hope of moving on. Anna Cruz-Vásquez is 56 and divorced. She came alone from the Dominican Republic in 1977 and with a garment-industry job that has never paid more than \$130 a week has managed to send for four of her six children. "I lived on 150 pesos [\$48] a month in Santo Domingo," she says. "This is paradise. I am working. I am earning money. I am driving. I am buying things I want. My priori-

ty is for the children."

In Los Angeles, Chinese-born Angela
Hom, 21, grew up in a sweatshop owned
by her parents, where women's blouses
were made. "When I was little, we would
work until 1 in the morning, then sleep on
the cutting table," she says. This year she
wrote her senior thesis at Scripps College
in Claremont, Calif., on garment workers.
"This is my parents' dream," she says.
"This is America. America gives rights to
women that would be unattainable if we
were back in our homeland."

It is on the question of home, and of the desire to return, that the difference between men and women immigrants finally becomes clear. Many of the men continue to yearn for the old country, the old ways. They had status in their homelands simply because they were men. They had hours to spend with their cronies, and no one ever expected them to clean the house. Most of the women surveyed do not want to go back, and they work to root themselves in the U.S. The price is high, but the reward is something they would find hard to achieve at home:

a sense of their own autonomy. Says one successful Cuban-American businesswoman in Miami, Maria Elena Torano Pantin, "I became my own person. Not my parents' person, not my kids' person and not my husband's person. But mine." Mali Peruma Davidson, who came from Sri Lanka, says, "Oh, my God, I'm glad I'm in America! In Sri Lanka you are always subjugated to your husband's whims. I would never go back, not to the servants, not to the beauty. I really appreciate being in this country. It is a privilege." -By Jane O'Reilly. Reported by Cathy Booth/ New York and Laura Meyers/ Los Angeles



LIKE RELEASING A BIRD FROM ITS CAGE

An Indian newsstand dealer in New York City

### **Caught Between Two Worlds**

For children, it is hard to mesh old values with new beliefs

y parents are letting go of some of their ways," insists Joo Hee Yoo, 13, who came to Los Angeles from South Korea ten years ago. "They are beginning to understand that America is a place of freedom." Maybe so, but the rules for Joo, who now goes by the name Jennifer, and her two younger sisters would strike many U.S. youngsters as unduly restrictive. No

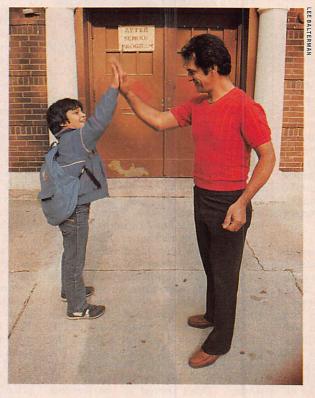
telephone calls to or from boys. No curling irons or pierced ears until age 15. No hair spray and makeup until after high school. "When you are a student, you should look like a student," says her mother Hae Sun Yoo. "That is hard to tell children when society contradicts that here." She and her husband have the solution. "When our daughters complain, 'Why can't we do this?" we explain to them they are Korean," says Hae Sun Yoo. But Jennifer is not totally swayed. Says she: "You can have a hairstyle and still have an education."

While other 18-year-olds agonize over which pretty dress or funky pair of shoes to buy, Juniace Sene Charles worries about "what this month's electricity and water bill are going to be." The petite teenager, who came to Miami with her mother, younger brother and sister from Haiti two years ago, is the family's financial mainstay. Every day when classes end at Edison High School, she rushes to her job at Wendy's on Biscayne Boulevard. Her takehome weekly salary of about \$75 is augmented occasionally by her mother's earnings from babysitting. "I'm chief of the household," she says. Juniace is fiercely loyal

to her family, but determined to make her own life: "I'm going to college, and I'm going to be an agronomist. Here in America I can make it."

Dressed in light cords and deck shoes, with sunglasses dangling from his sweat-shirt, Son Nguyen, 18, seems like any other carefree high school graduate in Houston. "But if my mother saw me today, she would be shocked," confesses Son, who fled Ho Chi Minh City at age eight with a younger brother, his older sister and her husband. "I wouldn't be her boy anymore. I would be an American stranger." Still, within the two-story brick house he shares with eight other people, Son becomes a model Vietnamese youth, industrious, responsible, deferential. In that household, Vietnamese is spoken, Vietnamese food is

prepared, Vietnamese customs are followed. Son's mother has not been permitted to leave Ho Chi Minh City, and after a decade of separation, he often wonders how he would greet her. With an exuberant American-style hug? Or with a formal, respectful hello? "I'm so changed now," Son says, "that if I faced her, I wouldn't know what to do."



SUFFERING SCHOOLMATES' TAUNTS

Jorge, a.k.a. George, Orellana with his father

These conflicting tugs of direction are a perplexing constant in the lives of millions of youthful American immigrants. Growing up in two cultures is at once a source of frustration and delight, shame and pride, guilt and satisfaction. It can be both a barrier to success and a goad to accomplishment, a dislocating burden or an enriching benison. First-generation Americans have an "astonishing duality," declares Harvard Psychiatrist Robert Coles, himself the son of an English immigrant. "They tend to have a more heightened awareness both of being American and also of being connected to another country.'

Immigrants' children are sometimes agonizingly aware of the traits that mark them as foreign. Among these: their names. Jorge Orellana, 8, the son of immi-

grants from El Salvador, says classmates in a Chicago school taunted him with the words "Mexican kid." He now introduces himself as George. Son Nguyen's 16-year-old brother asks new acquaintances whether they want "my American or Vietnamese name." He is Tien to his family, Tim to others.

Parents may encourage such a switch. Says Vietnamese Refugee Le Giau, a resident of Fountain Valley, Calif.: "They should change their names because it's easier for them when they go to work." His three daughters, Hanh, Tien and Trang, are now known as Hannah, Christina and

Jennifer. Food too can be a sensitive issue. "My brother wants to become American all the way," says Imelda Ortiz, 17, who left Mexico for Houston at age one. "He tells my mother to cook American food like meat loaf and potatoes. Instead we cook rice and beans and fajitas [skirt steak]."

Parents' speaking a foreign language can embarrass children. Riki Hayashi, 6, shocked his Japanese-born mother Kaori last year by announcing that he did not want her to speak her native tongue when his schoolmates came to visit at their Culver City. Calif., home. "All his friends are American, and in his concept of himself he is American," sighs Kaori. The parents' poor command of English can prove awkward. Children are pressed into service for their immigrant parents in all kinds of circumstances: when the electric company sends a dunning notice, the landlord needs a lease signed, a policeman needs information.

Unlike offspring of nativeborn Americans, many children of immigrants learn early that frivolity is a luxury they can ill afford. Frequently they begin working before they become teenagers.

"They're capitalists, almost to the person," notes Psychiatrist Coles. After school and on weekends, Le Giau's four children help out at the family's pastry shop. Hannah, 18, minds the cash register and serves customers. Vinh, 17, who has kept his name because it is easy to pronounce as "Vin." works the cleanup detail. Christina, 15, washes dishes, and Jennifer, 12, aids her mother Thérese with the baking and cake decorating. "American children don't understand," says Hannah. "They don't know why I can't go to the beach." As a consequence, many immigrants' children look upon homegrown Americans only as casual friends.

For the children of émigrés, the emphasis is on education. "When they have good knowledge, they make good money," explains Vong Ly, a Hmong tribesman from Laos who now lives in Banning,



AFRAID, BUT EAGER TO GO OUT ON HER OWN

Imelda Ortiz, flanked by her sisters Elvira and Laura



"I'M SO CHANGED NOW"

**Aspiring Doctor Son Nguyen** 

Calif., with seven of his nine children, ages eight to 17. Medicine, law, engineering, business and computer science are the favored fields. Le Trinh, a Vietnamese-born Chinese who arrived in Houston five years ago, will enter Texas A & M in the fall to study engineering. "It's not my favorite subject," she admits. "I love teaching, but that pays too low.'

Highly motivated, the children of immigrants frequently feel guilty and disgraced when they do not excel at their studies. Le Giau expressed pride but Daughter Jennifer was ashamed when she came in second in a spelling contest. Son Nguyen, who plans to study engineering and then become a doctor, is still concerned that he has been infected by slack U.S. student habits. Reason: instead of straight A's, he pulled a few B's in his senior year in high school.

Immigrant parents, however insis-

tent, are not always successful in excluding distracting American influences. Le Vinh's jet black hair is cut in a moderate punk style, and he sports fashionable, wide-shouldered jackets, to his father's distress. "He would have me in the preppie look," says Vinh with disdain. Retorts Le Giau: "When I went to school we wore uniforms." Imelda Ortiz finds herself in a tug-of-war with her mother over American teens' signature apparel: tight jeans. "My mom says I look like a Solid Gold dancer and makes me take them off," complains Imelda. "She looks at the way some Anglo girls dress and says they don't have dominio propio [self-control].

The big problem, though, is dating. "I keep telling my mom that it is not bad to date and that she should trust me," says Imelda, "but a boy can't even come over to my house to talk to me. Not even outside on the steps. My mother says, 'It looks bad, no respect to the house." Many boys also find themselves on a short tether. Asked about dating, Vinh tosses two wallet-size photos of girls onto the table. A disapproving stare from his father and Vinh promptly jams them into his pocket. "He's the one I worry about," says Le Giau. "Girls call him a lot. I have to cut off the phone. He doesn't have time for girls. He has to study."

Once the critical faculties of the children are sharpened by schooling and broader cultural exposure, however, the gap between them and their parents usually widens. That separation is the natural consequence of what Norman Podhoretz, editor of Commentary, calls "the brutal bargain." As Podhoretz, the son of Jews from Galicia, explains, "The more you succeed in the wider world, the more estranged you become from your parents' mores and values. The paradox is you betray your parents by obeying them."

he unusual closeness of immigrant families makes this struggle for autonomy painful to both sides. High School Junior Imelda Ortiz plans to study engineering in college. Her parents expect her to attend the University of Houston while living at home, a pattern set by her two sisters. But Imelda wants to enroll in the University of Texas at Austin. "I'm afraid to go out on my own," she admits, "but even though it may turn out bad, at least I'll learn, right? I'll realize what is or is not for me." Le Giau and his wife Thérese expect their children to live at home until they wed and hope to arrange marriages for their daughters after they finish college. But the girls are already balking. Says Jennifer: "If the decision is up to them, they'd choose a smart man in business. I want a nice, funny man who will not always worry about his work.

Despite the tendency to revolt, many children do not want to jettison their cultural heritage. Imelda Ortiz plans to raise her children in Mexican fashion. "I'll be strict, but not as strict as my mother," she says. "I feel like an American about work, education, external things. But I feel like a Mexican inside.'

To be both American and Mexican or American and anything else almost always means that one is not wholly either. For some, the dual identity breeds a sense of not belonging anywhere. But an intense attempt by an individual to wipe out an entire side of his or her character can end in tragedy. In 1979, Phéde Eugene landed on a Florida beach. He was twelve and one of the maligned boat people from Haiti. Desperate to belong, he changed his name to Fred, learned to speak fluent English and became an A student at Miami's Edison High School. He sang in the school choir and worked at a local Burger King to earn money to buy a car. No one, not even his girlfriend, suspected his Haitian background.

Then one evening last fall, his mask slipped: Fred's sister dropped in at the fast-food outlet and spoke to him in Creole in front of his girlfriend. Next day Fred bought a gun. Two days later he drove his prized '73 red-and-white Mercury to a church parking lot and shot himself to death. He was 17. Says his father, Ikanes Eugene, who shuttles migrant workers in his bus to Florida's vegetable fields: "He felt the rejection of Haitians to the point he hid his own origin.'

Most children of immigrants do manage to make a satisfactory amalgam of their two worlds, keeping what they like and discarding what they do not. Le Trinh is just beginning to forge her own cultural alloy. She plays records by popular Vietnamese artists but likes European classical music. She has read Wuthering Heights and Jane Eyre in Vietnamese, but now also appreciates the novels in the original English. She favors Vietnamese food, but has taken to one American custom without hesitation, gabbing on the telephone for hours on weekends. Like many immigrant children, Le Trinh insists that shunning a familial heritage is simply not an option worth considering. "I don't think you should give up your past," she declares, "but you should also find a way to fit into life here. I want to get along with Americans but keep my culture." She pauses, then gives a tiny shake of her head and asks, "Do I want too much?" - By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Miami and Melissa Ludtke/Los Angeles, with other bureaus

## PREPARED FOR PEACE



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### "Now America Is the Thing to Do"

The rich are flocking in for safety, society and a piece of the action

eady or not, here they come. Clutching their Vuitton luggage and checking their Cartier Panthère wristwatches, wealthy foreigners are lining up with their less fortunate countrymen at U.S. Immigration desks. The new arrivals are not jet-setters here for a month-long shopping spree or speculators merely stopping off to tuck away foreign currency in U.S. investments. They are ambitious entrepreneurs and professionals ready to catch the go-go spirit, to buy homes and consider citizenship in the nation that, for the present at

least, offers them attractive business opportunities and an amenable society. "Ten years ago, everything was based on England," says Sahir Erozan, 27, a Turkish immigrant who owns Café Med, a luxe nightclub in the tony Georgetown section of Washington. "Now America is the place to go, the thing to do."

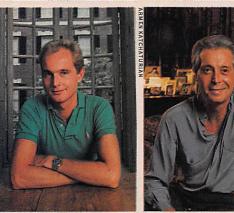
They are coming because conditions at home may not be all that comfortable, especially if they have a considerable amount of money and would like to keep it. In a number of countries, unsympathetic regimes and currency devaluations are forcing the well-heeled to move on. In many places the threat of kidnaping, terrorism and harassment prevents the rich from flaunting their privilege.

As they have for a decade, the international wealthy favor New York City for its comparative safety and social sass. Opulent European boutiques like Celine for French fashions, \$1 millionplus apartments like those in the new Museum Tower, and luxury hotels like the Plaza Athénée, which are run for, and often by, the newcomers, continue to blossom in Manhattan. Owners of New York's most fashionable restaurants say that the arrivés are influencing American dining habits with their Continental nonchalance. They give a cursory glance at the bottom line on the

bill, and seldom practice power lunching and power tripping. On a recent Wednesday, Manhattan's superswank Le Cirque played host to Richard Nixon, Publisher Malcolm Forbes and Chris-Craft Chief Herbert Siegel all at the same time. "They all looked at each other," recalls Italian Owner Sirio Maccioni. "Maybe they were thinking, 'Do I have the right table?" I could put Mr. [Giovanni] Agnelli [whose family controls Fiat] anywhere. Europeans might complain

about the food, but not the table."
Some sybaritic loungers, of course, treat the U.S. as just another dish on

treat the U.S. as just another dish on the international smorgasbord. Young, titled transients from Europe and South America are drawn to the action in New York City, where they are politely known to real estate agents and party hostesses as multinationals. Dimitri Karageorge, 27, Prince of Yugoslavia, an E.F. Hutton stockbroker by day, has mastered American directness and uses a different word: "Eurotrash. People say



WEALTHY WINNERS AND TITLED TRANSIENTS

Bohsali in Lexington; H.R.H. Dimitri and Crespi in New York

we are a little idle, a little too rich. I suppose it's true." After work or shopping, the teenage countesses and bejeaned barons gather at Club A, a jewelbox disco, to dance, gossip and compare invitations. "It's all a game to them," says a Columbia University business student, Jeffrey von der Schulenburg, 27, a German count by birth, "really just playacting, and in the end, they're Europeans again."

Most newcomers around the nation,

however, have more permanent designs. Miami, for nearly three decades a home to Latin political and economic exiles, is now drawing high-rolling French entrepreneurs who like the Mediterranean pace of business there. The nomadic Arabs who favored Los Angeles have departed for London, say scene watchers, where their riyals go further; and affluent Asians, attracted by the schools and investment values, are snapping up six-figure residences in exclusive San Marino with suitcase cash.

Once settled, foreigners are elated by American entertaining styles. Italian-Brazilian Count Rudi Crespi, a Manhattanbased publicist for a number of Italian fashion houses, finds his evenings less predictable. "In Italy the host will call you

three days in advance and tell you who your companions are going to be. In New York you run into interesting people, pick up ideas and get into lively discussions. If I wanted a programmed evening, I'd stay home and watch TV!"

Perhaps not surprisingly, most of the immigrant rich have come not to be entertained but to work. Young brokers, bankers and boutiquers emigrate because old-country commerce is too tradition-bound, slow and unresponsive for them. Even for someone with influence, it can take a month to get a phone installed in England, and no one would ever call a broker on the weekend. "In Switzerland if you ask, 'Why?', they tell you, 'Because that's the way it is," says New York Art Dealer Bettina Sulzer Milliken, 36, daughter of a Swiss industrialist, who with her American husband runs a gallery in SoHo. "In America the answer is 'Because that's the way we like it."

Economic opportunity is hardly the only attraction. Some newcomers simply fall in love with the size and grandeur of the land. Lebanese Engineer Walid Bohsali, 44, came to the bluegrass pastures of Lexington, Ky., to build a \$5.2 million 18th century French-style horse farm for a Canada-based relative. Charmed by the quiet, order and beauty, he stayed on with his American wife

Mary Lou and their two children and became a Thoroughbred racehorse broker for absentee owners. He has rented a house with an option to buy, and intends to apply for citizenship. Says Bohsali: "I don't think anybody who has come here would ever want to leave." To a growing number of the world's wealthy, the sentiment makes increasingly good horse sense.

—By J.D. Reed. Reported

by Barbara Kraft/Los Angeles and Elizabeth Rudulph/New York

### **Four Who Brought Talent**

Reveling in freedom, they enrich the land with their creative gusto

### A Dancer Seeks Choice And Finds Challenge

t was just eleven years ago that Mikhail Baryshnikov slipped away from a touring troupe of Soviet dancers in Canada for a new life in the West. He was instantly acclaimed as a once-in-a-lifetime performer of genius. Who could miss his radiant classicism, his ardent romantic style, his deportment as a diffident young god? Never presenting himself on- or off-stage as "a star," he had a solitary air that his huge blue eyes only underscored. In fact he was starting out with only schoolboy French, no English, no clear idea of where to settle or which dance company to join.

Today his style is still pure, and his commitment to ballet as strong. But his life has fleshed out. For one thing, he has embraced America with gusto. Now he runs his own company, American Ballet Theater. He speaks bravura English, full of vivid slang and the silly puns that Russians seem to love. "Let's see, how American am I?" he asks. "Well, I'm not a Yankee fan or a Forty-Niner, and I don't like Coca-Cola or pink shirts. But I love television, fast cars and corn. That's pretty American."

Baryshnikov left the cosseted life at Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, where artistic challenges were rare and cultural politics strangulating. "I didn't have the patience, and I'm not smart enough," he says. "I love that country and those people, but I am an individualist, and there it is a crime."

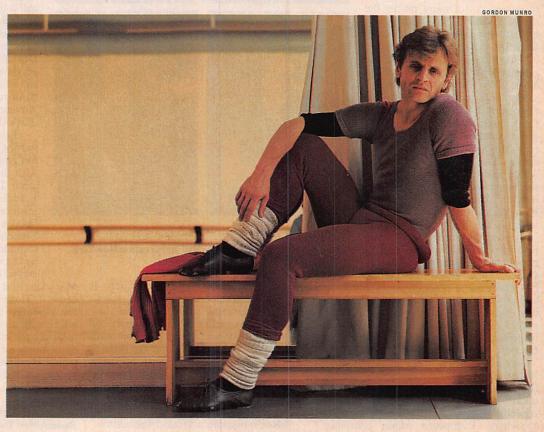
If freedom means choice, then Baryshnikov reveled in it, pursuing myriad options. He has worked with a dozen or so choreographers. With Twyla Tharp's brilliant *Push Comes to Shove* (1976), his flair for comedy burst out. In 1977 he became a Hollywood star, playing a famous dancer in *The Turning Point*. (Another film, *White Nights*, will be released at Christmas.) The lorn Petrouchka began to seem like a Slavic Jimmy Cagney.

Home turned out to be New York City, a haven for someone with Baryshnikov's quick, efficient intelligence. "It's mesmerizing to be here," he says. "The speed, every day's information, even the anger of the place." When he became artistic director at A.B.T. nearly five years ago, he dove into a Sargasso Sea of arts administration and emergency fund raising. He has survived and has strengthened the troupe. "It's been tough but worth it," he says. "I've seen all the existing companies, including the Russian ones, and I am very proud."

At 37, he appears to be relaxing his pace a bit. Says a friend who has known him since 1975: "This is one immigrant who took immigration very seriously." He has applied for American citizenship and has no thoughts of returning to the Soviet Union. "I have an American child," he says, speaking of Shura, 4, his daughter with Actress Jessica Lange. "It still amazes me that she talks without a Russian accent. I thought it was genetic."

—By Martha Duffy

MIKHAIL Baryshnikov



### For a Video Artist: "It's Happening Here"

nsofar as he settles anywhere on earth, Korean-born Video Artist Nam June Paik, 53, lives in Manhattan. More specifically, he inhabits the top of a converted warehouse with a rusting cast-iron façade in SoHo. Entrée to Paik's aerie comes via a freight elevator, with the host himself hauling on the chain pulley that drags the motor into grumbling life. As the aging contraption shakes and shudders toward the fifth floor, Paik says in heavily accented English, "After this, everything anticlimax."

Not quite. Paik's cavernous loft resembles a Sony factory that was in the process of being ransacked by terrorists when an earthquake struck. Television sets, some dead and most of the others crying out for intensive care, are scattered everywhere, along with packing crates and snaking piles of electronic debris. Paik, a short, roundish man with close-cropped black hair, pads in his slippers through the clutter, happily and com-

pletely at home.

What does he do here? He experiments with the ramifications of an insight that came to him several decades ago. Paik was perhaps the first person to perceive the TV screen as a canvas and, ergo, the stream of electrons that creates images on the picture tube as paint. Presto, video art, which means scrambling, bending, rearranging or just generally messing around with the picture on TV sets. As practiced by Paik and his followers, this tinkering can lead to anything from vivid static and colorful snow to whimsical sculptures of the video age. When New York's Whitney Museum gave Paik's work a full-scale retrospective in 1982, viewers encountered strange things. There was a battery of television monitors, showing preprogrammed tapes, set behind a bank of aquariums, in which fish swam randomly. There was a statue of Buddha seated before a closed-circuit TV camera and, below that, a small receiver.

Gallerygoers could watch an icon contemplate its own image.

If Paik's art seems serendipitous, so does his journey to the U.S. His periodically prosperous family was driven out of Seoul in 1950 by the ravages of the Korean War. His father resettled first in Hong Kong and then Tokyo, where Paik earned a university degree with a major in philosophy. At that point, infatuated with the music of Arnold Schoenberg and Western avantgardism in general, the young graduate might have pursued his studies in the U.S. The country, however, did not interest him. "Many middle-class Koreans go to live in America in the 1950s," he says. "But I think then there is not much culture in America, Hemingway and all that." He chose West Germany instead and stayed there eight years.

Then he met American Composer John Cage, who was visiting Germany. "He was exotic," Paik says approvingly. "I hear about Robert Rauschenberg from him, and about other artists doing new things in New York. I think, 'Slowly, slowly, America is coming up.'"

paik had no intention of speeding this process along when he finally came to the U.S. in 1964. He merely wanted to visit Cage and his cronies. His first impression of New York City was far from favorable: "It was as dirty as Paris and as ugly as Düsseldorf." Yet Paik found himself extending his stay: "I keep saying, 'Half more year, half more year.'"

The indecision ended in 1976, when Paik became a U.S. citizen. He had grown comfortable with the "playfulness and childish ideas" of his newfound land. He also sees signs that his adopted country may be catching up with him. "Rock videos very interesting," he says. "Some of them are getting so good they're scaring me." And he is sure that coming to the U.S. changed his career. "America give me access to high tech," he says. "Here I get a sense of what high-tech equipment can do to sensibility. American kids have moved from Sesame Street through The Electric Company to MTV. They can see things in a frame that European kids can't." Is this mutation good, bad or what? "I don't know," Paik concedes. "But it's happening here."

KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5



NAM JUNE Paik

### Silenced for a Decade, A Poet Dreams Again

lorida, Flo-rree-da," says Heberto Padilla, pronouncing the familiar word with a flourish, as if it were a lover's name. "Ponce de León christened it, and in Coral Gables the streets have Spanish names. So we deserve the place. Whenever we had trouble in Havana, we went to Miami, and Miami is very, very important for us. We don't feel like immigrants." Padilla certainly does not. Cuba's best and most famous poet now talks as if he could be the proud father of all his 726,000 countrymen residing in South Florida. "The U.S. is the seventh-largest Spanish-speaking nation in terms of population," he says, "and I think that will enrich the country. The present and the future of the U.S. are here."

Padilla, a genial, garrulous man of 53, first came to the U.S. in the '50s to escape the oppression of Fulgencio Batista, the dictator of the day. When Fidel Castro overthrew Batista in 1959, Padilla returned home and put himself at the command of the new regime, which sent him to London and Moscow as a correspondent for Prensa Latina, the government press agency. Gradually he became disenchanted; he saw the future of his country in the repressive atmosphere of the East bloc. Poems such as this reflected his unhappy feelings:

Cuban poets dream no longer (not even at night). They close the door to write alone

Denounced as "counterrevolutionary and pessimistic," he was eventually jailed, tortured and held for a month in 1971, an event that inspired a worldwide protest: furious, his old friend Castro visited Padilla's cell to rail against him. "Abroad they are speaking against the Cuban revolution," he yelled, "and you are responsible for that." After his release, Padilla was offi-

cially a nonperson for the next decade and eked out a bare living as a translator. Only after Senator Edward Kennedy made a personal appeal to Castro was Padilla allowed to emigrate to the U.S. in 1981.

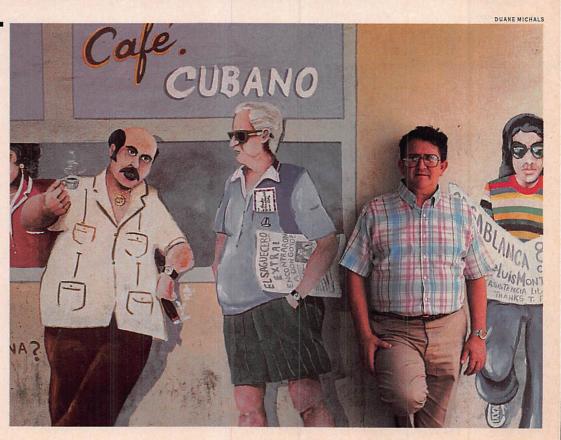
Hidden in his bag was precious cargo: the manuscript of his second novel, *Heroes Are Grazing in My Garden*, which was published in English last year (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$16.95). It is not an angry indictment of Cuba today but something more powerful: a sad but engrossing tale of the spiritual squalor that has settled over the island. Padilla's memoirs, *Self-Portrait of Other*—the other being the man he left behind in Havana—is scheduled to be published next year.

Padilla's three grown children by his first marriage live in Miami, which he visits frequently and where he talked to TIME. But the author and his second wife Belkis, who is also a poet and writer, live in Princeton with their son Ernesto, 13. "I've lost time," he says of the decade between his imprisonment and exile. "I spent ten years fighting and trying to remain alive." Now he is trying to make up those silent years. In addition to writing poetry and fiction, he turns out several columns a week for Latin newspapers, including the Spanishlanguage section of the Miami *Herald*. Unlike many other exiles—Alexander Solzhenitsyn is his example—he does not brood over the past or look wistfully toward the place of his birth. "I do not admire people who suffer professionally. I want to be a new man. I am eager to be alive. My duty is to write."

Communism has not taken hold in Cuba, he believes, and when Castro dies the island will move away from its alien ideology. At that moment, Padilla predicts, thousands of exiles will return home and start new businesses with the money they have made in the U.S. But they will not forsake their new home in Florida: they will shuttle between the two countries as easily as if they were going from New York to Washington. Cuba will become half American, and the great irony, Padilla concludes, is that Castro, who tried to expunge the American image from the island, will only have succeeded in painting it red, white and blue.

—By Gerald Clarke

Padilla



### "My Son Is My Life"— A Pianist Starts Over

The first day Bella Davidovich sat down to practice the piano in her new apartment in Queens, N.Y., a neighbor slipped a note under the door asking her not to play so loudly. Winner of the International Chopin Competition, faculty member at the Moscow Conservatory, Deserving Artist of the Soviet Union, Davidovich was unknown to her new neighbors. Her nonpolitical departure from the U.S.S.R. had occurred without benefit of an international incident and the subsequent career-boosting headlines. Adding injury to insult, Davidovich had been mugged just after her arrival in New York City; unfamiliar with such American customs, she had resisted so fiercely that she required surgery to repair damage to her knees.

Today Davidovich, 56, is recognized in her adopted country as a leading international pianist, acclaimed for her fluent, elegant interpretations of Schumann and Chopin. Unlike those Soviet émigrés who left their homeland seeking greater personal freedom and artistic success, Davidovich came to the U.S. for only one reason: to be with her son, Violinist Dmitry Sitkovetsky, 30, who left the Soviet Union in 1977 to study at the Juilliard School in New York. "My son is my life," explains the quintessential Jewish mother, a widow since 1958. "I couldn't live without seeing him."

When the Soviet concert agency Goskontsert, probably fearing her defection, canceled her scheduled tours of Italy and the Netherlands, Davidovich decided that she would have to join Dmitry. Together with her mother and sister, she painstakingly gathered the required emigration documents, including such arcana as the funeral certificate of her grandfather; within six months all three were granted permission to leave.

She was able to take one rug, no furniture and no books or scores that predated 1946; family heirlooms had to be left behind. Forsaken too was the hard-won respect that the Soviets gave grudgingly to Jewish artists. "Jews are considered a lower echelon," notes Davidovich, a gentle, gracious woman whose expressive face and eyes faithfully mirror her emotions. "I received my title of Deserving Artist five years after friends who had won no competitions. In my career, everything, like playing in the West and teaching, happened with delays."

In exchange she got New York City's mean streets ("a terrible sight, all that garbage"), its Augean subway ("so loud and dirty"). Davidovich quickly fled to the apartment in Kew Gardens ("quiet, with trees and a fresh smell"). Perhaps the hardest thing to bear was her professional anonymity, the necessity of starting a career over again. "It was very difficult," remembers Davidovich, whose still limited command of English requires her to use an interpreter. "I was very famous in the Soviet Union. I had my public. I did not know if it would be good for me in the United States."

had read a great deal about America, but I had never realized how beautiful it was," she says of her new land. While she feels that the training Soviet musicians receive is superior, Davidovich believes American orchestras are better than their Russian counterparts, and she praises the emphasis on chamber music in the U.S. Like other émigrés from totalitarian countries, however, she sees a darker side to the many liberties Americans enjoy. "For me, freedom has meant I am free to work and go where I please, when I want. But America knows another side of freedom that can lead to many bad things. The problems with crime are horrible here."

She has no longing to return to the Soviet Union. "If I could go back to play, I would do it," she says. "But in no other way would I go back. I have a new life here, and I like it." Davidovich has begun to concertize with her son, and together they have made two records of Grieg and Ravel. "I haven't the time to miss things in Russia," sums up Davidovich. "I am my own Goskontsert. I play with good conductors in good concert halls, and in every country there are friends from Russia. It's a good life."

—By Michael Walsh



### Bella Davidovich

TIME, JULY 8, 1985



Herman Wouk's first new novel in seven years moves on from the grand themes which have won him international acclaim—war, the fate of nations, and the indomitable spirit of man—to a different theme and a profound one: the quest for identity in the clash between the INSIDE of family and faith, and the OLITSIDE of the glittering.



and faith, and the OUTSIDE of the glittering American dream. Sweeping through 60 years, INSIDE, OUTSIDE is a personal, intensely romantic story, sometimes ribald and wildly funny—a striking surprise from a master at the peak of his powers.



time Herman INSIDE OUTSID

### **Magic Shadows from a Melting Pot**

For new Americans, the movies offered the ticket for assimilation

e are not a nation," Herman Melville said of this country of immigrants, "so much as a world." That judgment is ringingly appropriate to an art industry that since its inception has dominated the world market and consciousness. A wistful tramp wreaks havoc in a Manhattan pawnshop, and Asians fall in love with Charlie Chaplin. Judy Garland sings about a rainbow, and Europeans know it is only a dream away from

Kansas. A California child opens the eyes of his extraterrestrial friend to a toy store's worth of American brand names, and E.T. strikes a responsive chord on every continent. For most of this century the world's fantasies have been formed and reflected by the American cinema.

In the spirit of assimilation, Hollywood has thrived by embracing those immigrants who would enrich it. Today one need look no further than the awards shows, or the bottom line, to spot the crucial contributions of foreign-born filmmakers to the Hollywood movie. On Oscar night this spring, Czech-born Milos Forman (see box, page 94) walked away with a best-director statuette for his work on the laurel-laden Amadeus. This year's first sur-

prise hit, Witness, was directed by Australian Peter Weir; this summer's runaway "Gook" buster, Rambo: First Blood Part II, was helmed by the Greek immigrant George Pan Cosmatos. Indeed, when America wants to cauterize its own psychology or psychopathy onscreen these days-in Birdy or The Falcon and the Snowman, in The Killing Fields or Alamo Bay-chances are it will call on a foreign director to perform the surgery.

It has ever been thus, for American cinema is truly an immigrant art form, made by immigrants for immigrants. From the beginning, each group of outsid-

ers-the ones behind the scenes and the ones gazing at the screen-fed each other's good fortune. The audience made the filmmakers rich and famous; in return, movie people taught moviegoers, in the U.S. and all over the world, how to be Americans. When Film Maestro Federico Fellini was in New York City last month to receive tribute from the Film Society of Lincoln Center, he recalled the spell American movies cast over his provincial



CAUTERIZING THE NATION'S ILLS ONSCREEN

Malle directs children in Alamo Bay (1985)

Italian boyhood in the 1920s: "I saw that there existed another way of life, a land of wide open spaces and fantastic cities that were a cross between Babylon and Mars. It was especially wonderful to know there was a country where people were free, rich and dancing on the roofs of skyscrapers, and where even a tramp could become President."

For the tens of millions of immigrants washed onto America's shores between 1880 and 1920, the infant movie industry provided more than fantastic diversion; it was a passport to the American dream. In

the back rooms of penny arcades as dark and crowded as steerage on a ship chugging toward Ellis Island, they saw magic, moving shadows that served as a crash course in their adoptive country's history, behavior, values, ideals and follies. A maiden defends her honor; Jack Johnson defends a heavyweight title; firemen career through city streets toward a blazing house; bandits rob a train, and the sheriff fires his six-shooter right at the audience. True love conquers all prejudices in a land with a built-in happy ending. In the universal language of images, the movies told over and over the All-American story of assimilation and triumph—the alchemy of the melting pot.

> It is not precisely a coincidence that the U.S. emerged as a world power just as its movies began girding the globe. Pushing parables of fulfillment in brash editorial rhythms, these new "moving pictures" were missionaries of American energy, traveling salesmen for life in the New World. And the sales pitch worked. How many millions, dazzled by this vision, determined right then to pack their bags and book passage for the U.S.? How many millions more stayed put, but discovered and appropriated the American style? See us and be like us. And just about everybody did. The American century began with the American cinema.

There is a stimulating irony here: America was inventing itself onscreen, but many of the fabricators were foreign born. For both

producer and consumer, this was education in the dark. Though many film entrepreneurs of the first generation were native born, they were soon replaced by a bazaar of movie merchants who had arrived in the U.S. barely before the masses they hoped to enlighten. The roll call of Jewish-immigrant moguls has since become its own Hollywood legend: Adolph Zukor, the Hungarian who had worked as janitor in a Manhattan fur store (president of Paramount Pictures); Carl Laemmle, the bookkeeper from Germany (founder, Universal Pictures); Samuel



**Cary Grant** 



**Mary Pickford** 



**Rudolph Valentino** 



**Greta Garbo** 



**Ingrid Bergman** 

Goldwyn, the glove salesman from Warsaw (founder, Goldwyn Studios); Louis B. Mayer, the scrap-metal dealer from Minsk (vice president and general manager, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). By the 1930s Mayer was earning \$1.25 million a year and was presiding over the all-American family of Andy Hardy.

Like most of the other immigrant moguls, Mayer achieved the American dream without becoming a homogenized American. By parading their unregenerate Yiddish accents and their careful malapropisms, the studio bosses were implying that their success came from street smarts acquired on the Lower East Side and further back, in the shtetls of Eastern Europe; it took a ragman to become a Hollywood rajah. "They had grown up," wrote Film Historian Carlos Clarens, "in a trade where samples could be smelled,

fingered and felt; they recognized craft when they saw it, and they respected it; rather than hoodwink the customer, they aimed to please." The moguls did not see themselves as artists, or the movies as art. Their job was to keep the assembly line rolling, in a factory called Hollywood.

within its first decade, the movie industry had recapitulated America's century-long trek westward. In 1900, before the picturemakers arrived, Los Angeles was a sleepy city of 102,000—the population of Memphis or Omaha. But the immigrants could get drunk on the possibilities of all that air, desert, sea; ambition had elbow room there. And soon after settling in the Los Angeles suburb of Hollywood, the industry discovered the last element it needed

to achieve dominance among the popular arts: movie stars. Two of them, by turning stereotypes of Everyman and Pretty Girl into archetypes, would become the most recognizable people in the world, and among the wealthiest. The fairy tale needs one more twist: both Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford were immigrants.

"Not since the days of the Forty-Niners," wrote Novelist Upton Sinclair in 1933, "had there been such a way for the little fellow to get rich as in this new business." The little fellow Sinclair mentioned could have been Chaplin. Born in a Lon-

don slum, the comic arrived in the U.S. in 1910. Three years later he signed his first movie contract, at \$150 a week; four years after that, he was to make \$1 million a year and become, for a time, the planet's most recognizable and cherished figure. Chaplin deserved no less; his poignant one-reel comedies taught the world how to love movies. Pickford, with her ringlets and coquettish ways, was hardly less popular, and no less resourceful. In 1909 the little girl from Toronto cadged an audition with Film Pioneer D.W. Griffith; by 1916 she could tell the bosses at Paramount Pictures, "No, I really cannot afford to work for only \$10,000 a week" (which is precisely the fee she settled for). This sudden affluence did not short-circuit the masses' identification with the movie stars. It merely confirmed the public's image of them as extraordinary ordi-



PACKING THEIR BAGS AND BOOKING PASSAGE

Charlie Chaplin in The Immigrant (1917)

nary people. They were "us" on the big screen, with every wish of fame, charm, romance, wit and avarice fulfilled. They were their own movies.

As the industry's mantle spread around the world, new immigrant stars filled important character niches. The Latin lover: Rudolph Valentino (Italy); the noble warlord: Sessue Hayakawa (Japan); the tragic heroine: Pola Negri (Poland); the vamp goddess: Greta Garbo (Sweden). Nor was the flood stanched with the arrival of talking pictures in the late 1920s. Hollywood saw the Babel of

exotic accents as one more earnest of its cosmopolitan reach. And so Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer brought their suavity from France; Marlene Dietrich (Germany), Hedy Lamarr (Austria) and Ingrid Bergman (Sweden) helped Garbo flesh out the fantasy of the European woman. From south of the border Carmen Miranda brought her fruity headdresses, Gilbert Roland his purring machismo. Half of England, it seemed, played cricket every Sunday in Griffith Park. And with bitter thanks to Adolf Hitler, Hollywood welcomed hundreds of refugees from the Third Reich. As performers, writers, directors or technicians, they would animate and dominate Hollywood for its next 30 years.

The pioneer immigrant directors— Maurice Tourneur from France, the Germans Ernst Lubitsch and F.W. Murnau—

> imported civilized modes of fantasy, comedy and folklore. But the new exiles had darker stories to tell, and through them Hollywood found its caustic maturity. Here were artists with an outsider's perspective and, suddenly, an insider's clout; they could celebrate the temple of American success while keeping an eye on the cracks in its façade. The industry, or at least that part of it that handed out awards, was grateful: eleven of the first 20 Oscars for best direction went to immigrants, from Frank Lloyd (Cavalcade) and Frank Capra (It Happened One Night) to William Wyler (The Best Years of Our Lives) and Elia Kazan (Gentleman's Agreement).

> Other artisans found their reward in discovering, and helping to build, an artistic League of Nations in their new land. Casablan-

ca, the best-loved film of the 1940s, could have served as a travel poster for this international spirit. The director, Michael Curtiz, was from Budapest; the art director, Carl Jules Weyl, from Germany; the composer, Max Steiner, from Vienna. And of the top 20 names on the cast list, only three belonged to native Americans (Humphrey Bogart, Dooley Wilson and Joy Page); the rest represented the tattered flags of Hungary, Austria, Germany, France, Britain, Canada, Italy, the Soviet Union and Sweden. For Hollywood, it was the blossoming of a beautiful friendship.



Samuel Goldwyn



Louis B. Mayer



**Billy Wilder** 



Frank Capra



Alfred Hitchcock

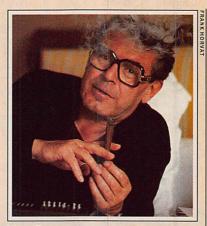
With war's end, and the onslaught of insularity in the '50s, many of the diaspora scattered again, finding refuge back home in European co-productions. Hollywood was retreating into familiar genres: into the memorial expanses of westerns like High Noon (directed by the Austrian Fred Zinnemann) or the paranoid apocalypse of science-fiction films like The War of the Worlds (produced by the Hungarian George Pal) or grandiose melodramas like Written on the Wind (directed by the Dane Douglas Sirk) or effervescent comedies like Some Like It Hot and The Apartment (both directed and co-written by the Austrian Billy Wilder) or the sleek thrillers of London-born Alfred Hitchcock. Audrey Hepburn, from Belgium, was crowned princess of the box office; Cary Grant, from Bristol, was still the monarch of masculinity. Everyone was so assimilated that you couldn't spot the immigrants without a security check. American films, once an obsession, were now an agreeable habit, as the rest of the world began attending to its own dreams and nightmares.

To shake things up, it took another wave of immigrants: the influx of sophisticated foreign films in the late '50s and early '60s. Soon every young Hollywood hotshot wanted to make movies just like Fellini's, or Bergman's, or François Truffaut's. A picture's subject could be uniquely American, but its style would be self-consciously "artistic" (read European). Two Hollywood hits of 1967 strikingly assimilated these international trends: Bonnie and Clyde, originally offered to Truffaut to direct, and The Graduate, in which Berlinborn Director Mike Nichols ransacked the mannerisms of a dozen art-house auteurs to tell a story as American as plastics.

W ith the triumph of the international style—episodic and oblique, offering no easy meanings or solutions-came the latest surge of immigrant directors and cinematographers. Some, like Forman, Soviet Filmmaker Slava Tsukerman (Liquid Sky) and the Cuban-bred camera magician Nestor Almendros, were sidestepping new tyrannies. Some, like Louis Malle (Pretty Baby, Atlantic City, Alamo Bay), sought a larger canvas on which to test their palettes. Many others were Australians and Englishmen attracted by the grand contradictions of a country with which they shared a language and part of a heritage. America was also, of course, where the action was. Also the power and the glory.

These artists—some immigrants, some visitors—contribute new chapters to the saga that began in the penny arcades. It is a story of gangsters and heiresses, in penthouses or on the prairie, filtered through the first industrial art form, the dream machine. The dream is America; the machine is the movies. With the help of its immigrant artists and entrepreneurs, the industry still beckons as it did to Chaplin, Goldwyn and their earliest audiences. Welcome, children of all nations, to the New World of the movies. Welcome to America. —By Richard Corliss

#### **Larger Than Life**



**Milos Forman** 

You can bank on this: Milos Forman will never make a movie called *The Milos Forman Story*. Though the plot is dramatic enough—early renown in his native Czechoslovakia, exile in cultural limbo, the struggle of starting over in a new land with a new language—the climax does not ring true. It is too improbable: a smash hit and Oscars galore for his second American film, *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975), more profits and honors with last year's *Amadeus*. Sorry, pal. Send the script to Sly Stallone.

Now consider these plots. A wily misfit takes on the mind benders in an Oregon psychiatric hospital (Cuckoo's Nest). Hippies raise their voices, and a little hell, against the Viet Nam War (Hair, 1979). A black man is driven by righteousness to lead an armed revolt against white America (Ragtime, 1981). A great but graceless composer battles the musical establishment of Old Vienna (Amadeus). In Forman's American films an irascible individualist is forever butting his head against the walls of official power and getting bashed for his pains. These parables of dreams defeated hold echoes of tales from Forman's compatriots in dark absurdity, Franz Kafka, Milan Kundera and Tom Stoppard. They are hardly the stuff of Hollywood dreams.

Yet much about Forman and his films mirrors the spirit of America. Like any true Hollywood director, he works on the grand scale, in broad, confident strokes. Energy, not nuance, informs every frame. And like any true immigrant with a success story, Forman is grateful to his adoptive country. "For me," he says, "there was only one place to go if I couldn't live in my own country:

America. It is a country of immigrants. There is such a tolerance for the foreign and the unfamiliar. America continues to amaze me."

Born 53 years ago, in Caslav, Czechoslovakia, Forman was already a significant cinema voice before his arrival in the U.S. He had helped unleash the Czech new wave of the 1960s with a trio of wry social comedies: Black Peter, Loves of a Blonde and The Fireman's Ball. But in 1968 the Prague Spring ended abruptly to the rumble of Soviet tanks, and shortly thereafter Forman went to New York City to shoot his first American film, the gentle, generation-gap comedy Taking Off. "I've never been political," he insists, "not in Czechoslovakia, not in this country. But after the commercial failure of Taking Off, I didn't have money to take a plane home, so I asked the Czech government if they'd bring me back. And they fired me." Sacked by an entire country! There was nothing to do but start from scratch in the U.S.

Fortunately, Forman had studied his new subject. America and its movies, like a scholar lover. "I knew America by way of the films I'd seen growing up," he recalls. "I had a kind of mythical vision of the country, a movie vision, larger than life. But then, so many things about America are larger than life that it was a more accurate vision about things than you might think." Forman's early years in New York City gave him glimpses of New World generosity ("The manager at the Chelsea Hotel was very relaxed about the rent") and mendacity. "In America," he says expansively, "there's room for lots of dishonesty in the film business.

Now Forman, who became an American citizen in 1977, lives on a 39-acre farm in Connecticut. After 16 years of courting and being courted by Hollywood, the filmmaker is still a fan. "I admire the vitality and variety of American films," he says. "Where else do you get a Star Wars. a Places in the Heart and a Stranger Than Paradise?" Though still married to an actress who remained in Czechoslovakia with their two sons, Forman is now an American moviemaker with few regrets. "I certainly don't think my art has suffered from my being in Hollywood," he declares. "I am doing the kind of films I always wanted to do." In Caslav or Culver City, that's called a happy ending. - By Richard Corliss. Reported by Alexandra Tuttle/Cannes

#### In the Land of Free Speech

Readers learn all about it in foreign-language papers coast to coast

eave it to Benjamin Franklin, that protean spinner of projects, to publish the first foreign-language newspaper in America. The year was 1732; the paper, called the Philadelphia Zeitung, was aimed at the city's burgeoning German population. As the decades rolled by, the growth and variety of the immigrant

press mirrored the flow of the immigrants themselves. By the early 1900s, when the boatloads of newcomers reached their peak, some 1,300 foreign-language newspapers and magazines were being published in the U.S. New York City alone boasted a cacophony of 32 dailies, including ten in German, five in Yiddish, two in Bohemian and one each in Croatian, Slovakian and Slovenian.

Today there are an estimated 300 periodicals serving immigrant readers. Yet that figure offers only a partial picture, since scores of papers are mom-andpop operations that elude surveys. Many of the papers catering to Europeans have withered away, while the influx of Hispanics and Asians has given rise to dozens of new publications. The U.S. has six Spanish-language dailies, with a combined circulation of 325,000. There is a newspaper war of sorts in New York City, home to both the venerable El Diario/La Prensa (circ. 70,000) and the upstart

Noticias del Mundo (circ. 57,000), owned by the publishing arm of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church. In Los Angeles, La Opinión (60,000) competes against Noticias' West Coast edition (30,000). The Midwest is served by Chicago's El Mañana Daily (45,000). Miami's Diario Las Americas, founded in 1953, finds its biggest challenger in the Miami Herald, which publishes a daily Spanishlanguage supplement called El Herald. Begun in 1976, El Herald is inserted into editions delivered to Hispanic neighborhoods. Though Diario (circ. 63,000) is not as rabidly anti-Castro as many of the broadsheets that circulate among Dade County's 666,000 Cuban Americans, the paper is sturdily anti-Communist.

Immigrant journalism is often colored by homeland politics. San Francisco's eight Chinese-language papers tend to side with either Taiwan or the People's Republic. The *Haiti Observateur*, a Brooklyn, N.Y.-based weekly with a circulation of 45,000, was founded in 1971 as a challenge to François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier, the country's self-appointed President for Life. All but one of California's 24 Vietnamese papers excoriate Hanoi, while the *Philippine News*, with 73,000 readers, opposes Ferdinand Marcos.

No matter what the language, most papers offer a similar menu of reports from the mother country, national news

Chicago takes or

Chicago take

with an ethnic angle, local cultural calendars and profiles about immigrants, including sports heroes, who made the American dream come true. "One thing we are is pro-Hispanic," says Ezequiel Montes, general manager of *El Heraldo*, a scrappy Chicago weekly. "Anything good from our community, we go after."

hough a few papers turn profits, most barely squeeze by. Many publications are based in cramped storefronts or lofts, run by a few workers who do everything from report stories to deliver copies. The bigger Hispanic papers have begun to attract national advertisers, but most rely on local merchants for ad revenue. What all the papers have in common is a doughty resolve to keep the presses running. Alejandro Esclamado, editor of the Philippine News, continues publishing despite financial losses he blames on advertisers that were allegedly bullied into canceling ads by the Marcos government. "You reach a point when you make a decision that you are going to dedicate your life to a cause,"

says Esclamado, who began the paper in his San Francisco garage in 1961. "This community still needs this newspaper."

Here are three papers, all relative newcomers themselves, that reflect the diversity of today's immigrant press:

▶ Before Do Ngoc Yen fled Viet Nam in 1975, he worked for a newspaper that was once shut down in anger by South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu. But even those troubles did not prepare Do for the difficulties of starting Nguoi Viet, one of California's oldest and most

respected Vietnamese-language papers. Armed with \$4,000 and a borrowed IBM Selectric typewriter, Do put together his first issue in a friend's San Diego office in 1978.

Today Nguoi Viet (which means Vietnamese people) has its headquarters in a shopping mall in Westminster, Calif. The paper's eight full-time employees (top salary: \$800 a month) publish four issues a week, including a special edition for Los Angeles. Do distributes his 8,000 copies free, but he sells enough ads, mostly to local Vietnamese merchants, to turn a modest profit. As Nguoi Viet has grown, however, so has the field. Do must compete with 14 other Vietnamese papers and magazines serving Orange County's 90,000 Vietnamese.

As the paper's only full-time journalist, Do writes and translates as many as ten stories an issue. Though *Nguoi Viet* specializes in local news, the tabloid also covers the large Vietnamese communities in Texas and

Washington, D.C., and events in Viet Nam. Since most of its subscribers cannot read English, *Nguoi Viet* carries a healthy dose of national and international news. Do relies on a network of part-time reporters across the country and his biggest problem is finding journalists without an ideological bias. "My readers need to know both sides," says Do, who reserves his bitter antipathy toward Hanoi for the short editorial notes that sometimes accompany stories. Do's dream is to make *Nguoi Viet* into a national daily, but the paper's financial health is still too fragile. Admits Do: "I survive by week or by month."

▶ "When we came to the United States, we didn't have a paper like this," says Olga Ordonéz, who fled Cuba in 1962. "One would certainly have helped us adjust to the culture here." As owner of the weekly La Voz de Houston, Ordonéz is now helping her fellow Hispanics adjust to life in Texas. Only five years old, La Voz has a circulation of about 40,000, thus edging out El Sol, the city's other

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major Hispanic weekly (circ. 37,000).

Though La Voz owes much of its success to its exhaustive rundown of cultural and social activities, Ordonéz is proudest of the paper's international coverage (La Voz receives news from abroad via UPI satellite). She keeps an especially sharp eye out for foreign news in the paper's own backyard. When a Catholic bishop from Nicaragua delivered a speech in Houston last summer, La Voz published the lengthy text. Neither of the city's two English-language dailies covered the event in such detail.

The paper derives much of its lively quality from Editor Maria Melero, who is only 23. A graduate of New York University and, like Ordonéz, a Cuban immigrant, Melero favors features that help immigrants adjust to Houston. She assigned a reporter from the eleven-member staff to write a series on the different sections of the city's barrio. The paper's municipal coverage concentrates on explaining how local government works. Melero regularly runs requests from readers seeking the whereabouts of friends. For Ordonéz, La Voz should educate as well as inform. "I'm most proud of being a means of communication, especially among those who do not know the language," she says. "A paper is a means of union. We seek always to unify our readers and to help them improve.'

▶ As the flow of Korean immigrants rose during the 1960s, Andrew and Peter Ohm heard the knock of opportunity. The two brothers answered it in 1967 by starting Korea Times, now a prosperous daily (circ. 13,000) based in Queens, N.Y. Of the six foreign-language papers serving New York's 150,000 Koreans, Korea Times is the oldest and largest.

The paper is divided into two sections, one with stories from Korea, whose pages are made up in Seoul and flown to the U.S., and the other consisting of local stories written by the staff's 14 reporters. Besides offering advice on immigration and taxes, Korea Times reports on the costs of fruits and vegetables, information that is of great interest to the estimated 1,000 Korean-run produce stands in New York City. "If a wholesale price has changed, we put it in the paper," says Auy Kuan Park, Korea Times' associate editor.

The Ohm brothers (Peter came to the U.S. from Seoul in 1955, Andrew ten years later) face a dilemma common to owners of immigrant papers. Their mission is to help newcomers blend into American society, but they also have a pragmatic stake in preserving the group's language and traditions. Korea Times meets this challenge by sponsoring an unusually wide range of activities, including a Miss Korea-New York contest and an annual parade down Broadway. "We like to teach Koreans how to survive in this country," says Andrew Ohm. At the same time, he adds, "whatever we gain from the Korean community, we like to give it -By James Kelly. Reported by Joseph N. Boyce/New York and Charles Pelton/

#### **Prospering with Polyglot Fare**

Ethnic stations provide news, soaps and a communal link

The Ewings of *Dallas* may have had their spats, but the hottest blood feud on American TV this season unfolded in Spanish, not English. The setting was Acapulco; the central character, a nasty stepbrother named Maximiliano. In a complicated scheme to win a family inheritance, he fooled a young woman into marrying him by posing as his half brother Antonio. Then he plotted the real Antonio's death in an "accidental" plane crash. The scheme went awry, however,

when Antonio survived and returned to battle Maximiliano for both the money and the woman.

Farfetched? No doubt. But when Tú o Nadie (Nobody but You), the Mexican novela that spun this improbable yarn, was telecast on Los Angeles' KMEX last spring, it drew more viewers for its time slot than any other independent station in the area. Nor was that an anomaly for Los Angeles' thriving Channel 34. An affiliate of SIN (the Spanish International Network), KMEX tops two of the city's three major network affiliates in reaching young adults during certain important

time periods. "When I came to this station in 1963, I was told it was a dead-end business because Hispanics would assimilate," says General Manager Daniel Villanueva. "But our audience has done nothing but grow.'

Broadcasters across the country are discovering the same thing. Seventeen full-power TV stations now carry predominantly foreign-language programming, and more than 100 others broadcast at least some foreign-language shows. Twelve are affiliates of SIN, the prospering Spanish-language network that also beams its programming to 325 cable sys-

tems and twelve low-power TV stations. Three more are members of NetSpan, a

year-old SIN competitor.

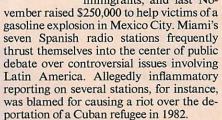
Although Hispanics constitute by far the largest audience for ethnic programming, a growing number of stations are offering polyglot schedules that amount to a microcosm of the U.S. melting pot. KSCI-TV in Los Angeles begins its day at 4 a.m. with the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, followed by half an hour of Korean news, an Islamic educational program, a Farsi version of the Today show and, around lunchtime, a costume drama called Chinese World. WCIU-TV, Channel 26 in Chicago, carries some 60

hours a week of foreign-language programming, ranging from Club del Niño, a Hispanic children's series, to the Indian variety show Chitrahar.

Local cable channels, with their narrower geographic reach, can often target their ethnic audiences more precisely. The Jade Channel, a pay-TV service from Hong Kong, was launched last December by a cable system in a heavily Chinese section of the Los Angeles area. For \$17.95, viewers get a schedule of Chinese-

> language shows, including a Sesame Street-style children's series, a comedyvariety program called Enjoy Yourself Tonight and a Chinese version of The Odd Couple.

> Foreign-language stations give their audiences more than just a reminder of home. They are also an important communal link, an educational tool and a forum for the discussion of public issues. Along with its five daily newscasts, Los Angeles' KMEX provides live coverage of local events of interest to its Hispanic audience, holds a telethon each December to raise money for poor Latin immigrants, and last No-



A strong commitment to public affairs is also a hallmark of SIN's programming. The network produces a nightly newscast, Noticiero SIN, that is widely respected for its coverage of Latin American affairs, and transmits a second nightly news program from Mexico City. SIN's schedule is also filled with an array of soap operas, sports programming (such as the World Cup soccer matches), music specials and a weekly talk-entertainment show starring Pepe Navarro, one of Spain's most popular TV personalities. "People used to be ashamed of Spanish TV," says President Rene Anselmo, who launched SIN 24 years ago with a UHF station in San Antonio. "My goal is to provide television that people can be proud of." -By Richard Zoglin. Reported by Peter Ainslie/New York and Cheryl Crooks/ Los Angeles



Chicago's Club del Niño . . .



... and Chitrahar

Los Angeles TIME, JULY 8, 1985

Combining polyunsaturated vegetable oil. seafood, whole-grain pasta and lightly cooked vegetables. this Chinese stir-fry dish appeals to both the health and style conscious. Also selling well are such Asian utensils as woks, steamers, rice cookers and chopsticks.

Chinese stir-fry: minimalist cooking



Pita, the whole-grain Middle Eastern bread with the natural pocket, here holds one of America's favorite luncheonette sandwich fillings: bacon, lettuce and tomatoes. Vegetarians could substitute Oriental tempeh "bacon" for

often do.

Pita pocket: the new look in sandwiches



#### International **Pot Luck**

Variety spices the country's rich culinary life

o prepare her favorite appetizer, Susan Maurer fills won ton wrappers with goat cheese, sun-dried tomatoes, cilantro and some chili fried in peanut oil. "It's fast to do Asian things," says Maurer, a Berkeley travel agent. It does not occur to her that in her Asian "thing" Maurer envelops influences that reach from the Rio Grande to the Mediterranean, Call it Chinese ravioli, Italian won ton or Mexican kreplach, the result is a wholly new, wholly American creation.

Such culinary adaptations started as soon as the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock and began trading recipes with the Pamet Indians. When Mayflower Passenger Edward Winslow was asked to aid the ailing big chief, Massasoit, he revived him with some English fruit jam. Perking up, Massasoit is reported to have asked for some "good English pottage," a soup he had already sampled, thus becoming, probably, the first American to order foreign food. Since then, immigrants have been arriving like guests at a covered-dish supper, contributing their specialties to the new communal table. The result is the world's most diversified menu, one that includes such typical "American" foods as hot dogs with sauerkraut from Germany, Italian pizza and the apple pie of Elizabethan England.

Recent newcomers—Greeks Middle Easterners, Hispanics Asians—are already adding their produce, breads and seasonings to the ever expanding American larder. Pita bread and tacos are now on supermarket shelves alongside English muffins and bagels. Cilantro, jalapeño peppers and mangoes are almost as standard in produce departments as carrots and apples; hoisin sauce and annatto are right there on the shelf with the catsup and mustard.

The big difference in the past ten years is the speed with which these new foods have entered the mainstream American diet. In the past, such specialties were sold in the small neighborhood shops for the immigrants themselves. Now, thanks to mass marketing and communication, the general public accepts such foods within a few years, instead of the 20 or 30 formerly required.

"The influx of population has encouraged suppliers to develop products for these people," says Karen Brown of the Food Marketing Institute, a supermarket trade association. "Their presence has en-livened interest in the various cooking styles. We have a number of retailers who

offer cooking classes as part of their services." One of them is the Giant Food stores of Washington, where international chefs demonstrate their specialties. At a recent F.M.I. exhibition in Chicago, many foods prepared for supermarket delicatessen cases were on display, including Oriental chicken salad and Cha-Zah!, a brand of frozen egg roll. Says William Loutit of the Grand Union supermarkets: "These things are all growing more rapidly than other product lines."

Leven as they learn about new cuisines, Americans are busy naturalizing foreign ingredients into native dishes: tofu, the cheeselike soybean curd, as the base for burgers and ice cream; tacos and pita as sandwich holders; chili oils and fruit sauces for barbecues. Surimi, a preserved-fish product developed in Japan a thousand years ago, has been reshaped for the American market to look like shrimp and crab legs. Tempeh, the Oriental fermented soybean cake, is here formed and flavored to simulate bacon and pastrami.

Not all foreign innovations are introduced by immigrants, however, the most obvious exception being Japanese food. Like French cuisine, the Japanese style was first made popular by gastronomic trendsetters—chefs in fashionable restaurants, fancy-food stores and the food press. French and American chefs, experimenting with nouvelle cuisine, became fascinated by the aesthetics of Japanese food. Japanese restaurateurs and sushi masters came to the U.S. in response to a demand that had already been created.

The appearance of Japanese foods along with those of the Middle East, Latin America and the rest of Asia coincided with the new American obsession with health. This fare seemed to meet the demand for proteins other than meat (bean curd or tofu, fish, beans), less animal fat and more complex carbohydrates (rice or noodles). Indeed, many of these ingredients first appeared in this country on the menus of health-food restaurants.

Immigrants also acquaint Americans with their foods by cooking for them. Food service is traditionally an entry-level job, requiring few skills and almost no English. Starting as dishwashers, busboys and street food vendors, newcomers gradually manage to save enough money to open simple restaurants. Featuring dishes that are novel and generally inexpensive, immigrants get a foothold that can lead to the sort of success enjoyed by Rocky Aoki, the Japanese tycoon behind the Benihana restaurant chain and frozenfood company.

"The taste has to be good. That's the bottom line," says Aoki, whose operation began with a four-table restaurant in New York City in 1963.

Given the ingenuity America seems to inspire in its immigrants, the newcomers may give Aoki stiff competition. How long can it be before Benihana is joined by chains with names such as Tacorama, the Piteria, Dim-summery and even Tofusion?

—By Mimi Sheraton

**Decked out with such** Tacos go north traditional Mexican trimmings as of the border guacamole, grated cheese and refried beans, the all-American hamburger nestles in a cornmealbased taco. Cilantro-a.k.a. coriander-replaces standard parsley as the yuppie garnish of the year.

A sundae

kind of love

The walnuts and cherry are real, and so is the sauce and whipped cream. But there is not one drop of dairy product in the tofu-based "ice cream." Developed for Jews who observe kosher laws and cannot combine dairy and meat products in the same meal, this creamy soybeanbased frozen dessert also satisfies those on low-calorie diets.



### "Home Is Where You Are Happy"

The author, Time Inc.'s editor in chief, came to America from Austria at the age of 17 with his family. His father was a noted Viennese librettist.

very immigrant leads a double life. Every immigrant has a double identity and a double vision, being suspended between an old and a new home, an old and a new self.

The very notion of a new home, of course, is in a sense as impossible as the notion of new parents. Parents *are* who they are; home *is* what it is. Home is the wallpaper above the bed, the family dinner table, the church bells in the morning, the bruised shins of the playground, the small fears that come with

dusk, the streets and squares and monuments and shops that constitute one's first universe. Home is one's birth-

place, ratified by memory.

Yet home, like parentage, must be legitimized through love; otherwise, it is only a fact of geography or biology. Most immigrants to America found their love of their old homes betrayed. Whether Ireland starved them, or Nazi Germany persecuted them, or Viet Nam drove them into the sea, they did not really abandon their countries; their countries abandoned them. In America, they found the possibility of a new love, the chance to nurture new selves.

Not uniformly, not without exceptions. Every generation has its Know-Nothing movement, its fear—often understandable—and hatred of alien invasion. That is as true today as it always was. In spite of all this, the American attitude remains unique. Throughout history, exile has

been a calamity; America turned it into a triumph and placed its immigrants in the center of a national epic. It is still symbolized by that old copper-plated cliché, the Statue of Liberty, notwithstanding the condescension and the awful poetry of the famous Emma Lazarus lines ("the wretched

refuse of your teeming shore").

The epic is possible because America is an idea as much as it is a country. America has nothing to do with allegiance to a dynasty and very little to do with allegiance to a particular place, but everything to do with allegiance to a set of principles. To immigrants, those principles are especially real because so often they were absent or violated in their native lands. It was no accident in the '60s and '70s, when alienation was in flower, that it often seemed to be "native" Americans who felt alienated, while aliens or the children of aliens upheld the native values. The immigrant's double vision results in a special, somewhat skewed perspective on America that can mislead but that can also find revelation in the things that to native Americans are obvious. Psychiatrist Robert Coles speaks of those "who straddle worlds and make of that very experience a new world."

It is not easy. Successive waves of immigration differ, of course, and a refugee from wartime Europe does not have the same experiences as a refugee from postwar Viet Nam 40 years later. But all immigrants have certain things in common, and all know the classic, opposite impulses: to draw together in pro-

tective enclaves where through churches, clubs, cafés, newspapers, the old culture is fiercely maintained; and on the other hand to rush headlong into the American mainstream, seeking to adopt indiscriminately new manners, clothes, technology and sometimes names.

Inevitably, the immigrant is a student, and his more or less permanent occupation is learning. That is a nervous business ("Have I got it right?"); depending on one's temperament, it is also a series of joyful discoveries. For younger immigrants, those discoveries begin in school, and the initial, most amazing one is the openness, the absence of the compulsion and petty tyranny that characterize the classroom almost everywhere

else in the world. But if that openness is indeed joyful and liberating to young minds, the accompanying lack of discipline is also frightening and destructive: the heart of the perennial American conflict between freedom and order.

The immigrant's education continues everywhere. He must master not only a new history but a whole new imagination. The process goes on at various speeds, and odd gaps can appear. The immigrant carries different nursery rhymes in his head, different fairy tales. He may have just graduated from college Phi Beta Kappa but not know who Mary Poppins is. He may be taking the bar examination and be rather dim about Popeye. Prince Eugene of Savoy lodges stubbornly in the mind (song learned at the age of seven: "Prince Eugene, the noble knight ..."), while Patrick Henry appears as a stranger, an image full of gaps, like an unfinished sketch.

A continuing part of the immigrant's education is the comparison between the anticipated or imagined America and the real country. The anticipation depends on time and place, but the reality is always startling. If the vision of America was formed by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dancing atop glittering skyscrapers, how to accept the slums? If the vision was noise and materialist chaos, how to account for a Quaker meeting house or the daily, relentless idealism of legions of American do-gooders? If the vision was a childhood fantasy of the Wild West, how can one grasp the fact that Sitting Bull was a real man fighting a real Government and dying a real death?

A new language: nagging impediment to some, liberation to others. There is the constant struggle to achieve the proper accent, like trying to sing one's way into some strange and maddeningly elusive music. There is the pain and bother of trying as an adult or near adult to learn new words and meanings. But these words and meanings have a certain innocence, a certain freshness, free of the constraint, the boredom, the touches of shame that are imposed on one's native language in the classroom or the nursery.

English is illogical and headily free compared, for example, with the grammatical rigidities of French or German. Some newcomers are lost in this malleable structure; others fall upon English with an instinctive sense of recognition, as one might discover a hitherto unknown brother. Shakespeare and Mel-



ville gradually replace Goethe and Racine, though drilled-in passages never quite fade; the experience can begin as vague disloyalty and end in passion. Immigrants who know English as one of the great unifiers of America will never be reconciled to those others—many Hispanics, for instance—who refuse to accept English fully, thus creating an ominous dual culture in many parts of the U.S. Language is life. For many immigrants, the true act of naturalization occurs when they start having dreams in English.

More puzzling and complicated than language is the American social syntax. The first impression is one of dazzling and rather unsettling informality, an indiscriminate camaraderie. But one learns that going to the opera in shirt-sleeves (an outrage, surely!) does not mean contempt for culture or even necessarily a lack of rules. Calling the boss by his first name, which takes some effort, does not mean that he and the office boy are equals. Indeed, equality is both the great illusion and the great reality of America. The immigrant is slow to understand that below the egalitarian surface there are hierarchies and tribes, proper and improper addresses, great names and lowly names, old money looking down on new money, older immigrants looking down on newer—a topography to which there are very few maps.

But after this discovery there gradually comes yet another insight that whipsaws the immigrant back toward the original perception: there really is no fixed social structure after all. There is above everything else that much vaunted mobility—from place to place, career to career, status to status—which turns so many native-born Americans into immigrants in their own country.

In philosophical terms, Europe (or Asia or Africa) is the world of being; America is the world of becoming. In Europe, one is what one is; in America, one is what one does. To the immigrant this is a discovery of high excitement and also of some anxiety. Opportunity is not just opportunity but an imperative and a reproach. If anyone can make it in America, why haven't you? If anyone can be what he wants to be, why aren't you more?

There follows the suspicion that making it is the only American morality. But no-it can't be that simple. The first tangible hint of American moral attitudes comes on the immigration form: the solemn requirement to swear that you are not a Communist, or not a prostitute, or whatever. To those coming from older and more cynical societies, this is the utmost sort of naiveté. For the immigrant, it foreshadows the American conviction that one can mandate, even legislate morality. That conviction represents an amalgam of Puritanism, with its belief in a permanently flawed human nature, and the Enlightenment tradition, with its belief in the perfectibility of man. Cotton Mather, meet Thomas Jefferson. This contradictory combination bespeaks the sheer and sometimes hopelessly unrealistic determination to overcome any evil that cannot be ignored, the refusal to accept the status quo in the universe.

The moral landscape the immigrant left behind was usually dominated by the spires of one church or perhaps of two churches living in uneasy peace after centuries of bloody contest. He is therefore overwhelmed by the dizzying variety of religion in America, by the churches, sects, subsects and cults that proliferate in a sort of spiritual shopping mall. But he learns to appreciate the fact that a country that can create God in so many images, no matter how eccentric, has never used fire and sword to impose a faith on its citizens.

The most awesome thing to learn about America is the land itself. No newcomer is ever prepared for its size: the

vastness of a country that is a continent. The quintessential American landscape is not found in the mountains or on the shore but in the Great Plains. Space (terrestrial space, not space out there) is the true metaphor for the American condition. Speed can conquer it, but nothing built by man can dominate it. That is perhaps one reason why even the most imposing American skylines can look strangely impermanent and fragile. America does not build for the ages. There are no American palaces and no (convincing) American cathedrals.

ut the beauty of America is not in its buildings, not in its artifacts or its arts. Its greatest beauty is in its ideas. Freedom is the ultimate value, whether aesthetic or political. Sooner or later most immigrants learn that freedom is not about what one wants but about what one can do and, ultimately, must do. Freedom won't let one be. It pursues one relentlessly, like a secular hound of heaven, challenging, provoking, driving.

The absence of orthodoxy, the lack of any fixed intellectual system is sometimes hard to bear, especially for many older immigrants; it is easier for the young. And it is often the children

who truly lead the elders into America, the sons who take their fathers to their first baseball game or shepherd them to their first rock concert or give them a real sense that they have a stake in America's future.

The hardest situation for the immigrant comes when the future seems in doubt and when America seems about to default on its promise. It happened during the Great Depression, and it happened again during Viet Nam. It happens today whenever one contemplates the dark and yet quite visible underside of American life: the New York City subway or the filth of a roadside service station, the American infernos of drugs and crime and sexual decadence, the dregs of the cities—"wretched refuse" indeed. At such moments it sometimes seems that many of the lands the immigrants left behind are actually doing better than America, that they have in a sense "won." Of course, it is not so. It would

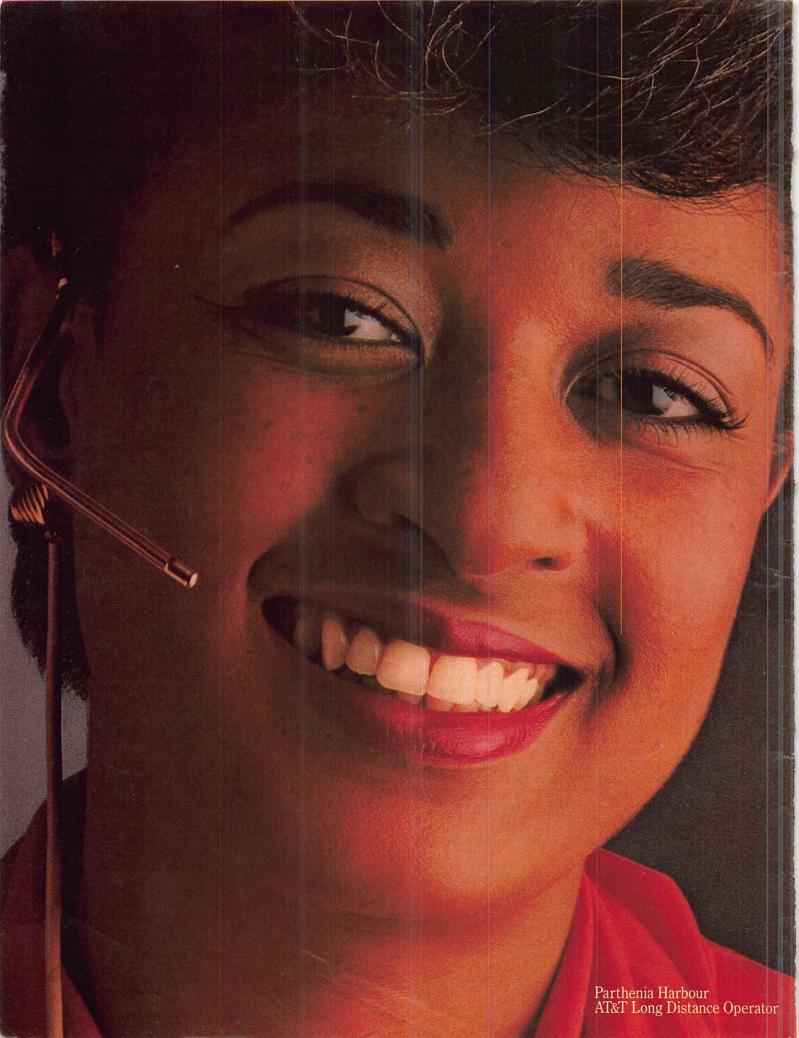
be dishonest and thus disloyal to ignore the dreadful scars and blemishes of America, but they are themselves to a large extent the result of freedom—sometimes an excess of freedom. For freedom can be dangerous. Yet freedom also holds within it the means to correct its defects, for it allows, indeed encourages, people to criticize their society, to tinker with it, to improve it.

Ultimately, the education of every immigrant is personal, individual. No immigrant can speak for all others. But a Viennese librettist, Alfred Grunwald, who came to America in 1940 and sought to continue practicing his art, wrote some lyrics that sum up much of the immigrant experience in America: "Deine Heimat ist wo das Glück dich grüsst..." Roughly translated, "Home is where you are happy." Sentimental, perhaps, and certainly not conventionally patriotic, but appropriate for a country that wrote the pursuit of happiness into its founding document.

That pursuit continues for the immigrant in America, and it never stops. But it comes to rest at a certain moment. The moment is hard to pin down, but it occurs perhaps when the immigrant's double life and double vision converge toward a single state of mind. When the old life, the old home fade into a certain unreality: places one merely visits, in fact or in the mind, practicing the tourism of memory. It occurs when the immigrant learns his ultimate lesson: above all countries, America, if loved, returns love.

—By Henry Grunwald





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